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MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD, EIGHTH EARL OF SANDWICH

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EDWARD, EIGHTH EARL OF SANDWICH

After a photograph

[Frontispiece

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD EARL OF SANDWICH

1839—1916

EDITED BY MRS. STEUART ERSKINE

WITH PORTRAITS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

THE MEMOIRS OF EDWARD, 8TH EARL OF SANDWICH, are compiled from the material that he collected from old diaries, with a view to the publication of an autobiography. He did not, unluckily, live to complete this work, but the result of his labours is now given to the public, with the addition of letters which he had kept for the purpose.

The task was probably not a very congenial one to Lord Sandwich, but he was urged to accomplish it by many friends, amongst whom was the late Lord Redesdale.

In the diaries and letters covering the early and middle portions of his life, we find much that is of interest. The writer reveals himself as a man of the world, a lover of Society at home and abroad, a man with a tender heart that is easily touched by any of the tragedies of life, whether of poverty or illness, but one who covered his rather sensitive nature with a cloak of sarcasm. In everything that he writes there is a personal note and very frequently a touch of humour. Whether he is describing a Royal marriage or an elusive tiger-hunt in which, unlike most sportsmen, he did not kill or even see the tiger, he has always an eye for the comic side of things.

The serious side of his rather complex personality showed a very simple and sincere religious faith and a very human sympathy. These qualities deepened as he advanced in years, and became conspicuous

towards the end of his life, when he took up, finally and in earnest, the work of healing the sick.

The main object in publishing the Memoirs, besides the very obvious one of fulfilling Lord Sandwich's wishes, is that of presenting to the public some account of his experiences in spiritual healing and of his communications with one in the spirit world, who was known to him as Dr. Coulter. The question will naturally arise, " How far are we to believe in the messages that he received and in the source of their inspiration? "

It is a question that will be answered by each of us according to our convictions and according to the evidence that we can gather from the circumstances in which the messages were delivered.

This is a vital point, and one that we may as well consider at once.

Lord Sandwich himself, although he was given inspired directions concerning his healing, did not receive the messages direct; he received them through the American psychic, Mrs. Herbine, and through his niece, Mrs. Scott-Gatty. All the messages included in this volume were delivered to Mrs. Scott-Gatty, who wrote them down as she received them, word for word, in the exact form in which they are given.

When these messages come, as I can testify by personal experience, the words flow with lightning rapidity and without a pause. It is therefore impossible that the messages should be an involuntary composition of the brain, for no practised writer could compose at such speed, keeping up the spirit of the communication and the language in which it is clothed.

Turning to the messages themselves, we find that they are always couched in the same strain; the prose is terse, dignified, with occasional relapses into

colloquialism. They are always wide in scope, overflowing with love, high in morality, cosmic in character. They never deviate in character or form, and we can always discern a latent personality inspiring them.

" I am only a humble guide, come to help you from the Divine Master," Dr. Coulter says in the first recorded message to Lord Sandwich, and we can but admit that he has said nothing that could militate against so high a mission.

As the Editor of these Memoirs, I have had little to do beyond weaving together the mass of material collected by Mrs. Scott-Gatty. To her intimate knowledge of the personality of her uncle and to her faculty for making the past live again is due any merit that the book may possess as a " human document."

Beatrice Erskine.

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After an oil painting by Henry Graves.
(By kind permission of the Earl of Sandwich.)

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Photographed at Hinchingbrooke.

MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD, EIGHTH EARL OF SANDWICH

CHAPTER I

EARLY YEARS

Edward George Henry, eighth Earl of Sandwich, was born on July 13th, 1839, at Uxbridge House, Savile Row, the residence of his grandfather, Field-Marshal Henry William, first Marquis of Anglesey. His father was the son of John, sixth Earl of Sandwich, and his wife, Lady Louisa Corry; his mother, Lady Mary Paget, was Lord Anglesey's second daughter by his second marriage with Lady Charlotte Cadogan, whose first husband was the first Earl Cowley.

On the eve of his birth, Lady Sandwich received the following letter from Queen Victoria:

H.M. Queen Victoria to the Countess of Sandwich

Buckingham Palace,
July 12th, 1839.

My dear Lady Sandwich,

It would afford me very great satisfaction if you would accept the situation of Lady of the Bedchamber, which is just vacated by the resignation of Lady Breadalbane.

Having known your family so long, and being so well acquainted with your father and brothers and sisters, it would give me sincere pleasure if the appointment would suit you. I hope you are

well. It will, however, I fear, be some time before I have the pleasure of seeing you.

Believe me always, dear Lady Sandwich,

Yours sincerely,

VICTORIA R.

Before leaving town after her confinement, Lady Sandwich took her infant son to pay a visit to the Queen at Buckingham Palace. The event is chronicled in a letter to her husband.

"For his visit yesterday he wore a frock for the first time, and his arms made a very respectable appearance. He stared full at the Queen in a most absurd manner and did not cry. The Queen was very kind in every way, looked at the child and kissed his hand."

The child was christened in the drawing-room at Hinchingbrooke, Lord Sandwich's fine old Tudor house in Huntingdonshire; he received the names of Edward George Henry—Lord Anglesey, Lord Templeton, and the Dowager Lady Sandwich being his sponsors.

While still a baby he used to be taken to Windsor when his mother was in waiting. On one of these occasions she wrote the following letter:

The Countess of Sandwich to the Dowager Countess of Sandwich

WINDSOR,
Thursday.

MY DEAR LADY SANDWICH,

I seize the first five minutes I can to write you a few lines to tell you that your little grandson is quite well and so good. Directly I arrived the Queen came up, and finding him on the floor, she was on all-fours with him during her visit, and it

was ridiculous how good the child was, laughing and talking all the time.

She brought up the Queen of the Belgians yesterday morning, and they both were on the ground playing with him, and he as good as possible. He is a great pet. I assure you my room is full of people all day long. It is the rendezvous to gossip.

. . . . .

I don't at all make up my mind to this separation from my dear husband, and I fear he is sadly dull, poor dear, without us, but I trust he will come, at any rate, to Cumberland Lodge.

Believe me, my dear Lady Sandwich,

In haste,

Yours affectionately,

MARY S.

The following letter was written after Lady Sandwich had concluded her waiting at Windsor.

The Countess of Sandwich to H.M. Queen Victoria

HINCHINGBROOKE,
October 23rd, 1839.

MADAM,

Matilda[1] has written to me to-day expressing a desire from your Majesty to hear from me. I hope it is no error on her part, or your Majesty will think me very presumptuous in thus addressing you. I can never forget your Majesty's extreme kindness to my baby. He wakes every evening about the time your Majesty went up to see him, as if he expected the same honours every night. Had he been a little older he must have been spoiled by the kindness shown him.

Matilda boasts much of her frequent waltzes with Prince Albert. I was sorry to hear Prince Ernest had been ill. I look with great interest

[1] The Hon. Matilda Paget, Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria.

every day to see that the hunting at Windsor goes off without any accident.

Mr. Greville has sent me some duets for two sopranos, which I will take the liberty of sending, when I have selected those most worth your Majesty's notice.

I have to thank your Majesty very much for the beautiful brooches you sent to my nurses. Mrs. Johnson has hers, and the other I have, provided her conduct merits it.

I remain

Your Majesty's most devoted
and humble servant,
MARY SANDWICH.

H.M. Queen Victoria to the Countess of Sandwich

WINDSOR CASTLE,
October 26th, 1839.

MY DEAR LADY SANDWICH,

Matilda was quite right in saying I wished much to hear from you, and I can assure you that your kind letter has given me great pleasure. I am charmed to hear that the dear Baby is so prosperous, and I wish I could dance him as I used to do.

We have been very gay here, dancing every alternate night, and I have become a great galloper.

I am sorry to say that my eldest cousin is very much indisposed; he has got the jaundice, which, though not alarming, is very tedious and plaguing. Albert is in perfect health. I am quite grieved to think that dear good Co [1] leaves me next week, but I rejoice that it is only for a month. Pray remember me to Lord Sandwich.

And believe me always, dear Lady Sandwich,
Yours very affectionately,
VICTORIA R.

[1] The Hon. Matilda Paget.

H.M. Queen Victoria to the Countess of Sandwich

DEAR LADY SANDWICH,

I cannot let your father return to Hinchingbrooke without giving him a line for you, to thank you for the very kind wishes you expressed to the Baroness on the occasion of my marriage. I know how much you admired my dearest Albert, which I think everybody who knows him must do. I feel as assured of my happiness as I can be of anything in this world, and I only hope I may be able to make him as happy as he ought to be.

I hope you and dear Baby are well. I look forward with pleasure to dear Co's coming on Thursday.

Pray answer this note, as it gives me pleasure to hear from you. Remember me kindly to Lord Sandwich, and

Believe me always,
Yours affectionately,
VICTORIA R.

In 1841 Lady Sandwich found that her duties at Court were incompatible with home ties, and she resigned the office of Lady of the Bedchamber.

H.M. Queen Victoria to the Countess of Sandwich

BUCKINGHAM PALACE,
December 1st, 1841.

MY DEAR LADY SANDWICH,

I could not sooner answer your letter which I received about ten days ago, but hasten to do so now and to say how much I regret the determination you have come to of resigning the situation you hold in my household; tho' I cannot blame your motives for doing so, as I should be sorry that you should neglect your domestic duties for

my service. I shall ever look upon you as still belonging to me to a certain extent, as you have been about me for now two years and a half. The Prince and I return you many thanks for all your good wishes and kind expressions on the birth of our little boy, whom I shall have much pleasure in showing to you, when you come to Windsor for your waiting. We are going to Windsor next week, which will, I trust, complete my recovery, which only wants country air to make it a perfect one. Regret to hear that my godson [1] has been so delicate, but hope he is better now.

Pray believe me always, dear Lady Sandwich,
Yours affectionately,
VICTORIA R.

Lord Hinchingbrooke's childish days were chiefly spent in Huntingdonshire, varied by visits to his grandparents at Beaudesert and Cowes Castle. Lord Anglesey was a great character; he had lost a leg at Waterloo, whilst riding with the Duke of Wellington. "Egad, I've lost my leg," said he. "The devil you have," replied the Duke. The leg was afterwards buried and its resting-place shown to strangers who went to inspect the battlefield.

Beaudesert was a typical English country house, where great family gatherings were often held. As both Lord Anglesey and his wife had been twice married, these were numerously attended. Lady Anglesey was a charming woman, very affectionate and lovable and with a great sense of humour. One story that she was fond of relating concerned her daughter, Lady Sandwich, who, when a child, was present when Lord Anglesey told his stud-groom to have a certain mare shot. The child asked why the horse was to be shot, and was told that it was because she was old and lame. "Oh, Papa, when are you going to shoot Mamma?" she asked calmly.

[1] Lady Sandwich's second son, the Hon. Victor Montagu, born 1841

The Marchioness of Anglesey to the Countess of Sandwich

AIX-LES-BAINS,
Saturday, July 4th, 1842.

MY DEAREST POLLY,

This will find you at Cowes—dear Cowes! where we have spent so many, many happy months together. Alas! I do think I am too unlucky to have missed you and Piggins[1] there; probably the only time you will go there! I can see Piggins in his hat and feathers looking too lovely round the castle wall, everybody stopping him! Ah! well-a-day—it can't be helped, but we—poor Faddle[2] and I—have missed some delicious months of his existence.

Emily[3] says that the said Piggins is "much more enchanting than ever," and so fond of her that he kicks and jumps at the sight of her. Dear Emily! I do love her for her unselfish fondness for that child, so unlike the mean envious conduct of most women.

Ever yours,
MUM.

Oh! the fleas at Aix—they distress me! Just like Italy. Just caught two!

The Same

STRATHFIELDSAYE,
June 16th.

YES, MY BELOVED POLLY,

This is your birthday, and for the first time in your life you will pass it by without getting a blessing from Mother, and what is the more provoking is that it was not my fault. . . .

I am beginning to twaddle from old age and by

[1] Lord Hinchingbrooke.
[2] Lady Adelaide Paget., afterwards Lady Adelaide Cadogan.
[3] Lady Emily Paget, afterwards Viscountess Sydney.

degrees to lose the very little sense that I ever possessed in my life; but what I do retain as strongly as ever is affection for my dearest children, as this day proves, being the anniversary of the birth of one of them among so many, but excelled by none in the list for the constant kindness and affection which she has never ceased to show towards her poor old Mums, whose only pleasure in this life left is derived from that source! God bless you, dearest of Polly's, best of children; forgive this apparent neglect and accept (although a day too late for the right moment) the very, very best wishes of your old Mums, together with her blessing and prayers to God for yourself and dear children. One of them is now writing by my side to you or his Papa, dear boy!

Your most affectionate

MUMS.

One of Lord Hinchingbrooke's earliest recollections was connected with Cowes. He was staying with his grandparents at Cowes Castle, now the Royal Yacht Club, when the Duke of Cambridge, the Queen's uncle, was expected on a visit to Osborne. The boy was taken to meet him on his landing, with strict injunctions to keep off his hat during the proceedings. The old Duke shook hands with him and said:

"Put your cap on, my boy."

The boy did as he was bid, reflecting on the foolishness of his parents who had told him to keep it off.

Lord Hinchingbrooke began his education at a private school at Mortimer; he then remained at home with his brother Victor, under the tutorship of Dr. Ferdinand Moller, until he went to Eton in 1852. These were happy years. He got on very well at school and was able to go often to his home. This delighted him, because of the ever-deepening devotion to his mother, which became one of the great influences of his life. He was also often invited to Wind-

sor, where he used to be the companion of the Prince of Wales, thus laying the foundations of what was to be a lifelong friendship.

The Diary

"In my childhood the journeys to Hinchingbrooke were made by road. Broxbourne on the Eastern Counties Railway, now the Great Eastern Railway, was the first station we used, and I remember when Cambridge was our nearest railway station. When the line was extended to Huntingdon, a single carriage drawn by a horse was for some time the means of locomotion on the line between Huntingdon and St. Ives.

"The first time Queen Victoria travelled to Scotland by the Great Northern Railway, we all went to the station to receive her, my father as Lord-Lieutenant, the Mayor and Corporation, and great crowds. By some mistake the train ran by without stopping, to our great consternation. An apology was made to my father.

"On May 17th, 1850, my grandfather's birthday, a big dinner and reception was given at Uxbridge House. I was standing in a corner of a room with my mother and Lady William Powlett (afterwards Duchess of Cleveland), when a message came that the Duke of Wellington wished to speak to me. I remember my mother saying:

"'Now, Hinch, you must never forget this!'

"He was sitting in the middle of the room with my grandmother. I remember his taking my hand and shaking it sideways all the time he was talking to me.

"We went to Brighton in October, and travelled for the first time on the Great Northern Railway.

"We visited the Great Exhibition of 1851 a few days before the opening, and again in August, and we spent a few days in London, visiting all the principal sights from the Tower to Cremorne Gardens!

"During a visit to the Sydneys' at Frognal, October, we went to see the *Royal Albert*, 120 guns, the largest man-of-war built up to that time, and the *Agamemnon*, 91 guns, in Woolwich Dockyard.

"On June 11th, 1851, I left England for the first time, and went with my father and brother Victor and Bolton, my father's faithful servant, for a fortnight to Paris, sleeping at Folkestone and Boulogne on the way to visit my grandmother, Lady Sandwich, who lived at No. 1, Rue St. Florentin, at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli, and Count Walewski, my father's brother-in-law and his second wife.

We did a great deal of sight-seeing in Paris and Versailles, and visited the rooms at the Tuileries from which Louis Philippe had recently fled. We saw Prince Louis Napoleon driving in the Champs Élysées. The Cirque and the Hippodrome were our evening attractions."

In 1853 Lady Anglesey died. She had been partially paralysed of late years, and used constantly to sit in a chair given her by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Wellington. Her death left a great gap in the family circle.

This year saw the beginning of the Crimean War,

and on February 14th Victor Montagu left home to join, as a naval cadet, H.M.S. *Princess Royal*, 91 guns, commanded by his uncle, Lord Clarence Paget. His first cruise was to the Baltic with the Fleet under Sir Charles Napier.

The following letter was written to Mr. Henry Tillard, the son of a neighbour in Huntingdonshire, who had become Lord Hinchingbrooke's most intimate friend, although rather older than himself.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Lieutenant Henry Tillard, R.A.

MY DEAR HENRY,

The 41st started this morning, at least six companies; the rest go to-morrow and some went yesterday. There was immense cheering and bands playing, and crowds to see them go; there were such tender *adieus*, officers and men, women crying and kissing in all directions. I wish I had been going with them instead of having the monotony of an Eton life in winter. The bands played French as well as English national airs. There was an enormously long train; they embarked to-day at Woolwich in the *Prince*. Colonel Garrett commanded them. There must have been forty or fifty carriages crowded with soldiers. We expect Victor daily, but the Admiralty knows no more of the *St. George* than we do of Victor. I wonder if this letter will ever reach you; they say that the post and surgery are very badly managed. Has anybody any idea when you are coming back?

Good-bye. I must leave off.

Yours sincerely,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

Lord Hinchingbrooke continued at Eton, rather sore that his younger brother should be out at the war while he was still a schoolboy. His talent for music

now developed, and he was allowed a piano in his rooms. This taste of his appeared so strangely effeminate to the Dowager Lady Sandwich that it was never allowed to be mentioned in her presence.

Great military ardour prevailed among the Eton boys at this time. It was brought to fever-pitch by Lord Carrington marching his battalion of Bucks militia into the playing fields, where the men drew up and presented arms to the boys, in token of their admiration for the heroes that had been given by Eton to the Army.

Lord Sandwich appears to have wished his eldest son to enter diplomacy, being possibly influenced by the fact that his two brothers-in-law, Lord Cowley and Count Walewski, were the representatives of England and France in Paris and in London. This career would probably have suited Lord Hinchingbrooke very well, but he had caught fire from the military spirit that was abroad in the land and decided for the Army.

The Diary: 1855

"The weather was very severe during January and February. I learnt to skate at Eton during a six weeks' frost. The Thames was frozen and the ice bore in places. I remember skating above Boveney Lock.

"My brother Victor sailed on March 24th, to join H.M.S. *Princess Royal* in the Black Sea.

"The guests at Hinchingbrooke at Easter were Lord and Lady Mandeville and their boy Kim, Hedworth Jolliffe, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Thornhill of Riddlesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence, and Miss Mary Boyle. Laurence was the First Secretary of the American Legation. His wife was very pretty and sang charmingly; their American home was in Boston.

"Mary Boyle was an old friend of my mother's whom she had recently met again at Burleigh. She was the life and soul of our young days, and continued a most intimate and beloved friend of mine until her death in 1890. She was an intimate friend of Charles Dickens, and was herself an authoress. She was an excellent actress; quite the best amateur I have known.

"On my way back to Eton, I went to Covent Garden Opera and heard Angiolina Bosio, who had made a great sensation as a singer; she sang the part of Elvira in *Ernani*, with Tamberli, Graziani, and Tagliafico; Cerito danced in the ballet.

"I found the triumphal arches still standing in Windsor which had been erected for the visit of the Emperor Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie to Queen Victoria.

"I spent the early part of the summer holidays with my aunt Anne, Lady Montagu, and her niece, Emily Leeds, at Ryde, and had my first experience of society in dances, picnics, etc., and thoroughly enjoyed myself.

"We went to see the Queen launch H.M.S. *Marlborough* at Portsmouth. After moving a few yards, the ship stuck, and there was great consternation, but no further disaster.

"In November the King of Sardinia visited Queen Victoria, and we Eton boys greeted him from the mound of the Round Tower.

"My friend, Henry Tillard, who had been promoted into the R.H.A., had returned from the Crimea and was at home during the Christmas

holidays. He had written to me most interesting letters from the Crimea since he went out in 1854. He had been wounded and sick in hospital at Scutari, and had been decorated with the French Legion of Honour.

"We had the usual gay and happy times which my mother always organised for us at Christmas.

"Henry and I went together to the Sydneys' at Frognal for shooting, and I stayed with him in barracks at Woolwich, which, to an Eton boy, was the acme of bliss.

"My grandmother had taken 46, Grosvenor Square, and gave me two rooms there.

"I won what was called the Running—*i.e.* the 100 yards' race at Eton. I ran third in the first heat, and was lucky in pulling off at the final.

"For the holidays I went with my mother to stay with the Eburys at Moor Park, and afterwards to Ryde, where my parents had taken a house. The Fleets were assembled there, and I thoroughly enjoyed a good time, with visits to the ships and gaieties ashore.

"We were on board H.M.S. *Colossus*, Captain the Hon. H. Keppel, when the Queen reviewed the Fleets, which were illuminated in the evening.

"I went to London to see the fireworks in the Green Park in honour of the Peace. I was at the Sydneys' house in Cleveland Square, and afterwards walked about to see the illuminations.

"On August 27th the Queen stopped at

9.15 a.m. at Huntingdon station; this time the train did stop. We all went down, the Mayor and Corporation attended, Victor and I were presented to her Majesty; four thousand people crowded the station."

In 1857 Lord Hinchingbrooke left Eton. He took with him many pleasant memories, one of the most recent being that he won the One-Mile Race that year. This was always a great event, and on this occasion was made more interesting by the appearance of the Prince of Wales on his pony, who galloped along the whole course with the runners. Lord Hinchingbrooke was first, the time being four minutes and fifty-seven seconds.

On December 18th he was gazetted Ensign and Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Lieutenant Henry Tillard, R.A.

HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON.

MY DEAR HENRY,

I must apologise for not having written before, and I fear now it will be no good writing to the *Mauritius*, as you must be nearly in India. Indeed, I do not see how I could have written there, as the letters must go round by the Cape, and would not go any faster than you yourself.

Since you went I have done a good deal. On November 11th and 12th I passed my examination for the Army in Burlington House, London. There were fifty-two up to pass, out of which twenty-eight did not pass. I passed third, which I think is pretty good out of fifty-two. We had mathematics, fortifications, logarithms, Latin,

French, German, history, and geography; and a medical examination, in which we had to strip entirely naked, except our shoes and stockings. I stayed two or three days in London, and went to the Opera Bouffe at St. James's Theatre, which was not very good. I also heard a charming opera, the *Rose of Castile*, by Balfe, at the Lyceum, and such a pretty play at the Haymarket, *An Unequal Match*, in which all the actors were perfect, particularly Miss Amy Sedgwick. Since that I have been at Eton, which I only left on Tuesday last, December 8th—alas! for good. It was a very jolly time indeed, and I am now so unhappy to think I shall never go back as an "*Eton boy.*"

It is the custom to get books from your friends when you leave. I have got such a nice lot of books; they will make my library quite beautiful.

I went on Tuesday to Sir T. Lubbock's in Kent (near Frognal) for the marriage of Miss Lubbock with Mr. Birkbeck, which was a very grand affair. I did not get there in time for the marriage, but I saw them off, and a great breakfast of 150 people afterwards; then excellent glee-singing in a tent and dancing till seven. Your (the Artillery) band was there, and played beautiful selections during the breakfast and charming waltzes to dance to afterwards.

Then there was a large dinner and playing pianoforte and smoking till one in the morning, so I was pretty tired, having been up at eight in the morning. Wednesday afternoon I came here, and think I shall stay here till after Christmas.

I saw a good deal of the Prince of Wales at Windsor; he asked me constantly to dine or to spend the day or ride with him. I like him very much. The Princess Royal's marriage is to be

on January 25th, I believe, and London is to be very gay.

Believe me,
Ever your most affectionate friend,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

P.S.—Our last news from India is not reckoned so good.

GUARDS' CLUB, LONDON.

MY DEAR HENRY,

I have long intended writing again to you, but somehow in London one has no time for anything, and day after day goes by like lightning. I am now quite an old soldier and getting on capitally with my drill, and have to shout all day with this beastly east wind down my throat out on parade in our horrible barrack-yard. I always have to command my company on parade, etc., as the other officers are absent, so I am getting quite used to it. I expect to go on the Queen's Guard very soon. I was presented at the last Levée, so you see I am quite a swell. London is very full, and has been very excited with all these ministerial changes. My father is made "Master of the Buckhounds," and kissed hands on his appointment yesterday. In the event of Lord Canning resigning, they say Lord Stanley will go to India. I cannot believe they will send so young a man; at present he is Secretary for the Colonies.

We heard from Victor yesterday; he is gone to Gorruckpore, and very low at no prospect of fighting. He was in that action the other day as A.D.C. to Colonel Bowcroft, and mentioned in the despatches. I often go to the opera—am going to-night to hear *Trovatore*. It is the last night for the present.

General Ashburnham got fearfully abused for

coming home; however, they have ceased since he got off so well in the House.

We remain at the Wellington Barracks at present, but I fear shall go down to Woolwich or Aldershot in the spring. I suppose our differences with France will be amicably arranged and the alliance not be broken. I don't think we are ready to go to war at a moment's notice. They say Lord Derby will remain in office at least a year, and they are very confident.

I have to attend all Court Martial Parades, Inspections, etc., and the Orderly Room at present, but I hope to have done with that in a day or two. The cold east winds are too fearful just now, and we are having dreadfully cold weather, with clouds of dust; the ground like iron.

My uncle Sydney returns from attending the Princess Royal at Berlin next week; they say nothing ever equalled their enthusiastic reception, and that they all think the Princess charming.

I hope to hear from you soon. I never get out of barracks till about three or four in the afternoon. There are some other officers living there, and we breakfast together, Dormer, West, and I, which makes a very merry little party. The afternoon is generally spent in visits and the club, and the evening in gaiety of every description. I was at Frognal last Sunday.

Good-bye and success to you.

Ever your very affectionate friend,

HINCHINGBROOKE.

CHAPTER II

CONSTANTINOPLE

On February 4th, 1858, Lord Hinchingbrooke joined the 2nd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards at Wellington Barracks. He was now launched in London society, and appears to have enjoyed the experience with all the zest of his naturally gay temperament.

His first experiences of life in the Army are given in an old diary.

The Diary: 1858

"We went to 26, Curzon Street in January, and on February 4th I joined the 2nd Grenadier Guards at Wellington Barracks.

"Colonel the Hon. R. Bruce was C.O.; F. Keppel, Adjutant. I asked my Grenadier servant on which shoulder the sash was worn. After consideration he told me on the right. On my way to barracks I saw officers in the distance with their sashes on the left shoulder, and had to change my sash in the Park, which was not easy in those days, as the sash was loose. When I joined, my father gave me his old bearskin as part of my outfit. The bearskins of the men were supposed to last six years, and my father had left the regiment more than twenty years. It was speedily ridiculed and condemned, and I had to provide myself with a new one. I had to live in barracks at first, and

Commander-in-Chief, at dinner shortly afterwards, when, in general conversation on the subject, the Duke appealed to me, saying, 'There is an officer of the Guards who will tell you how necessary it is to keep up flogging in the Army.' I answered with all deference that I highly approved of the abolition.

"It was interesting to consider what the opinion of the men themselves was on the subject. Those I asked about it generally replied that they thought the flogging should be retained for one offence—*i.e.* stealing from a comrade, which in effect was the only crime which affected them personally.

"I very much enjoyed my first season in London. Covent Garden Theatre had recently been rebuilt after the fire. I went there for the first time with my mother, who was invited by the Duchess of Cambridge to the Queen's Box.

"I was highly delighted at being asked by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to go on his Staff in his Special Embassy to Constantinople to take leave of the Sultan. Just before starting I was relieved on the Queen's Guard, St. James's Palace, by Philip Smith. This was our first meeting, the foretaste of our life-long friendship.

"On September 4th I started with Lord Stratford de Redcliffe on his Special Embassy to the Sultan of Turkey—Lady Stratford and her daughters, the Hon. Catherine and the Hon. Mary Canning, the Hon. George Waldegrave, the Hon. John Warren, James Swinton, the painter, Baron Marochetti, the sculptor.

"From Paris I spent a night at Chantilly with the Cowleys.

"At Marseilles we embarked on board H.M.S. *Curaçoa*, a frigate of 31 guns, Captain Mason.

"I was enchanted with the scenery of the Straits at Messina. We stayed the night there, and we landed and drove up a mountain, whence the view was splendid."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess of Sandwich

H.M.S. "CURAÇOA,"
MESSINA HARBOUR.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

We are just come in after a splendid run from Marseilles; the most lovely weather all the way—lovely blue sky and the sea—such a colour! We embarked at Marseilles about 2.30 p.m. on Thursday afternoon, and were received with due honours on board: manned yards, guards out, etc., but the ship being in the harbour there were no salutes. We got under weigh and left the harbour about four, under steam, as the wind was against us, which it has been nearly all the way; so we have been obliged to steam, which is a great bother, owing to the noise and the blacks. We made Corsica at an immense distance off early on Friday morning, and passed through the Straits of Bonifacio in the afternoon; yesterday we saw no land all day, but this morning passed close to Stromboli and the Lipari Islands, and came into this port about 12.30.

I have got a charming cabin, very good size, with a 64-pounder in it. We have the whole of the main deck, so do not turn out any of the officers, their berths being all below. We have our meals in the Captain's cabin. I have fraternised immensely with all the officers; they are

a nice lot of fellows. Lady Stratford is such a duck, and I am in love with Cathy! In short, I am perfectly happy, and never had such a jolly trip in my life. I never felt so well in my life, and wish I could exchange from the Guards to the Navy. Everything is so beautiful from the sea, and I must now go ashore.

Ever your affectionate

HINCH.

"We got our first sight of the comet off Cape Matapan. The wind was always ahead, and we steamed at a rate of from eight to nine knots. We anchored off Tenedos, when I first touched the Asiatic soil.

"The Turks granted permission for the *Curaçoa* to proceed to Constantinople; but as it was against the terms of the Treaty, we left the *Curaçoa* in the Dardanelles for H.M.S. *Caradoc*, of Crimean renown, as a despatch vessel, and had a very rough passage up the Sea of Marmora.

"Sir Henry Bulwer, the Ambassador at Constantinople, had sent Moore and De Norman to meet H. E. at the Dardanelles.

"The view of Constantinople from the sea is certainly very beautiful."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Earl of Sandwich

BRITISH EMBASSY, CONSTANTINOPLE,
September 22nd, 1858.

MY DEAR PAPA,

I think my last letter was from Messina, where we arrived on the morning of the 12th. We all went ashore in the afternoon, with several of the officers of the ship, and went all over the

town in carriages, and visited churches, gardens, convents, etc. It was very hot, and the views were lovely. We sailed on the evening of the 13th, passed Matapan on the evening of the 15th, made the Doro Passage the next morning, anchored off Tenedos. We all went ashore, and walked through the town into the country. I went up to a ruin on one of the mountains, whence there was a lovely view of the plains of Troy. We had fruit and wine with the consul, and smoked pipes and drank coffee with the governor. We left Tenedos about one, and waited off the entrance to the Dardanelles in order to ask if we were to pass up. We passed the outer forts about four and steamed up the Dardanelles, and anchored off the town Dardanelles about six. The *Caradoc* then steamed down and anchored near us, and there was a conference as to whether we were to go up that night or not. It ended in our staying in the *Curaçoa* that night. We embarked the next afternoon in the *Caradoc*, and after our salutes steamed up the Dardanelles.

It was very rough in the Sea of Marmora, and the *Caradoc* pitched a good deal. We anchored to breakfast off St. Stephano, and did not go up to Constantinople till about twelve, and anchored at the entrance of the Golden Horn. They did not expect us that day, and our preparations for landing were not ready for some hours, but it was accomplished in grand style in caïques. The Sultan's carriage took us up through Galata and Pera to the Embassy, where we arrived about 6 p.m. on Sunday last. There were crowds in the streets; we were, of course, shaken to pieces. I came in a carriage with Lady Stratford, who bore it wonderfully well, for I expected to upset every minute. We had outriders and guards at every corner of the street. Sir H. Bulwer had

not prepared anything at the Embassy, and had hardly told them we were coming. If we had come as intended, the day before, the Sultan was at the landing-place to receive us, besides deputations, etc.

Monday was devoted to the reception of deputations, ambassadors, pashas, etc., and in the afternoon we went in caïques up the Golden Horn to see the tombs of the sultans and mosques, and such lovely views.

To-day we have just returned from a state visit, in full uniform, to the Grand Vizier at the Sublime Porte. We all smoked pipes and drank coffee, and he was much interested in my bearskin and wanted to put it on, but it would not go on over his fez. Of course everything was very gorgeous; enormous suites, mutes, etc. The Sultan lent his carriage to us, and we crossed the Golden Horn in magnificent caïques.

The mail is going and I must conclude. Have you seen the comet? It is seen very plainly here.

Yours very affectionately,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

"On the 23rd I went with Swinton to see the howling dervishes across the water at Scutari. A weird entertainment, immense howling and screaming and throwing themselves about, the old dervish standing upon men and children.

"We visited the barracks and general hospital occupied by our soldiers during the Crimean War. The ladies met us at the cemetery with Marochetti, whose monument was being erected to the memory of our fellows who were buried there on a beautiful spot overlooking the Sea of Marmora and Stamboul.

"On the 24th I went with Marochetti, Swinton, and Warren to see the Sultan riding from his palace to a mosque. The route was lined with troops. He looked very seedy; his saddle-cloth was ornamented with diamonds and precious stones.

"In the afternoon we all went in caïques to the Sweet Waters of Asia, where we saw crowds of Turkish ladies sitting, walking, and driving at their fashionable resort—a very pretty sight.

"On the 25th His Excellency was received by the Sultan. We started at 12.30 p.m. in the Sultan's carriages for the Palace of Dolmabatski in full uniform, Captain Buckle, R.N., and two naval officers, Moore and Sarrell (the dragoman) of the Embassy. We were received at the entrance with great ceremony by Mahmoud Pasha, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and his chief dragoman, and went into a room, where we were given pipes with beautiful amber, ornamented with diamonds, and coffee in equally ornate cups. We sat silent for a considerable time, and then walked through a garden into the palace. Guards lined the halls and corridors. We went up a staircase covered with red glass into the audience chamber, which occupies the whole breadth of the palace. The Sultan stood near a chair in the middle of the room. Four of his suite were standing at the end of the room. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Master of the Ceremonies conducted us, and the Queen's letter was handed by His Excellency to the Sultan, and we were all presented. He asked me where the Queen

was and questions about our journey. He had a pleasing countenance, but looked feeble and very lame.

"After about half an hour we all retired backwards and went into another room, where pipes and coffee and sherbet were again offered, and got home about 3 p.m."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess of Sandwich

British Embassy,
Pera, Constantinople,
September 28th, 1858.

My dearest Mother,

I have not heard from you since your letter of September 8th, although two or three mails have arrived from England. One of them brought me a letter from Victor of July 25th, but I do not doubt but that you have heard from him since. He gives an account of the races in camp, in which he rode the pony first in the first heat, second in the second heat, but, owing to some unfair play, could not start in the last. They had heard that we were going to war with France, and that the Tower of London was being fortified and forts erected on the Thames, which was rather good! The *Shannon* Naval Brigade had returned, but they had heard no more about themselves. He was getting very tired of campaigning. As for myself, I wrote to papa last Wednesday, when we had just returned from our visit to the Grand Vizier and Sublime Porte, which I shall never forget in all my life—arriving at full gallop on such pavements, guards of honour at every step, with horses flying, coachmen holloaing, whips cracking, and we bump, bump, bump from stone to stone in the Sultan's carriages, with about ten outriders, flunkeys running at the side and others standing up behind the carriages, occasionally appearing

over on our heads from a sudden jerk; and then the reception, with pipes, sweetmeats, and coffee brought by slaves. It was the first time we had gone in state, and I could not help choking with laughter. However, since then we have done it so often that I am quite used to it, and smoke my pipe with the gravest composure.

Saturday we had an audience of the Sultan, who was most courteous, and the magnificence of the palace is astounding. The Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mahmoud Pasha, received us, and we smoked pipes ornamented with superb diamonds, and had coffee-cups covered with diamonds and precious stones, both before and after the audience. The Sultan kept us standing a long time conversing after the speeches were over. He is certainly not pretty, but when he smiles he has a good countenance. I saw him once going to mosque. His saddle-cloth is covered with rubies and diamonds. His coat, too, is beautiful; collar and cuffs a mass of diamonds, and belt and sword the same. Ferouk Khan is here, and we have visited him. I like him very much.

We went to the Scutari burial-ground the other day, and I saw the tombs of all the officers and men who died at the Scutari hospitals—a melancholy sight. I like the Asiatic side much better than the European. I need not say that nothing I ever saw was to be compared with the beauty of this place. The views are too beautiful, and the lovely dresses; the houses of all colours dotted about among the trees; and then that lovely Bosphorus!

We have been to the bazaar to-day. I longed to buy everything, but things are so dear now, and I have no money. I am afraid Baron Marochetti is going home directly. We shall all be sorry to lose him. We are a very jolly party here, and

never dine less than twelve or fourteen, but there is nothing so civilised as a theatre or any entertainment at night. People are much earlier here than in England. Visitors come before breakfast is over, and there are hardly any after luncheon.

Believe me,
Your very affectionate
HINCHINGBROOKE.

P.S.—We went to the howling dervishes the other day, and I will give you some of their shrieks when I get to England.

"We went in caïques to the Sweet Waters of Europe, very pretty and like an English park.

"On the 25th, after church service at the Embassy, I rode with His Excellency and Warren to visit the Persian Ambassador, Ferouk Khan, at the far end of Stamboul. Lord Strangford met us and acted as interpreter. On our return my horse attacked His Excellency's, and in the scrimmage fell."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess of Sandwich

BRITISH EMBASSY,
CONSTANTINOPLE,
October 6th, 1858.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,

I will tell you the little news I have here. With visits and expeditions the days are got through with wonderful rapidity. We go to see something every day, but what I really delight in is flying about the Bosphorus in those charming caïques. Then we land and lunch in the most beautiful gardens, with terraces hanging over the Bosphorus, and the views from those hills cannot be surpassed. Yesterday we went in the afternoon

to pay a visit on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and the view from the garden was most magnificent. One way there was Constantinople, with the Sea of Marmora in the distance, and the other the mountains along the Black Sea and the distance, and on either side the Bosphorus covered with caïques and ships of all sizes; the banks in some parts dotted with villages and highly cultivated—in others wild and barren.

I delight in the bazaars, not only for all the pretty things, but for all the different Eastern costumes—Persians, Armenians, Circassians, Turks, Greeks, Jews, Arabians. I delight in chaffing the Turks; they are so jolly and good-natured, and we have great fun.

Last night there was a large dinner here to Sir H. Bulwer. I think he had some one of every nation of Europe at dinner. Friday we have a picnic up to Therapia, and I think I shall spend a day or two up the Bosphorus. Marochetti is gone home, alas! He could not stay, and we miss him very much.

There is no political news, and there is no place where there is so little excitement and bustle as at Constantinople. The Turks are much too lazy. I have been reading *The Interpreter*. The chapters about Constantinople are wonderfully good and exactly as it is. We are quite flourishing, and I shall be quite sorry to leave this beautiful place.

Ever your very affectionate

HINCHINGBROOKE.

"On the 19th His Excellency laid the foundation-stone of a memorial church, at which ceremony speeches were made, and we went over to Scutari for the celebration of Mahomed's birthday, which commenced in glorious sunset. Salutes were fired; all the ships and minarets were

illuminated. We went to the opera and heard a moderate performance of *Rigoletto*.

"On the 20th I went with Hassim Bey, of the Engineers, to the War Office at the Seraglio. The Turkish Army consisted of seven divisions, each of which comprised six regiments of infantry, four of cavalry, and one of artillery. The peace establishment is 150,000 men, and in war 150,000 militia is added. A conscription exists of one in every hundred for eleven years' service. This service can be avoided by going to a military college and receiving a commission as officer.

"On the 21st I went again with His Excellency to a private audience of the Sultan. We were received by Mahmoud Pasha and Arrifa Bey. There was a long delay over the pipes and coffee, during which His Excellency did not utter a word. I then went in with His Excellency to the Sultan. The audience was very long. The Sultan was much agitated, and did not disguise his fear of His Excellency. I remember His Excellency saying: 'Where a wise man gives orders, he should see that his servants accomplish them.' When the political discussion was ended, the conversation turned to the general condition of the British Empire, to the progress of steam power, and to the Atlantic cable. His Excellency received a letter from the Sultan to the Queen, and then took leave of the sovereign over whom he had exercised so paramount an influence for many years.

"Our stay in Constantinople came to an end on October 22nd."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess of Sandwich

October 22nd, 1858.

DEAREST MOTHER,

A crowd of British inhabitants assembled at the Embassy to wish good-bye to their Excellencies, many of whom accompanied us to the shore, and some, amongst whom was Sir Henry Bulwer, were on board the *Caradoc*. We weighed anchor at 6 p.m., in a glorious moonlight; our last view of Constantinople was enchanting. The Stratfords and their daughters were deeply affected. We went on board H.M.S. *Curaçoa* on the following day in the Dardanelles.

On the 24th, after passing through the Straits of Mitylene, I went to lie down in my cabin, when I suddenly heard a tremendous row, all hands rushing on deck. An Austrian brig had been crossing our bows, which she could have done safely, when she suddenly tried to go about and ran into our starboard quarter, where were the ladies' cabins. The brig's bowsprit was, of course, carried away and she sprang a leak: the damage to the *Curaçoa* was very slight. When I got on deck, the brig had drifted astern of us, and the crew were on their knees—I presume in prayer. We lowered boats and sent men on board the brig, and after about an hour's delay put things square and took her in tow. The sun had set and it was getting dark. I was watching the brig when suddenly I noticed the hawser slacken and the brig running into us again. She carried away her foremast, carried away our main studding sail-yard, smashed the galley, and injured the stern. I went below to comfort Lady Stratford. The brig had again scraped outside her cabin. She amused me very much by saying, "Really, Hinch, this is too bad of that ship."

We had run upon a sandbank at the entrance to the Gulf of Smyrna. The Turks had forgotten to light the lighthouse. Every effort was made to get us off by laying out anchors, without avail. Luckily it was very calm and a lovely night. An Austrian steamer took the brig away with news of our misfortune to Smyrna. Next day a French despatch vessel, *Éclaireur*, the American frigate *Macedonia*, a Russian steamer, and a Turkish man-of-war tried to tow us off. They lightened the ship by taking off guns and ammunition. After forty-eight hours we went up in a filthy Turkish steamer which was conveying conscripts from Egypt to Constantinople, and their Excellencies took up their abode at the consulate with Mr. Blunt, the consul. I had very nice rooms with the Abbots on the quay. The *Curaçoa* got off the next day and came up to Smyrna. I was so devoured by mosquitoes that I took the first opportunity of returning to the ship. His Excellency received many deputations, and laid the first stone of the railway station, at which ceremony there was a large dinner in a tent and speeches.

On November 1st the ship was ready, and we continued our voyage to Athens. We reached the Piræus at 4 p.m. on the 2nd, and drove up to call on Sir Thomas Wyse, the British Minister, and took up our abode at the Hôtel d'Orient.

A large amphitheatre has recently been excavated. A dinner and evening party were given at the Legation, and we dined with King Otho and Queen Amelia. The King wore the Greek national dress—a tall man and remarkably ugly. They conversed in French.

The King asked many questions about my regiment. One of them was concerning the strength of the regiment when it marched into

action and out; but as he did not name the battle, the answer was specially difficult to frame.

My leave is up, so I shall soon be back in England.

Ever your affectionate
HINCH.

In 1859 Lord Hinchingbrooke lost his great friend, Lieutenant Henry Tillard, R.H.A., who died at Mhow. This, the first real sorrow of his life, was followed by the overwhelming grief caused by the death of his mother. The end came so suddenly that it found him quite unprepared. She was with him on February 11th in the Queen's Box at the Haymarket Theatre. On the 20th of that month she passed away in the presence of his father, himself, and his sister, Lady Emily Montagu.[1]

It is not easy to exaggerate the effect this sudden blow had on him. He adored his mother, who had always given him the understanding love that he had never had from his father, who was constitutionally unsympathetic to him. At first his grief was almost morbid in its intensity. Even after many years had passed, he could never speak of her without emotion. He treasured the last gown she wore, and he used to keep her purse, scent-bottle, and card-case in a glass case near his writing-table. When he died, fifty-seven years after this date, the Bible she gave him when he went to Eton was by his bedside.

The Earl of Sandwich to Madame Lazier

RYDE,
April 11th, 1859.

MY DEAR MADAME LAZIER,

I have hitherto really felt quite unable to answer your kind letter.

To indifferent persons it is easy to write, but to those she loved and who loved her I have found it a bitter trial, and to nobody more than

[1] Lady Emily married Sir William Hart Dyke, Bart., M.P., on May 31st, 1870.

to yourself, to whom she was most tenderly attached.

You may picture to yourself what this loss is to me. Though very different in our natures, we were most exactly suited. All her good qualities of heart and mind had their influence over me, and her good strong sense always showed its superiority when called upon for action, and I never repented having followed her advice. If I thus miss her in a worldly point of view, how much more the breaking up of home, her most affectionate disposition, and the charm she threw over all the little incidents of daily life! As a mother, who could come up to her in anxious, nay, over-anxious care of her children? They have been taught from their earliest years the knowledge of their Saviour, and, thank God, I am now reaping the fruits of their early training. My poor boy, Victor, is, I fear, ignorant of his irreparable loss. What a bitter moment when he arrives and receives, instead of the fond anticipated embrace, the sad tidings of "gone for ever"! Oh, it is too hard, and yet God has bountifully supported me, and has given me, I trust, resignation to His Holy Will. She was too good for me, too good for this world, and is now enjoying that heavenly rest "prepared for God's people."

Oh that we may all be there reunited!

Believe me,
Very sincerely yours,
SANDWICH.

H.R.H. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, to Viscountess Sydney

ST. JAMES'S,
February 23rd, 1859.

MY DEAREST LADY SYDNEY,

Mamma desires me to send you the accompanying bunch of violets which your dear sister

sent my mother on Friday, the 18th, as she feels sure you will treasure up anything which so lately passed through her dear hands. The violets would have been forwarded to you before this, had I not thought you would prefer my drying them for you. *You*, her bereaved family, and *we*, her friends, have lost one we shall never see replaced. I should feel grateful if you would let me have a line to say when the last ceremony is to take place. Poor Lord Sandwich! what a terrible day for him, and what a return to poor dear Hinchingbrooke after the happy days spent there!

God bless you, dear friend, and believe me

Affectionately yours,

MARY ADELAIDE.

CHAPTER III

AMERICA

In the following year Lord Hinchingbrooke was chosen to be one of those who were to accompany H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in his visit to America.

The Diary

"On August 10th, 1860, Charles Eliot and I started on our voyage to America. It was understood that we were to join the Prince of Wales on arrival. His Royal Highness had sailed from Devonport on July 10th in H.M.S. *Hero*, 91 guns, Commodore Seymour, with H.M.S. *Ariadne*, 26 guns, Captain Vansittart. The suite comprised the Duke of Newcastle, Minister for the Colonies; the Earl of St. Germans, Lord Steward; Major-General the Hon. R. Bruce, Governor to the Prince; Major Teesdale and Captain Grey, Equerries; Dr. Acland; and G. D. Engleheart, private secretary to the Duke of Newcastle; of which party I am the sole survivor.

"The Prince reached St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 23rd, and had visited Sydney, Cape Breton Island, Halifax, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, the Saguenay River, and Quebec before we joined him.

"We embarked at Liverpool in the Cunard

liner *Arabia*, then considered one of the best—slightly different from the Cunarders of to-day! The voyage was rough, gales, heavy seas, and fog. We were sometimes kept below, and I was thoroughly miserable. The hours for meals were, breakfast 8.30 to 9.30, luncheon at 12, dinner at 4, tea at 6, supper at 9; but mulled claret was about the only thing I partook of until we reached Halifax at 5 a.m. on the 21st and Boston on the 22nd.

"We received an invitation from the Canadian Government on our arrival to be their guests during our visit to Canada.

"We spent two nights at the Tremont Hotel, and arrived at Montreal on the 24th. This was our only journey in an ordinary train, which compared very unfavourably with the English railways, both as to the comfort in the carriages and the track of the line. The train constantly slowed down to cross apparently unsafe bridges, some of which were constructed on piles across lakes.

"Our first function was the opening of an exhibition at the Crystal Palace, where we met the Prince, who had arrived that morning at Montreal, and where we were introduced to the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head; Lord Mulgrave, Governor of Nova Scotia; Lord Lyons, Minister to the United States; Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, Commander-in-Chief; and other dignitaries.

"Thence to the opening of the bridge across the St. Lawrence, where the Prince fixed the last stone

at the entrance to the tunnel, and, mounting the car, proceeded to the central arch, where the last rivet was driven home by H.R.H. We crossed to the further end of the bridge, and returned to a luncheon at the station, where 800 guests assembled, and H.R.H. gave the toast, 'To the health of the Governor-General, success to Canada, and prosperity to the Grand Trunk Railway.' The great bridge and the whole city were illuminated at night.

"The 27th was a strenuous day, including a visit to the top of the mountain, attendance at a game of lacrosse by Caughnawaga Indians, a levee attended by 1,100 persons, a visit to H.M.S. *Valorona*, where we met a detachment of the Boston Fusiliers, who had come from the States to do honour to the Prince, and the ball which was held in a circular building of wood 275 feet in diameter, built at a cost of 25,000 dollars, and at which 4,000 people were present. The Prince danced from 10.30 till 4.

"It was amusing at the balls we attended to observe the anxiety of the young ladies to make acquaintance with the dancing members of the suite, as after the first two or three ceremonial ladies the Prince generally danced with our partners.

"The 28th was devoted to an expedition to the Lachine and other rapids, on board the *Kingston*, piloted by an Indian from the village of Caughnawaga. In the evening we were present at a concert in the great ball-room, where I first heard Mad'elle Adelina Patti in a cantata composed

for the occasion. She was then a girl of about sixteen.

"On the 29th there was a review of volunteers and a luncheon with General Sir F. Williams (on whose staff I after many years served at Gibraltar) at Isle Dorval, where a procession of canoes manned by Indians and Canadian boatmen, all attired in scarlet and gaily decorated, afforded a striking spectacle, and sang their wild songs with the strokes of their paddles as accompaniment.

"On a very wet day, partly by rail, partly by steamer, we travelled to Ottawa, where on September 1st the ceremony took place of the laying the first stone of the new Parliament House.

"Ottawa was then a small town, devoted to the lumber trade, and there were grave doubts as to the wisdom in selecting this site for the Capitol.

"We left Ottawa with the Prince on Monday morning, September 3rd, and travelled first by road, then by steamer up the River Ottawa, then in canoes over lakes and by portage! Then the Indians carried their canoes over falls and rapids; then on foot through woods, and again by canoes to Arnprior, where we had a splendid luncheon. How it got there I cannot imagine. Then we drove across country on a corduroy road (formed by trees cut down and laid side by side) to Almonte, and, finishing by railway to Brockville, slept on board our steamer, the *Kingston*. We arrived after dusk, and were escorted through the town by a torchlight procession; fireworks went off all round our carriages, and every house was

illuminated—such a pretty sight, but, oh, such mobs!

"One of the scenes most memorable in my life occurred on our landing at Toronto. As the Prince passed through a door from the landing-stage on to a platform, from an amphitheatre of tens of thousands of people, the National Anthem was sung in perfect unison. The decorations were splendid, and a setting sun gave a marvellous effect to the whole display. This scene at Toronto has always been memorable to me.

"The usual visits and inspections and ceremonies concluded with a splendid ball at the Crystal Palace. After visiting London there was a great reception of Ojibway, Chippeway, and other Indian tribes at Sarnia. These wild men had come hundreds of miles to see the son of the great Queen. They were most grotesque, covered with feathers and war-paint. The chief shouted a long oration, with violent gestures and dramatic force, which was duly interpreted, and they received medals in memory of their reception. We made an excursion on Lake Huron and returned to London. London to Paris and other towns occupied the next day. During the luncheon the bands were taken off those who wore white hats. Evidently the people desired to retain a relic of the Prince, and, not being able to distinguish the royal hat, had taken them all. And so we reached by steamer the Great Falls, running into a siding just above the Rapids.

"It was dark, and our first view of Niagara was by the illumination of Bengal lights. I am not

one of those who are disappointed with their first view of Niagara. I was amazed at the grandeur of the scene and the roar of the waters. On the following day we did the usual feat of walking under the edge of the Horseshoe Fall and got thoroughly drenched. After luncheon with Mr. Street and a view of the Rapids, we went to the Suspension Bridge and saw Blondin cross the river on his rope, 1,700 feet long. Half-way across he let himself down nearly to the water. He afterwards carried a man over on his back, who had to get off several times during the crossing and stand on the rope. He told me he had never been on the rope before! Blondin returned on stilts. I thought the performance ghastly.

"Our three days at Niagara were very pleasant after the daily ceremonies elsewhere. Of course we visited Sable Back, Goat Island, the battle-field of Lundislawe, and made the usual expedition in the *Maid of the Mist* under the spray of the Falls. On our way to Hamilton the Prince laid the first stone of a monument to General Brock, where he fell on Queenstown Heights, where the survivors of his force in 1812 were assembled.

"The reception at Hamilton was very fine. A philharmonic concert, a levee, an agricultural exhibition, where we were nearly suffocated by the crowds, and a public luncheon, an excursion on Lake Ontario, and a ball concluded the long list of functions and entertainments given to the Prince by the loyal Canadians. Fireworks and illuminations greeted the Prince. The crowds were so enormous that all possibility of landing

was out of the question. One of the Canadian ministers, Mr. Pennefather, who tried to arrange a landing, was pushed by the crowd into the river, and was only rescued from the rapid current with great difficulty. After waiting some hours we managed to get to the hotel by twos and threes, unobserved by the crowd, ignoring the great reception which had been prepared.

"Here Sir Edmund Head and all the Canadian officials took leave of H.R.H., and there was general satisfaction at the complete success of the visit. There had been a general exhibition of unbounded loyalty to the Mother Country and of devoted respect for the Queen, intensified by the personality of the Prince, who gained the esteem and affection of the multitudes with whom he had come in contact throughout the Canadian dominions.

"The Royal progress of the Prince of Wales terminated here, and henceforth he travelled as Lord Renfrew. The insufficient control of the immense crowds at Detroit had a salutary effect. I presume the more populous cities we afterwards visited were forewarned, and we had no repetition of the contretemps at Detroit.

"Our journeys were always in special trains, in which we could move from one end to the other. A director's car or a specially built car was provided for H.R.H.; a pilot engine preceded the train; all ordinary traffic was suspended and every comfort provided. At all stations where we stopped people jumped up to look into our windows.

"Chicago was then celebrated as the city of the most rapid growth—twenty years old, with a population of 140,000. We visited one of the elevators where the flour is deposited in large bins, and there are long shoots to send it down to the ships below and the Court House. We saw an entire house in process of being transported. The original level on which the town was built was liable to floods from Lake Michigan, and the houses are screwed up to a safer position. In the afternoon we went on about eighty miles by train to Dwight, in the prairies of Illinois, for two days' shooting."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Earl of Sandwich

DWIGHT, ON GRAND PRAIRIE,
September 23rd, 1860.

MY DEAREST PAPA,

Here we are on the prairie, with the thermometer upwards of 94 in the shade; and, of course, the only shade there is is what the cottages give, for there are no trees whatever or shrubs of any kind. The prairies are very like the fens, without dykes or water of any kind. They are cultivated in parts about here, as we are in a small hamlet, but in other parts it is grass or weeds and perfectly flat. We arrived here last night from Chicago, and the Prince immediately went out with his gun, but as there is no twilight here, the bag consisted of one owl, which a Yankee shot: that is the extent of our sport hitherto. The game is very abundant; lots of prairie chicken, quail, and cranes. There are usually duck and snipe, but they have not had rain here for such ages that they are driven away by the drought. To-day it is blowing a hurricane, which is very

unpleasant, with a burning sun, but we hope it will bring rain to-night.

Wednesday we go to St. Louis, Friday or Saturday to Cincinnati, Monday to Pittsburg, Tuesday (via Huntingdon!) to Harrisburg, and Wednesday to Washington; thence to Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, and while the Prince is at Boston we shall probably go to Quebec to meet him again at Portland to embark for England.

You would be surprised to see the ball-rooms here; they are nearly all built for the occasion, and are really wonderfully well got up, and of gigantic size. On the 20th we had functions in the morning, a very good luncheon at Sir A. MacNab's, and at two o'clock started for the United States. The enthusiasm in Canada was wonderful; crowds everywhere, and the anxiety of the people to see the Prince wonderful. Every town of any size was one mass of triumphal arches, flags, and decorations. We arrived at Windsor about eight, and rowed over the ferry to Detroit, United States. Here the crowd was so intense that we had the greatest difficulty in landing, and had to sneak up to our hotel as we best could. The Prince is Lord Renfrew in the States, and every kind of demonstration is forbidden; still there are torchlight processions everywhere, and immense crowds and bands serenading at all hours of the night, which is mighty unpleasant. Things have been very well managed hitherto, much better than in Canada. Of Chicago there isn't much to say, except that it is situated in a very flat country adjoining the prairie, and is on Lake Michigan. It contains 120,000 inhabitants. Twelve years ago it was a village, and twenty years ago it did not exist. The streets are now wider than Regent Street,

with houses four and five stories high, splendid warehouses, and beautiful villas. The crowds in the United States are nearly equal to those of Canada; every station on the line is crowded, whether the train stops or not, and they cheer very well. They are wonderfully free and easy, and jump up and look in at the windows of the carriage, asking which is the Prince. They take me for him very often, and put out very dirty hands, asking me to shake hands with them. Some enthusiastic people shouted to the Prince at Detroit, "Come again in four years"—*i.e.* the next Presidential Election.

Ever your affectionate
HINCH.

"At Springfield Abraham Lincoln, then a candidate for the Presidency, was at the station.

"At Alton we went on board the *City of Alton*, 300 feet long and drawing only three feet, and steamed by the junction of the Mississippi and Missouri, and were able for a long way to distinguish between the clear water of the former and the muddy water of the latter. The navigation was very dangerous, owing to the snags formed by the trees which fall into the water. We passed a big wreck."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

CINCINNATI,
September 30th, 1860.

MY DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

I wrote to Papa a week ago from the prairie, and will resume my account of our travels from there. Monday was desperately hot, but we started shooting at 6 a.m., and did not get back until 7.30 p.m., in a broiling sun and without a

tree or shade of any kind to be seen. We went out in three parties, shooting prairie chicken, and had very good sport, considering that this is a bad season for game, the extreme heat and drought having killed the young birds. It was fearfully hot, and we spent a good part of the day marching through the Indian corn, several feet over our heads. There wasn't as much game as I expected, and I enjoyed the second day more when we shot quail, etc., in low brushwood and through occasional woods, which was pretty and much better sport. We killed upwards of 300 in two days.

On Wednesday we started at eight for St. Louis, travelling by rail to Alton and thence down the Mississippi to St. Louis by steamer. We passed the junction of the Mississippi and the Missouri, and I must confess that I should not like to perform a voyage on that river every day, as you pass at every point and turn in the river some wreck of a burnt or sunken steamer. The steamer we were in is about the largest—she was 300 feet long and drew three feet of water! She has four decks and no sides at all, so that from the outside you can see any part of the ship at once. They are all high pressure, and in the habit of blowing up constantly. We stayed two nights at St. Louis, where it was very hot. We went to a great fair there, and saw some great trotting horses, and they had races, which was rather good fun, in a great amphitheatre. There were 60,000 people present. The Prince and ourselves were in a sort of stand in the middle. Friday we came to Cincinnati, arriving at twelve o'clock at night. We were detained three hours on the road by an accident which happened to the train before us; the cars were lying all over the track and had to be removed. They only have one line on these railways, and the trains go any pace round tre-

mendous curves; no wonder that accidents are of such frequent occurrence. We are fortunately well off, being with the Prince, as we always have special trains and pilot engines. To-morrow we go fifteen hours on the rail to Pittsburg. We are going towards home, as St. Louis was our western-most point. This is a very pretty town on the banks of the Ohio.

. . . . .

Ever your affectionate
HINCH.

"The Prince visited the Governor at Harrisburg, and was shown the original patent granted by Charles II to Penn. We drove in procession through Baltimore on our way to Washington, where the President Buchanan and his niece, Miss Harriet Lane, received the Prince at the White House. The President appeared a kindly, genial old gentleman, his niece most attractive in appearance and in manner.

"The Prince never liked being left alone for long, so after the ceremonies were over I returned to the White House—there was no guard, nor could I find any servants. In trying to find his room I met Miss Lane on the staircase, who showed me the way. I was much struck by the difference of etiquette between a presidential and a royal palace.

"The following day at noon the President held a levee in honour of the Prince at the White House. Anybody came who liked; there was no order of any kind, no presentations; the people scrambled by in the greatest confusion, many of them not recognising the Prince or President. For

a time the Prince was immensely amused. We visited the Capitol, Patent Office, and played bowls with Miss Lane. A dinner of about forty people, a reception, and a grand display of fireworks concluded the first day.

"Our second day was occupied in an expedition to Mount Vernon, the residence and grave of Washington.

"The President and Miss Lane, General Cass, the Premier, and all the Ministers and large numbers of ladies and the Prince and all our party were present. We embarked at the Arsenal in the government steamer *Harriet Lane*, amid salutes, and steamed on a lovely day twenty-five miles down the Potomac. We landed in boats, the Prince steering the President's. To witness the descendant of King George III and the successor of Washington standing together at this spot was an interesting experience; but the solemnity of the scene was somewhat marred by the band playing 'Ah che la Morte' of the *Trovatore* as a dirge for the occasion.

"In the evening Lord Lyons entertained the President at dinner, and on the following morning H.R.H. took leave of the President, who was evidently much pleased with the impression created by the dignity and geniality of the Prince. The kindness of the President and the charm of Miss Lane had made a most favourable impression on us all. The city of Washington stood in great contrast to all the other cities we had visited. No life about it; wide streets, mostly covered with grass or weeds, it bore a mournful, desolate look.

"We embarked again in the *Harriet Lane* for Aquia Creek, where the Ministers left us, and we took the cars for Richmond, the capital of Virginia, a slave state."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Earl of Sandwich

VIRGINIA,
October 6th, 1860.

MY DEAREST PAPA,

We visited the slave market, but the sales do not begin before 10 a.m., and we started at 9 a.m. for Baltimore, which made the most favourable impression upon me of all the American cities. There was a military as well as civic reception. We heard here of Winan's new ship, shaped like a cigar, which attains great speed and is intended to act as a submarine.

Thence to Philadelphia. The Republican candidate has been elected by a large majority as Governor of Pennsylvania, which probably indicates the result of the Presidential Election.

We visited Gerard's College for Orphans, built of white marble at a cost of 1,000,000 dollars, and the Cherry Hill Prison, conducted on the silent system. We saw a man sentenced to twenty years for forging state warrants, of which he had only completed sixteen months. I went alone into the cell of a negro who had completed five years out of six in a small cell with a tiny yard: his meals were passed in through a hole in the wall; he trembled terribly, and could not apparently speak at first—a truly horrible, inhuman form of punishment. The Lunatic Asylum for women, the racecourse, and two races made a varied day's experience. In the evening we went to the opera, where Adelina Patti, whom we had heard at Montreal, sang in *Martha*. She was presented to the Prince. I made her acquaintance, and re-

member telling her that if she came to Europe she would make her fortune.

We travelled by train to Amboy, where the *Harriet Lane* again awaited us with the deputation from New York.

Innumerable craft accompanied us, and the arrival at New York was a very impressive scene from the immense crowds on land and water. The Prince reviewed 7,000 militia, and went to the City Hall, where the troops marched past, and reached the Fifth Avenue Hotel through miles of streets crowded to their utmost extent.

Next morning we visited the University, Astor Library, Cooper's Institute, the Free Academy, the Central Park, recently planted; lunched with Major Wood; visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum on the Hudson River, a most successful institution; and went on board the *Harriet Lane* to see the bridges and the works on the banks of the East River. We had great difficulty in getting back to the hotel, in consequence of the enormous crowds which had collected. This was the night of the Great Ball, which was to eclipse all our previous entertainments. It was held at the Academy of Music, which was densely packed throughout.

A torchlight and firework procession of 6,000 firemen before the hotel was our entertainment last night. The square was a living mass of humanity, all gazing at the balcony where the Prince stood. The enthusiasm is wonderful; it couldn't be more were he come to be King of the United States. I am just come in from seeing a hospital. This morning we went to the great church. People were admitted by ticket, and sat there for hours "to have a look at the Prince"!

And now good-bye, best love to all.

Ever yours affectionately,

HINCH.

"After a great service at Trinity Church, with bishops and clergy innumerable, a luncheon at the consul's, and a very wet afternoon, we left New York on October 15th, and steamed up the Hudson River, passing the 'Palisades' (very pretty scenery), to West Point, where General Scott received the Prince, and there was a parade of the cadets of the Military Academy and an inspection of the barracks. Albany, the capital of the State of New York, was our next halting-place, where Governor Morgan received the Prince at the Capitol and the City Hall. At the banquet in the evening I felt suddenly very unwell, and to my horror found I had been eating frogs, which were considered a delicacy.

"Boston gave a splendid reception; the chief of the committee was Colonel Laurence, whom I had known in England, where he was Secretary of Legation.

"Our entry into the city was made in ten barouches, each with four horses and an escort of Lancers. There was a review of militia and a concert of sacred music, in which 1,500 school children took part, admirably performed. Dr. Wendell Holmes composed the following verses as part of our National Anthem:

"God bless our Fathers' Land,
Keep her in heart and hand,
One with our own!
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
Protect her throne!

"Father, in loving care,
Guard thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways;

"Thine arm his shelter be,
From harm by land and sea,
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.

"Lord, let war's tempest cease,
Fold the whole world in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all the nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of Kings!

"General Bruce, Dr. Acland, and I dined with the club of the great savants of Boston. Dr. Wendell Holmes, Dr. Wyman, Norton, Longfellow, Lowell, Schattock (Professor of Anatomy), and Agassiz were our hosts. I fully felt my responsibility as a specimen of English youth at so distinguished a gathering.

"The ball was a great success, and eclipsed all similar entertainments we had witnessed. Society at Boston seemed to be on a higher level than that of other cities.

"The next morning, in a smart procession of carriages and fours, we drove to Cambridge, visited the Harvard College, its Library and Law School, Dr. Agassiz's Museum of Natural History, Professor Bond's Observatory, and looked through the great telescope, one of the largest in the world. Luncheon at the college was served without liquor, owing to the law of the State of Maine.

"Our last day. We left in splendidly fitted special train at 10 a.m., accompanied by all the principal authorities, for Portland, where we embarked at 3 p.m. in H.M.S. *Hero*.

"Here we took leave of many Canadian and

American friends, and especially of Lord Lyons, who had conducted somewhat unprecedented and difficult negotiations with the most consummate skill and tact.

"I think the Prince of Wales's visit to Canada and the United States proved to be the greatest success. The loyal demonstrations of the Canadians to the Heir Apparent were natural and obvious. The enthusiasm shown by the Republicans to a Prince travelling incognito was unbounded, and there can be no doubt but that the simple dignity and unfailing courtesy of H.R.H. contributed in a very great degree to the successful result of the tour.

"Thus in a rough sea we left Portland Harbour, and we wished good-bye to America. With manned yards and royal salutes, Admiral Milne and his squadron parted company for Halifax. The voyage lasted from 4 p.m., on October 20th, till 9.30 a.m. on November 15th, when we anchored at Plymouth.

"I had a comfortable berth in H.R.H. cabin, and for the first few days spent most of the time in my berth. On the 24th we came in for a strong gale. The wind was generally foul, and we occasionally had recourse to steam or to being towed by the *Ariadne*, when the hawser generally carried away. H.R.H. occasionally succumbed. I have known him to retire from luncheon and return in a few minutes happy and well. We often danced in the evening with the midshipmen for partners. One of them was Dick Thorold, who had been in the next room to me at Eton.

Towards the end of this voyage the Duke of Newcastle became so irate at the wind coming always ahead that he vowed he would not go on deck again until the wind changed. One evening the *Ariadne* came so close alongside when the ships were rolling in a heavy swell that there was a terrible commotion on board, and I was told that at a critical moment, if the ships had rolled inward instead of outward and the yards had met, one or both would have sunk.

"On November 6th we came in for another heavy gale: the anemometer recorded eighty-two miles. The Prince was the most long-suffering of us. He was very little altered from the days I spent with him when a boy at Eton. He had never had the experience of school life, and had recently gone to Oxford University. He read little, but coming into continual contact with the most enlightened men of the day, he acquired an extraordinary amount of information, of which he well knew how to take the best advantage. He was straightforward and unassuming, although fully alive to his high position, vivacious, and greatly addicted to jokes and chaff. He disliked being alone, and being about the same age and without the restraint of a member of his household, he very seldom allowed me out of his sight. He sometimes was able to escape from the surveillance of the suite, and naturally liked going about incognito and unnoticed, but I was very indisposed to undertake the responsibility of such a charge.

"We arrived at Windsor at 6.30 p.m., the

Prince Consort met his son at the station, and the Queen received us all in the corridor at the Castle.

"The *Hero*, being long overdue, several ships had been sent out to look for her, and there was considerable relief in the country when the safe return of the Prince was announced.

"There was a good deal of political activity in the States in view of the coming elections, but I do not remember any anticipation of the gigantic struggle between North and South which followed so closely upon our visit to America."

CHAPTER IV

THE PRUSSIAN COURT

The Diary

"In 1861 I took part in the mission to convey the Order of the Garter to King William of Prussia, who had recently succeeded his brother on the throne, and on February 26th left London for Berlin. The Marquis of Breadalbane, General Lord Frederick Paulet, the Hon. Crespigny Vivian of the Foreign Office, Sir C. Young, Garter King-of-Arms, with two officials, were the other members of the mission. We slept at Ghent *en route*, and were lodged at the Hôtel de Rome at Berlin. General F. Hamilton, Military Attaché, met us, and royal carriages conveyed us from the station.

"We were not received on the following day, as it was a Royal birthday, but we paid a private visit to the Princess Royal, Princess of Prussia, who was most gracious, and heard Artot in the *Figlia del Reggimento* at the Vittoria Theatre.

"After a visit to the Museum on the 2nd, we had an audience of the King and Queen at 4.30 and dined with their Majesties at five. The Court was, of course, in deep mourning for the late King. Our party consisted of the Crown Prince and Princess, Prince Albert (son), Lord and Lady

Augustus Loftus, and other members of the Embassy, and the Royal household.

"The King gave us a box at the opera, where a beautiful ballet, *Ellinore*, was performed, with Marie Taglioni as *première danseuse*. A party at Count Redern's and a visit to Kroll's Casino concluded the day. The leaving of cards and official visits were wearisome, and occupied a good deal of our time.

"On the 4th we had an audience of the Crown Prince and Princess at 4.45, and dined with them at five. Prince Louis of Hesse, the British Embassy, and Baron Stockmar were the guests. The Royal children came in during dinner. This was my first acquaintance with the future Kaiser, William II. The Princess Royal was extremely gracious and friendly with us all.

"On the 5th we were received by the Prince and Princess Frederick Charles, Prince George, Prince Albrecht, and Prince and Princess Charles, with whom we dined at four. He was the younger brother of the King, and she the elder sister of the Queen. I sat next to Marschall von Roon, the Minister of War, and the Marchesa Lucchesini at dinner. She and Countess Seidlewitz were the ladies-in-waiting to Princess Charles, and were considered the liveliest ladies of the Court. Prince Charles put my bearskin cap on Countess Seidlewitz's head.

"On March 6th the Investiture was held in the Weiser Saal at the Schloss at 4 p.m. We were conveyed in Royal carriages with six horses. The King stood before the throne, and looked somewhat

décolleté, in anticipation of the decorations with which he was to be clad, among all the Court, who were decked out in all their splendour. I carried the Collar of the Order. After the ceremony there was a banquet in the Great Throne Room.

"We, members of the Embassy, were seated opposite their Majesties at a horseshoe table. The healths of Queen Victoria and King William were given, and Lord Breadalbane was decorated with the Order of the Black Eagle.

"Queen Victoria would not allow any other member of the Embassy to accept the decorations offered, and the King gave me a bronze copy of the statue of the Great Elector on the bridge at Berlin. On the 7th, after an audience with Prince Adalbert, we went in a Royal carriage-and-four to Spandau, the Woolwich of Prussia, and saw the process of making guns and shells, 24-pounders which smash $4\frac{1}{2}$-inch plates. We visited the palace of Charlottenburg and the mausoleum of King Frederick William II. and Queen Louise by Rauch.

"On the 8th, at 8 a.m., we went by train to Potsdam with the King, all the Princes, Count Adelberg, the Russian Military Attaché, General Hamilton, and a crowd of generals.

"The King inspected the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, and the recruits in manual and platoon exercise and company drill. I made some remark to the Crown Prince about the skirmishing drill, upon which he called out Prince Louis of Hesse, then engaged to Princess Alice of England, to put his company through the drill, giving the cautions

for my edification! We visited the Cavalry Riding House, the Palace of Sans Souci, with its orangery and beautiful gardens.

"On the 9th Prince Antoine Radziwill took me to visit the New Museum, the Houses of Parliament, etc. We dined with Count Redern, where I made acquaintance with Meyerbeer, the composer, and Raube, the historian. After the opera we supped with the Crown Prince and Princess: their Majesties were present; little round tables. I sat between the Princess Royal and Countess Perpoucher. The King was at the same table, and spoke much of a speech recently made by Prince Napoleon.

"On the 10th I went with the Crown Prince and Princess to the Garrison Church service, and we had an audience to take leave of the King and Queen. They were most gracious, and showed us all their private rooms in the Palace. We afterwards took leave of the Crown Prince and Princess.

"On the 11th we went to the artillery practice ground, where Wahrendorf's rifled 12-pounders were fired against earthworks at 1,200 yards, and made very good practice. I dined with Tagou of the 1st Dragoon Regiment of Guards, at their mess at four o'clock; the fare was very simple; we sat a long time at table after dinner; and on my suggesting that German officers remained longer than English officers at mess, they intimated that they were waiting for me to give the sign to rise.

"We left Berlin at 7.30 p.m. for Hanover, which we reached at 2 a.m. After visiting the

Royal Stables, the Palace, the magnificent plate, the Palace and Gardens of Herrnhausen, we dined with the blind King George at five: the Queen did not dine, but received us before dinner; the King put his hands on my face and head when presented to him. We went to the opera before leaving at 2 a.m. The train brought a dachshund for me from the Crown Princess as a present. 'Fritz' was my beloved companion for years, until he was killed by a fall from my phaeton in Windsor. When Queen Victoria heard of the accident through Madame de Weyer, she most kindly gave me another.

"We spent two nights at Brussels: the King and the Comte de Flandre were away. We lunched with the Duc and Duchesse de Brabant and dined at the Legation with Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, heard Jourdain in *Massaniello* at the opera and attended a party at Count Redern's. So ended the Garter Embassy.

"The Duchess of Kent died this morning after our return.

"In August I paid my first visit to Ireland with my father and brother Oliver, at Tanderagee Castle, the Duke of Manchester's, in Co. Armagh. I had a narrow escape of being killed; I fell fifteen feet foremost into an area from the terrace in the courtyard. The footman, smoking his pipe, heard the fall, but went into the house to put on his coat before he came to my rescue.

"We stayed at a filthy hotel in Limerick to visit my father's estates in that county and the lovely Lakes of Killarney."

The Earl of Sandwich to Viscountess Sydney

RAILWAY HOTEL, KILLARNEY,
September 5th, 1861.

MY DEAREST E.,

We arrived here yesterday from Limerick. I had an expedition with my agent and the two boys to look at the proposed drainage, and all went off very peacefully. We all dined at the inn and passed a lively evening. I am in fits of laughing over Hinch and Oliver; they have no idea of ruffetting—or crowquetting perhaps is more correct—and imagine every speck a bug and sigh over ill-made coffee. At Limerick I found Hinch sleeping on the sofa in the sitting-room because of some contretemps in his room, and Oliver had rushed up to the attics, having seen a mouse. It is very nice to see the two boys together; it is a perpetual lark.

Well, here we are, having left Limerick yesterday; such a good hotel. What a lovely place this is! I could stay here a month, and we have lovely weather, which makes everything look well. We got here about three o'clock, and took a car immediately to drive round Muckross Abbey and the Lakes. We dined at a capital *table d'hôte*; everything very clean and good, which was a comfort after some of the places we have put up at.

Hinch's was the most miraculous escape I ever came across. How he escaped breaking his neck will always be a mystery, or indeed being in any way the worse.

Ever your affectionate

S.

"On October 8th I left London on the staff of the Earl of Clarendon, who proceeded to Berlin to attend the Coronation of King William as the

representative of Queen Victoria. Lady Clarendon, Ladies Constance and Emily Villiers, Viscount Dangan, Villiers Lister, and C. Stepney accompanied him on the mission.

"After a few days at Berlin we continued our journey to Königsberg on October 15th, when we were lodged at the Hôtel Prusse, and were received by the King and Queen at the Schloss on the following day at 1 p.m.—the ladies in evening dress. We dined with the King at 5 p.m., and went to a great ball given by the Province.

"On the 18th, which was a glorious day, we went at 9.30 to the Schloss, where we were conducted to the chapel and placed in the Royal pew immediately in front of the altar. The chapel was neither large nor beautiful, but the scene was gorgeous—a Russian grand duke, an Austrian archduke, and innumerable princes and princesses, and embassies galore in all their splendour. An amusing episode was the arrival of Lord Dudley, renowned for his unpunctuality on all occasions. When everybody was seated, in the pause before the entry of their Majesties, a solitary figure appeared, looking ashamed and confused, in the form of Lord Dudley, the toilette of whose hair had, it was supposed, caused the untimely contretemps. The service was simple and not very long; the music wonderfully beautiful. The King, taking the crown from the altar, placed it on his head, and then crowned the Queen Augusta. This example of Divine right caused much discussion throughout Europe.

"At one o'clock the King came out to the top

of the steps of the Palace and received addresses, after which the Huldigung took place.

"Graf Puckler, the Lord Chamberlain, was the great figure on all these occasions. Stiff as a poker and the model of etiquette, his services must have been invaluable to the Court.

"At 5 p.m. a great banquet was held at the Palace, about 900 in the Great Saal and 300 in other rooms; the town was illuminated at night.

"On the 19th at twelve the 'Defiler' was held by their Majesties in the Throne Room, when we all marched past. The Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar received us in the afternoon with great pomp. These small dignitaries were much stiffer and more stand-off than the more exalted personages. We dined with the Bernsdorfs—he was Minister of Foreign Affairs; and a concert given by their Majesties of German music concluded the day's entertainment.

"On the 22nd we repaired at noon to the Schloss, and from the picture gallery witnessed their Majesties make their triumphant entry into Berlin.

"Their reception was most cordial and enthusiastic. The Princess Royal sat opposite to the Queen, who bowed and waved her handkerchief from side to side, and I fancied I could hear her saying, 'Mein Volk, mein Volk.' The Queen had a funny way of asking questions and answering herself before one had time to speak. She was always very friendly with me. One night at Königsberg I happened to be standing near the door through which, after making her usual

sweeping curtsy to the assembled guests, she put out her hand to me, and without a thought I shook instead of kissing it before the crowd of royalties and courtiers. When I realised my gaucherie, I felt more than covered with confusion, but it was too late to make amends.

"At these receptions the crowds of Royal and distinguished personages were so great that we were very much jostled together. On one occasion Lord Schomberg Kerr trod on the spur of Prince Frederick Charles, nephew of the Emperor, and considered the greatest general of the Prussian Army. The Prince resented this approach by a back kick, upon which a kicking match ensued (both being of inflammable disposition), which I with difficulty checked. I, of course, had to explain that Schomberg did not recognise the Prince, and it was all amicably settled the next day.

"On the 24th we dined with Prince and Princess Frederick Charles and met the Austrian Archduke, the Bavarian Crown Prince, the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau—seventy guests—and went to a concert at the King's Palace, conducted by Meyerbeer, at which Trebelli and the sisters Marchisio sang beautifully.

"On the 25th we dined with the Crown Prince and Princess—their Majesties and all the royalties were present—and went to a great ball at the Schloss. Amongst my partners were the Princess Alexandrine, Princess Frederick Charles, the Duchess of Manchester, and Countess Hohenthal.

"On the 26th we dined with the King in the

Weiser Saal at the Schloss, and went to a ball given by Prince Charles.

"On Sunday, the 27th, Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador, gave a ball to their Majesties.

"On the 28th we dined with the Italian Envoy, General Della Rocca (the Austrians and Italians did not meet on these occasions), and attended a small concert at the King's Palace, and danced after supper.

"On the 29th the French Envoy, Maréchal MacMahon, Duc de Magenta, entertained their Majesties at a ball. A huge supper-room was built for the occasion, and it was a magnificent entertainment.

"On the 30th Graf Redern gave a concert at which the King and Queen were present; and on the 31st, after a dinner at the Palace, we took leave of their Majesties. By this time I had become weary of these incessant Court festivities. We did not, however, leave Berlin until the 6th.

"My uncle, Lord Cowley, came to meet Lord Clarendon in Brussels. We dined twice with the King, and met his son, the Duc de Brabant, and the Comte de Flandre at dinners of thirty. We reached London on the 9th.

"On November 30th I was sworn in as magistrate for Huntingdonshire. On December 10th, when quartered at Kensington Barracks, we received orders that the 1st Grenadiers and 2nd Fusiliers were to embark for Canada in consequence of the Trent Affair.

"On the 14th the dangerous illness of the Prince

Consort was announced, and his death took place at 10.50 p.m., on December 14, 1861.

"On the 19th the two battalions for Canada paraded at Wellington Barracks at 6 a.m. I attended as acting adjutant for the 2nd Grenadiers, with a detachment of men ready to fill the vacancies of absentees. One hundred and thirty men of the 1st Battalion were absent on parade; all turned up in time to start. I was at Waterloo station when they started, and had great difficulty in restraining my emotion at the cheers from our draft of about 180 men of the 2nd Battalion."

Lord Hinchingbrooke was now only twenty-three, but he was already a well-known figure in London society. His character was now beginning to develop along certain lines, and he was a man who easily made his mark. Clever, amusing, an excellent mimic, exceedingly sarcastic, but warmly affectionate and very constant in friendship once his heart was engaged, he had many friends and some enemies. He loved gaiety, was an excellent linguist, and easily made friends with foreigners; he loved travel and change of scene, and yet was perfectly happy at home. He certainly possessed that gift of the gods which made everything that came to him sparkle with the joy of life; and yet he had a very deep undercurrent of religious sentiment, together with an inexhaustible sympathy for the poor and downtrodden. In this year, while plunged into the stream of London gaiety, he became almoner to the poor of Shoreditch, and he also began those systematic visits to prisons which he continued until the end of his life.

In all his social work Lord Hinchingbrooke was associated with his greatest friend, Mr. Philip Smith, of the Grenadier Guards, and he used to say, in after years, that he had received his first impulse in that direction from him. However that may be, he certainly worked with all the enthusiasm that was

natural to him. "I have been much occupied in visiting prisons," he wrote about this date. "Millbank one day and Coldfields the next: it is my new mania."

In spite of the new mania he went out a great deal. It was the year of the Great Exhibition, and London was very gay. What with evenings at the opera, to which he was passionately devoted, breakfasts in the outskirts of London, which were much the fashion just then, and the usual plethora of parties, dinners, and dances, his time was pretty well filled up.

On May 17th he was gazetted lieutenant and captain.

The summer was spent at Windsor; the autumn brought him back to town again. In September he visited the Prince of Wales just before he set off for Denmark to propose to Princess Alexandra. In January he was staying with his father at Hinchingbrooke.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON,
January 9th, 1863.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

The Probys went to-day, and everybody else goes to-morrow. We danced till 4 a.m. last night at the ball; it was most successful—really a capital ball. I need not say how it reminded me of old days, but all these recollections are *such happy ones* that there is nothing I like better than to have them brought vividly before me.

We have been over the gaol this afternoon; yesterday we went out with the harriers all day. I had a fall, my pony depositing itself in a ditch. There was a capital run. I congratulate you on winning the Kent election. The Duchess was most active and energetic at the ball last night, dancing everything till four.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

The Diary

"On January 22nd, 1863, I went abroad with George Cadogan, afterwards Earl Cadogan. We stayed at the Embassy in Paris with the Cowleys. On the 26th we went to a small dance at the Tuileries, where I was presented to the Emperor and Empress, which was very gay and lively. The penetrating eye of the Emperor in conversation impressed me, and the genial manner of the Empress, a lovely woman, with whose beauty I was much impressed. The Marquis de Caux, who afterwards married Adelina Patti, led the cotillon, and filled the place in society in Paris which Augustus Lumley occupied in London. I saw a good deal of the Walewskis. Count Alexandre Florian Joseph Colonna Walewski, born in 1810, was the son of the Emperor Napoleon by the Countess Walewska, with whom he became acquainted at Warsaw, and with whom he was intimately associated for many years. He married in 1831 my aunt, Lady Caroline Montagu, who died in 1834. Their two children died in childhood. He married, secondly, the granddaughter of Stanislaus Poniatowski, nephew of the last King of Poland; she was at this time a favourite of Napoleon III. He had distinguished services as a soldier, diplomatist, and statesman, and I remember him well as Ambassador in England, Minister of Foreign Affairs, President of the Congress in Paris in 1856, and Ministre d'État. He died at Strasbourg in 1868. He bore a great

resemblance to his father, and was always very kind and friendly with me."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

BRITISH EMBASSY, PARIS,
January 26th, 1863.

MY DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

We went to the opera the night of our arrival; the Emperor and Empress were there. Saturday there was a dinner and reception here. Think of my meeting the Ladies Villiers on Thursday morning, walking from their cab to shop in the Burlington Arcade—in a novel that would be thought incredible. Probably it was the only second it was possible for us to meet in eight or nine months! To-night we are going to a small ball at the Tuileries. Having warm weather, and Paris looking very gay and pleasant. Reception on Saturday: hardly any foreigners, and very scrubby English people.

Ever your affectionate
HINCHINGBROOKE.

"At this time I was much interested in prisons and visited several of the prisons in Paris, as well as all the usual sights. We also attended a magnificent ball, given by the Préfet de la Seine at the Hôtel de Ville. Thence to Nice. The train went only as far as Les Arcs, where we took the diligence for eleven hours. Here I stayed with Lord and Lady Stratford de Redcliffe in a lovely villa. Nice was at that time a very popular resort of English and Russian society. Amongst many were the Hamiltons, Rokebys, and Count Munster, who was courting Lady Harriet St. Clair, whom he afterwards married."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

2 Villa Gastaud, Nice,
February 2nd, 1863.

Dearest Aunt Emily,

This place is too lovely; my room looks out on to the sea, with flowers and orange-trees in full bloom underneath the window, and a lovely view of town and bay. Everything looks like summer, but the wind is cold when the sun goes down. There is a *bal costumé* to-night at the Préfet's, where we shall meet everybody. I had a very pleasant time in Paris. The Walewskis were very civil—took me to the opera, and gave me a box at the Opéra Comique. I also paid Madame D'Istrie a long visit. What a nice woman she is! We went to a small ball at the Tuileries, at which I fell dangerously in love with the Empress. I really think her the prettiest woman I ever saw, and such a charming manner. The young French ladies I also thought very nice, and not at all the stiff, shy girls I expected to find. I danced all night. Aunt Toby and the girls have left off crinolines, and their gowns lie two feet on the ground behind, but I did not see any one else like that—certainly not the Empress, who was dressed beautifully and wore seven rows of pearls.

Ever yours affectionately,
Hinchingbrooke.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Earl of Sandwich

2 Villa Gastaud,
February 18th, 1863.

My dearest Papa,

The weather has not been so warm lately, and we have had continual winds. We had great fun at the carnival yesterday. I had not seen one

before, and enjoyed it immensely. I dined last night at a very elaborate dinner with the Adolphus Rothschilds, Hamiltons, Duke of Parma, Rokebys, Lady Campden, Lady Peel, Countess Delanoff, Prince Doria, Duke of Dinon, and any number of princes were of our party. The Duke of Parma knew my grandmother at Paris and wished me to be presented to him. We have been doing a great deal in the way of expeditions lately, and had very good fun here.

Nice is very much grown, of course, since we were here. The frogs have been disturbed by new villas, and I have not heard them at all this time.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

HÔTEL GRANDE BRETAGNE, FLORENCE,
February 27th, 1863.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

I enjoyed my visit to Nice immensely, and have since been to Genoa and Milan, and came here across the Apennines from Bologna. What a charming place this is! so much to see and such a climate. I long to go on to Naples and Rome, and especially to Athens. It seems fated that I am not to meet Victor in the Mediterranean. People seem to think it odd that the Princess of Prussia should hold a drawing-room in England. What a mess *my friend* the King seems to be getting into about Poland! And now good-bye.

Ever your affectionate
HINCHINGBROOKE.

"We crossed Mont Cenis by sledge and malle-poste, and arrived in London on the 9th, in time to attend the marriage of the Prince of Wales on the following day.

"The Duke of St. Albans, Lord Hamilton, Charles Carrington, Henniker, and C. Wood and I were invited as the friends of the Prince. We were very well placed close to the altar, opposite to where the Queen appeared in deep mourning in the pew above the altar. I attended the breakfast at the Castle and the departure of T.R.H. for Frogmore. The crowds at the station on our return were awful, and I remember assisting as a bodyguard to Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, who, covered with splendid jewels, was being shoved about in the crowd.

"On March 20th the Prince and Princess held a reception at St. James's Palace, and I was presented to the Princess.

"On the 28th my great-uncle and godfather, Lord Templetown, died, and on April 13th Sir George Cornewall Lewis, who made a never-to-be-forgotten impression on my youthful mind. I found myself next to him at dinner one night, and wondered how I should get on with this grim-looking philosopher and statesman. He was so agreeable and placed me so at my ease that I have always looked back upon it as the most pleasant dinner I remember.

"I was very fond of the opera, and Mrs. Charles Cust gave me an ivory, *i.e.* admission to her box, which was on the pit tier nearest the stage on all occasions, a present of which I availed myself for many years.

"On April 27th I went to Hythe for a course of musketry, my former attempt having been interrupted by my brother Sydney's illness and death.

"On the 13th I dined with Lord and Lady Palmerston (he was then Prime Minister) to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales. This was their first appearance in London Society.

"I remember going up to my cousin, Lady Royston, who was then in the zenith of her exquisite beauty, but very shy, and telling her I was to take her in to dinner and her exclaiming, 'Thank Heaven!'

"On May 27th I dined with T.R.H., one of their first dinners at Marlborough House. The party consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Prince Reuss, Lord and Lady Hardwicke, Lord and Lady Bessborough, Lord and Lady Proby, Lord and Lady Foley, Mr. Gibbs, etc., Lady Macclesfield, Colonel du Plat, C. Knollys, R. Meade, and C. Teesdale in waiting.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

HYTHE,
May 28th, 1863.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

The dinner went off beautifully, and the Princess looked prettier than ever; she was paler than usual, which becomes her. I sat between your friend the Duchess of Buccleuch and Lady Bury, whom I did not know before.

What lovely weather at last! I am getting on all right, I hope, here. I am sorry Victor goes abroad. It is great fun going out with him in London, but I suppose it is the best thing for him.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

"I left Hythe on June 26th, just in time to attend the ball given by the Brigade of Guards to the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, which was beautifully done. Their R.H. gave their first ball at Marlborough House on June 29th.

"On the 24th the Prince of Wales lent me his box at His Majesty's, and I took the Stratfords to hear Ristori in *Medea*."

CHAPTER V

TRAVELS IN ITALY AND SPAIN

The Diary

"On May 19th, 1863, I took up the duty of adjutant at St. George's Barracks, and thus began what I have always considered the six happiest years of my life.

"In those days the position of adjutant in the Guards was very different from what it is now. In the West End Barracks he and the quartermaster and the orderly officer for the week were the only officers who resided permanently in barracks. The adjutant to a great extent fulfilled not only his own duties, but those of all the captains and sometimes of the commanding officer. The latter as a rule came to barracks every day to settle his reports, *i.e.* to punish offenders and to issue his orders. The C.O. as a rule was on duty for eight months in the year; the other four months were divided between the senior captains and lieutenant-colonels, called mounted officers, *i.e.* majors of the battalion, who in reality came rather to learn their duties in command, and who obviously could not interfere with the regulations of the C.O. as administered by the adjutant.

"The regiment was commanded by the lieuten-

ant-colonel of the regiment, who was in the position of a brigadier. His orderly room was at the Horse Guards, with a regimental adjutant and numerous clerks, who carried on the recruiting and general office administration of the regiment and the system of uniformity in the three battalions. Double rank then existed throughout the Guards, *i.e.* ensigns in the Guards were lieutenants in the Army, lieutenants were captains, captains were lieutenant-colonels. As I have said, the two senior captains and lieutenant-colonels acted as majors in the field when the whole battalion was present, and at other times divided their periods of command at the discretion of the C.O. in his absence. The other eight captains and lieutenant-colonels performed the duties of majors at other times, two only being on duty at a time; they therefore had about eight months' leave in the year. During the drill season at the West End, which lasted from about May 10th to the end of July, all officers were available for field days. The adjutant marched with the battalion to the Park, the officers joining the battalion there. Generally there was only one battalion parade in barracks during the week, at which all officers doing duty were present. Under these circumstances it will readily be understood that the position of the adjutant was very important and his influence in the battalion very great.

"At stations other than the West End the conditions were somewhat different, as of course the officers doing duty lived in barracks or camp. The adjutant had at all times the entire training

of young officers and the selection, training, and promotion of the non-commissioned officers.

"On the 25th I went with my brother Oliver, who was then quartered with the 9th Lancers at Dundalk, under very different circumstances from my experiences of the journey by road in 1860, by rail to the Derby. We saw the race won by Blair Athol from my uncle Lord Anglesey's stand immediately opposite to the winning-post.

"On the 31st I dined with the Prince of Wales, the party consisting of Prince and Princess Louis of Hesse, Duke of Cambridge, the French Ambassador, Buccleuchs, Spencers, Lady Constance Grosvenor, Colvilles, etc.

"On June 25th I went with the Prince of Wales to visit his brother Prince Alfred and my brother Victor in H.M.S. *Racoon* at Spithead. We lunched on board and then steamed round the Channel Fleet.

"On July 11th I took part in tableaux at the Rokebys'. Lady Feodore Bertie, Lady Ingestre, Miss Montagu, Tyrone, Eliot Yorke, and I represented a scene in the time of Louis XV.

"On July 27th I went to stay at Goodwood for the races."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

ST. GEORGE'S BARRACKS,
August 1st, 1863.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

I enjoyed Goodwood very much—the Waleses, Duke of Cambridge, Buccleuchs and two girls, Chesterfield, all the racing men, three or four young men, were the party—in all nearly fifty people. Lovely weather and very pretty

MARY, COUNTESS OF SANDWICH

After an oil painting by Henry Graves
(By kind permission of the Earl of Sandwich)

racing; croquet and dancing in the evenings. I fear the gentlemen were losers by the meeting; I won £5 from the Prince! The Richmonds managed it all very well, and there was no more fuss or stiffness than if there had been no Royalty. The Duchess of Manchester in a pink gown covered with white lace, standing under the green trees, looked very beautiful and conspicuous—the Marquis in incessant attendance.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

"We were encamped at Cove Common, Aldershot, during August, whence I managed to pay flying visits to Cowes and Ryde for the regattas.

"There was a good deal of mess entertainment in those days; the most rowdy dinner I remember was on August 28th, with the 1st Royal Dragoons, when we finished by all dancing on the mess table and smashing everything that was breakable.

"On the 24th I stayed with my brother Oliver and the 9th Lancers at Brighton. He already showed those social and military qualities for which he was afterwards so well known.

"After a visit to Chevening, the family all assembled at Hinchingbrooke to attend a dinner given to my father by his tenants and friends on the occasion of the presentation of his portrait by Lucas at the new Corn Exchange."

The Earl of Sandwich to Viscountess Sydney

HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON,
November 5th, 1863.

DEAREST EMILY,

Hinch has written you an account of our proceedings yesterday; everything went off satis-

factorily. Hinch, Victor, and Oliver were on their legs at different times. Oliver returned thanks for the ladies in rather a facetious vein, pointing to the gallery. "Look at them," quoth he, "not at me." Victor returned thanks for the Navy, very collectively. Hinch did not say much, as he called on a senior officer. I believe I got through pretty well, but it was rather trying to hear one's praises so constantly going, knowing, as I do, how utterly unworthy I am of them. However, it was most gratifying to see so large a party, and many of my friends, quite opposed to me in politics, did me the honour to attend.

Ever yours affectionately,

S.

In 1864 Lord Hinchingbrooke undertook the duties of almoner of the poor for Limehouse, which gave him less work than did his original district of Shoreditch. In his diary for this and the following year there is little recorded except the dates of his various visits and parties, with lists of the people he met. Here and there some event is recorded, such as the triumphal entry of Garibaldi into London in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage and the entertainment held in his honour at Stafford House. Interspersed with other matters are notes on the actors of the day and the operas he attended. On one occasion he mentions Mario breaking down in *La Favorita* at Covent Garden. In 1865 he paid a short visit to Paris. On his return to London he went to see a prize fight, which disgusted him because one of the competitors fainted and his backers bit his ear to bring him round!

On November 27th, 1865, Lord Sandwich married, for the second time, Lady Blanche Egerton, daughter of the Earl of Ellesmere.

On February 22nd, 1866, Lord Hinchingbrooke wrote to his aunt, Lady Sydney, two days after the anniversary of his mother's death:

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

February 22nd, 1866.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

Many thanks for your letter. The 20th February brings always the most solemn and sacred recollections for me, and I often think what an influence over my life that day had. How changed all is now! But I feel sure this last change is all for the best. As there is nothing to be looked for but change in this world, we must accept it with resignation and contentment. In consequence of the Coldstream going to Ireland, we go to Wellington Barracks instead of Chelsea, so we shall be near neighbours from March 1st.

I have nothing to tell you. We are thinking of the steeplechase to-morrow, which will be an excitement.

Ever yours affectionately,

H.

August found him, as usual, at Cowes.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

CASTLE ROCK, WEST COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT,
August 8th, 1866.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

There are a great many people here, and the regatta is in full swing. To-night there is a dance at the Custs' and to-morrow the Club Ball—Marlboroughs, Cardigans, Wiltons, Greys, Lady A., Liddells, C. Barings, Skelmersdale, and all the yachting people are here. I came here from Goodwood with the Waleses, of whom I have seen a great deal, and think her as near perfection as any mortal can be. We went out in the steamer on Saturday, and were to have sailed in the yacht on Monday, but the weather

was too vile. I dined with them on Sunday and played duets with the Princess in the evening.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

THE DIARY

"On December 4th I visited the Alfred Pagets at Melford for shooting. We shot about 600 head a day. There was a dance, at which most of the young ladies hoped to have a turn with the Duke of Edinburgh, who unfortunately preferred playing his violin, and joined the band for the greatest part of the evening.

"1867 began with very cold weather and much skating.

"I went to Titness (Annalys) for Ascot Races, and with Philip Smith to Paris for a week for the Great Exhibition. I stayed at the Embassy. Lord Strathnairn was also there. I was present on June 10th at the great ball given by the Emperor and Empress in the Salle des Maréchaux at the Tuileries to the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia—a magnificent spectacle. A lovely night, with full moon, and the Rue de Rivoli and Champs Élysées illuminated up to the Arc de l'Étoile.

"The Empress walked about alternately with the sovereigns; their sons and the Crown Prince Humbert of Italy were also present. There was an English charity ball at the Grand Hotel, and a ball given by the Prussian Ambassador, Count Golz. There was a dinner at the British Embassy to the King of Prussia, when I met Bismarck for the first time.

"Schneider was playing in the *Grande Duchesse de Gerolstein* at the Variétés. We spent much time at the Exhibition, where Strauss's band was at its best and the valse 'An der Schönen blauen Donau' was produced.

"On November 19th I shot with George Newton at Croxton. One day eight guns killed 1,263 head. And on the 26th went to Wimpole for my brother Victor's marriage.

"The marriage took place on the 28th in Wimpole Church. Archdeacon Yorke and the Rev. R. Liddell officiated. My sister, Cha Cadogan, Miss Yorke, and Miss Liddell were the bridesmaids; I best man. It was a fine, bright morning. The bridal company left at three for Babraham, and I returned to London with Willie Craven.

"On the 30th I went abroad with Charlie Edgcumbe[1] of the Grenadiers. At Avignon we came in for a bitterly cold hurricane. The palace of the Popes was a barrack occupied by the 76th Regiment. We stayed at Cannes with the Mount Edgcumbes at Villa Beaulieu. The Buccleuchs occupied the Château de Garibondy, afterwards the property of Lady Alfred Paget. My friend Augustus Dalzell of the Scots Fusilier Guards was here very ill.

"We went to Nice and by steamer to Genoa, and thence via Leghorn to Rome, where we only stayed the night, as Vesuvius was in eruption, so went on to Naples. Our hotel was next door to the Palace of the Duke and Duchess of San Arpino,

[1] Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Charles Edgcumbe, Grenadier Guards, second son of the 3rd Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

with their pretty daughter Thérèse Caracciolo. They were very hospitable and kind. I met many of the Italian Society at dinner on Christmas Day."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

HÔTEL BRISTOL, PARIS,
December 2nd, 1867.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

It is bitterly cold here. I have seen hardly any one I know, and the play I particularly wanted to see—*Robinson Crusoe*—is not given till to-morrow night, which is a sell. Charlie is in high force, but as he is nearly as bad about making up his mind as I am, I doubt our getting anywhere.

GENOA,
December 12th, 1867.

I am writing at midnight with my window open, looking out on the harbour of Genoa, with a lovely view and a bright moon. We arrived this evening from Nice by steamer—glorious day, but a very heavy swell. As we were in a long, very small, and very narrow boat, we rolled like fun all day. We shall probably go on Saturday to Spezzia and then straight to Naples. I fear the eruption is over, but we shall see the remains of it. We shall go back to Rome afterwards.

NAPLES,
December 18th, 1867.

I had hoped to have found a letter here, but have none from any relation. We left Genoa by steamer, which rolled dreadfully all day in a heavy swell. I was delighted with Genoa. We rushed off at once to the opera on our arrival, but did not find any one we knew. After passing a night

at Leghorn, we came on here by rail, sleeping a night at Rome; so I can say that I have been at Rome without seeing St. Peter's, the Coliseum, or anything except the station and the hotel. My experience of it, therefore, is of a very dull, ugly town. Naples is quite charming. We are at a capital hotel, with a magnificent room looking on Chiaja and the sea. Yesterday we went to Pompeii (a short visit), and then walked up Vesuvius. It is very hot and very hard work, and the cinders are very bad to walk upon—worse than the lava and rocks. We got up to the cone; they would not let us go higher, as they said it was dangerous. As there was afterwards a cloud at the top, we did not insist, but walked down to the lava, which was coming down in huge red-hot torrents. It looked too marvellous. As it gets underneath the cinders it looks as if it moved the mountain down with it. A new crater had formed two or three days before, and was pouring forth immense volumes of steam and smoke and throwing up rocks and stone, while the mountain groaned and hissed away. We had Pompeian guides, who wanted to get back to Pompeii. P. Smith, whom we found here, took us to an old crater and round the mountain. The guides were frantic and would not come. After some dreadful walking, we hit on the right path up the other side of the mountain, and were eventually joined by our guides, who came down the mountain in the dark. We had no light, and C. Edgcumbe had a lucky escape of not tumbling over a precipice.

The Neapolitans seem quite content with the new régime, and the society element does not mind the absence of the old Court, as some of the Royal Family come here every year to entertain.

HÔTEL DES ÎLES BRITANNIQUES, ROME,
December 29th, 1867.

Here we are in Rome, where we arrived on the 27th. I was very sorry to leave Naples. We had charming rooms, and the weather had lately become bright again. We had a tiresome journey here—an engine off the line, and we had to wait five hours, starving and shivering, for another engine. They would not even allow us to walk on to the next station where we were to feed, on account of the Papal frontier. I have walked all over the town, and am, of course, immensely struck with St. Peter's, the Coliseum, etc. To-morrow we begin *doing* the galleries. There are hardly any English here, but Americans abound. The Italians (at Naples) seemed bent on war with France. They will hardly be able to contain themselves, I fear, till the opportunity occurs. There are no end of soldiers here—mostly smart-looking men of all countries, but many almost children. They really do not look more than fifteen or sixteen.

January 8th, 1868.

I am enjoying this very much, though the weather is odious—rain nearly every day, cold, wet, and muddy. In the galleries rain does not matter, and we spend wet days there. To-day we have been at the Capitol and Barberini. Think of my finding myself at a Dominican convent (Santa Sabina) the other day with a monsignore and two Papal Zouaves! We went to see George Lane Fox, who is undergoing his novitiate there. We found him—a brown monk—head nearly shaved, hair grey, hollow cheeks: what a change! But apparently quite happy. He never goes to bed, and his whole time is spent in prayer, meditation, study, and masses. He has hardly any

food, commences his daily work at 3.30 a.m., is never allowed out except walking, school fashion, into the country once a week. He may, however, leave any moment he likes, and this is nothing, I hear, to the severity of the college he was in before. These Papal Zouaves—who, by the bye, dined with me last night—are young English gentlemen come out here to fight and live as private soldiers, for love of their religion and the "Holy Father." They are such nice fellows; they took me over a Papal barracks yesterday. I should be sorry to sleep a single night there. They enlist for two years. I went also to see the Garibaldian wounded hospital; some poor fellows still lingering in agony, others recovering and being sent home daily. They are treated as well as possible, but nearly all said they were longing to fight again for their "Papa Garibaldi." Monsignore Stonor is a most kind cicerone. He takes us to-morrow to the top of St. Peter's, which no one is allowed to go up now, the Government being in such a fright of its being blown up. Attempts have been made by the Garibaldians, who are nearly as bad as the Fenians. I mean those who are not under the control of either Garibaldi's authority or the Italian Government. Rome is still in a "state of siege," barricaded at the gates, etc., but all seems as quiet as possible. We went to a night fair a few evenings ago; such shouting and row, but all seemed as orderly as possible. I believe the Roman middle classes are contented enough. There is nothing going on in Roman Society, so I have been to no parties. We few English see a good deal of each other, but we do not number more than twelve or fourteen in all.

I read the *Times* nearly every day at the library here; sometimes it is stopped, but not often. The Romans don't seem to care for news; they

only want to amuse themselves. We saw a young Garibaldian yesterday of sixteen; he had fought in three campaigns, and had six wounds at Montana. He was recovering, and was as jolly as possible.

Ever your affectionate
HINCHINGBROOKE.

P.S.—Victor's first idea on arriving at Rome was whether he was likely to get good snipe-shooting in the Pontine Marshes!

"We had lost no time during our stay at Rome, and I was thoroughly engrossed with all the marvels of that wonderful city. We reached Florence on the 22nd. This was then the capital of Italy. My cousin Augustus Paget was Ambassador. He and his wife were very hospitable. I met Augustus Hare, the author.

"Thence by rail to Genoa and by Vetturino to Cannes, sleeping at Finale and San Remo, and again stayed with the Mount Edgcumbes at Villa Beaulieu. We had lovely weather for the drive along the beautiful Corniche, and during my stay at Cannes Mount Edgcumbe had a four-oared boat in which we made expeditions to the islands, the crew consisting of Mount Edgcumbe, Elcho, R. Hamilton, and Henry Scott.

"I spent three days in Paris, and reached London on February 9th. On February 18th I went to hear the examination of the conspirators to blow up Clerkenwell Prison for the release of Fenian prisoners at Bow Street. I visited the Fenian prisoners at Millbank, Barret & Co., who were shortly afterwards hanged.

"On the 20th I went with Colonel Stephenson and Wilfred Seymour to Chatham to see the Soldiers' Institute, the *Monarch*, a new turret ship, and the *Hercules*. We lunched with Admiral Sir Houston Stewart.

"On March 4th we changed quarters from Chelsea to Wellington Barracks. The popular concerts at this time were in full swing at St. James's Hall—Joachim, Piatti, Norman-Neruda, Hallé, Madame Schumann, Arabella Goddard being the principal performers."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

WELLINGTON BARRACKS,
April 5th, 1868.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

You must be boiled at Cannes. We are having the most lovely weather. I have been basking in Royal sunshine, and danced with Princess Louise the other night, whom I think very pretty and charming. She has lots to say and is not at all stiff. The ladies were very angry with the Queen for going away before the end of the Drawing-Room; she was supposed to be ill, but went out driving directly. I believe she is very angry with Gladstone and Lord Granville for not having told her of their Resolutions.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

"I had a catastrophe in a hansom on Monday night. Lascelles and I, going up Waterloo Place, found ourselves on our backs, heels in the air, and the horse struggling above us. The glass was down, as it was raining, so you may imagine that

for some minutes we were rather helpless. We were fortunately extricated without any damage.

"I paid my annual visits to Cowes. We were becalmed in Lord Stafford's famous yawl *Lufra* in the race for the Queen's Cup. The race was sailed again on Saturday. I was again on board the *Lufra* with Henry Lennox, Dudley Carleton, and C. Leslie. We touched a buoy off Osborne, and there were protests, which were decided in favour of the *Lufra*. I shall never forget our rounding the Warner Light-ship in a strong south wind, three yachts abreast and one half a length astern. One could almost have jumped from yacht to yacht, they were so close. The noise of the sails, the shouting and swearing, were prodigious. I cannot imagine how a collision was avoided. The *Lufra* won, *Alice* second, *Egeria* third.

"September 1st saw the battalion again quartered at the Tower, an odious place at any time, and especially in a glorious September. I escaped into the country most afternoons and week-ends.

"On October 28th I visited Lord and Lady Stanhope at Chevening. There I met the Disraelis, Leveson-Gowers, Mahon, Monty Corry, Lady Maud Lascelles, and Billy Dyke. I remember being struck by the great attention paid by Mrs. Disraeli to her husband. He never impressed me by being very agreeable in Society.

"On January 9th, 1869, I went abroad with Charlie Wynne-Finch, Scots Guards, to Paris, Bordeaux, Bayonne, Burgos, where we found very cold weather, a vile hotel, and a splendid cathedral.

"We reached Madrid on the 19th in fine sunshine, but very cold air. I was much impressed by the beauty of the Picture Gallery. We visited the Bull Ring. The performance began with two young bulls with their horns tipped and young matadors and picadors. An elephant then performed tricks, after which the real business followed with two big bulls, and at the conclusion of these horrible entertainments, which are really no more than the torturing the bulls to death, there was an amusing scene when a young bull was led into the arena and all the boys in the place contended with him."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

MADRID,
January 20th, 1869.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

Biarritz was charming—hot, and the Atlantic roaring in with surf half a mile long under my windows. We drove to Bayonne, a pretty place, and, of course, full of historical interest; thence we crossed the frontier and went to Burgos. On the line, troops everywhere and bands playing them off at the stations. I thought we were in for a row; however, all is quiet as possible. We had a horrible inn at Burgos, where one woman spoke execrable French. It is very cold, 3,000 feet above sea-level—mountains and vast plains and cathedral, all very magnificent. I had a pleasing episode there. When walking on the quay, a Spaniard came and spoke to me. I said "Non intendo"; he gesticulated wildly. Then another man came up, and they pointed to a police station, to which I was walked off. They could speak nothing but Spanish, but I made them

understand I could speak French, and I was walked off to a tobacconist, who acted as interpreter. I swaggered a good deal and was very angry. It turned out they had arrested me as a Frenchman who had bolted with a lot of money. They locked me up in a cell before the matter was cleared up. Although the situation was not pleasant at the time, in a foreign country engaged in civil war, I am since glad to have undergone the experience of imprisonment. It was fortunate that I had my passport with me. I told them that I was an officer of the Queen of England's Guards, which was true; that I was a peer of the realm, which was not true; and that if I were not released England would go to war with Spain. They finally apologised, bowed to the ground, and retired.

Madrid is very gay and full; bright hot sun, but keen cold air. It is so high up. The hotel is capital; no fires, but the sun makes one quite hot. It is very noisy, and they never seem to go to bed here. The theatres do not begin until 8.30. They expect a *coup d'état*; troops are constantly parading the street; otherwise there is nothing unusual going on. Most of the swells have migrated to France, but the parade was very full yesterday.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCHINGBROOKE.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

SEVILLE,
January 28th, 1869.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

Here I am in the balmy south, but cannot say much for the weather in Spain. It is very warm, but rains continually, and the place, always dull I should imagine, is not made more lively

by a grey sky and drizzling rain. If the sun does come out it will be very pretty, as I look out on a square full of orange trees.

Madrid was very pleasant and the pictures beautiful; a good hotel, though very noisy—all night boys selling newspapers and men singing songs of liberty in the streets; troops marching about with their bands, and the eternal mules covered with bells. I saw a bull-fight—a horrible and curious sight to see the women waving their handkerchiefs and shouting with excitement, when most Englishwomen would scream and faint. We saw Toledo and Cordova, with their magnificent cathedrals, and then came on here. The trains are vile. On one night journey we had nine individuals in our carriage, two of whom were babies under a year old.

GIBRALTAR,
February 8th, 1869.

We left Seville for Cadiz—the nicest town I have seen in Spain; it has the great merit also of not having too many lions. Murillo's last picture, the situation of the town, the harbour and the streets, are all that one need admire. We drove from Cadiz to Tarifa in a sort of diligence, and stayed there in a venta, the lowest class of inn. The bedrooms were occupied, so I spent the night in the dining-room. The next day at dawn we started on horseback and rode among the mountains by an almost impassable track to Algeciras, and thence on the sands, round the bay, to Gibraltar. It is delightful coming to a place where there are quantities of pals. The first fellow I met at the gate I knew, and the hospitality of all here is unbounded. It is very hot here, quite like summer, with geraniums growing everywhere. Colonel Moberley has taken me all over the galleries and fortifications.

MALAGA,
February 15th, 1869.

I hope you got mine from Gibraltar. I enjoyed my stay there immensely: glorious hot weather, lots of fun, lots of friends. We dined out every night, and sat out after dinner listening to the bands. We basked in sunshine, wild geraniums, orange blossom, and flowers of all descriptions. We picnicked in Spain, hunted with the Calpe hounds, went over the fortifications, and visited Africa. At Tangier I was much interested to see the Sandwich Gate, called after the first earl when he went to take possession of that town as part of the dowry of Catherine of Braganza. This is a pretty place, but not much to see—the Sierra Nevada close behind the town, the Mediterranean before it. There are not so many marks of the fighting here as at Cadiz, although the town was bombarded for three hours only six weeks ago. I like it far better than Seville, with which I was much disappointed. Last night we went to the theatre to see a play called *The Passion and Death of Jesus Christ*. We missed the first act, but came in for the second, which began with the Last Supper, followed by the Agony in the Garden, and all the different scenes of the Passion, given in Biblical language with many additions. The last scene of the fifth act represented the Crucifixion! Valses and polkas between the acts—soft music during the most pathetic scenes. I expected the gas to blow up or a thunderbolt to arrive any moment. The house was very full and as large as Drury Lane. There was great shouting and noise at times, St. Peter and Pontius Pilate coming in for the largest share of applause.

Ever your affectionate
H.

"I returned to London on March 2nd and joined the battalion at Waterloo station *en route* to Windsor. Colonel Higginson went on leave for a couple of days, leaving Napier Sturt in command, with orders to telegraph to him if anything extraordinary occurred. Napier sent him a telegram, 'Nothing extraordinary has occurred, except that Hinch has been confined of twins,' Ames and Antrobus having joined; they were ever afterwards known in the battalion as the Twins.

"I attended the Queen's first levee since her widowhood at Buckingham Palace. About this time I visited the Broadmoor Lunatic Asylum, and went with Lily Wellesley, wife of the Dean of Windsor, to the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, and found myself the only man amongst the female lunatics. That evening the Windsor Strollers gave a performance at the Windsor Theatre, followed by a ball and supper given by the Life Guards.

"I visited with Lily Wellesley the Hospital and Home for Women at Clewer.

"On the 27th we occupied the new quarters in Windsor Barracks. My sisters came to Ditton Park (Buccleuchs), so I stayed there during Ascot. The Prince and Princess of Wales gave a dance at Cooper's Hill. I valsed with the Princess for the first time since her illness. Her knee was stiff, and I remember her saying, 'If you let me fall, I shall never be able to get up again.'

"On July 8th I met my sisters and the Victors at Maidenhead; we rowed to Cliveden and dined

at Franklin's, Monkey Island. When driving home at night my beloved dachshund Fritz, given to me by the Crown Princess of Prussia on my first embassy to Berlin, fell out of my cart in Windsor and was killed. He had been my companion for eight years. Madame Van de Weyer told Queen Victoria of my loss, and the Queen most kindly gave me one of hers, but it never replaced Fritz.

"On August 29th I met the American Ambassador, the historian Motley, at dinner with the Van de Weyers.

"On September 2nd this most happy summer at Windsor came to an end.

"On February 11th, 1870, Garratt was ill; no officer was available, and I took off my spurs and went on the Bank Guard, much to the amusement of the men. In February there was again a hard frost, and we had skating at Hampton Court.

"On March 19th, after a dinner at the Tower, I went with the police round the slums of London in Shoreditch, Spitalfields, St. George's-in-the-West; we visited the Standard Theatre, Blue Anchor Tavern, where sparring was going on, lodging-houses, private houses, St. George's Workhouse, opium-dens, brothels, etc.

"On the 28th Herbert Praed took me to see the Working Men's Club in Bermondsey.

"On April 3rd I heard a magnificent sermon at St. James's Church by Canon Liddon on Prayer.

"On May 21st I dined with the German Ambassador, Bernsdorf, to meet the King of the Belgians.

"On May 28th I was Adjutant-in-Brigade-Waiting at the Queen's birthday ceremony on the Horse Guards Parade, which was attended by the King of the Belgians.

"On the 30th we had a brigade field day at Wormwood Scrubs under Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. It was very amusing to see the Prince when the Duke of Cambridge, riding in plain clothes, appeared on the scene on these occasions. In order that there might be no criticism, the Prince generally said, 'We will now have a march past.'

"On July 6th the battalions went under canvas at Cove Common, Aldershot. The Colonel, John King, was very seedy, and put up at the Queen's Hotel, where he died on the 9th.

"The Queen held a review of the troops on the 9th, and on my return to camp I heard of his death. We were very intimate friends. I had served under him as adjutant for three years. I am sure that he had all confidence in me, and I had the greatest regard for him as my C.O. and my comrade. He had commanded a battalion in the Crimea and lost a hand at the assault on the Redan at Sebastopol, and was transferred to the Grenadiers after the Crimean War. Owing to his death I was promoted without purchase, thereby gaining £5,500; £3,000 had been paid for my former commission.

"On the 15th war was declared between France and Prussia.

"On the 27th I did duty as adjutant for the last time. Colonel Higginson proposed my health

at mess. I shall never forget my sorrow at giving up an appointment which I had held for six years of the greatest happiness, and I am bound to admit with general expressions of approval from the authorities under whom I served.

"I well remember the thought that, whatever might be my future lot, I must always remember that for over six years I had enjoyed a really good time.

"At this time we were very much concerned with the French disasters during the war. I had been asked to go out as correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph* with either army. I chose the French Army, thinking that if taken prisoner I should be well treated by the Prussians, whose generals I knew so well from my embassies to Berlin. However, the Duke of Cambridge would not allow me to go at all.

"On the 16th I returned to duty, and, being homeless, lived in Wellington Barracks. I took my first duty as Captain of the Queen's Guard. On the 18th my guests were Colonel Knox, Philip Smith, G. Pakenham, and David Crichton. Paul Methuen also dined with me on guard on the 21st."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

2ND BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS,
October 1st, 1870.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

There is a chance of my *not* going to India after all. They are establishing schools for officers of the reserve forces, and call for officers to be instructors—*i.e.* to superintend their instruction and give certificates of qualification. All advised me to go in for it, and I have sent in

my name. I don't think I shall like it, but it may lead to better things—and, with Europe in such a state of excitement, I might regret going to India this year.

Uncle Alfred has been to see the Empress at Chislehurst. She was, of course, very low, but would not admit that the French had behaved badly to her. There were floods of tears at intervals, especially when he told her that Strasbourg had fallen, which she had not heard, although it was in the papers the day before. She said that they were very poor and appeared to glory in their poverty; did not think that they could stay long in England. She said that the Emperor was much broken in mind and body by his misfortune.

Ever your affectionate
HINCH.

"On the 24th I went on a few days' visit to the Stratford de Redcliffes, who had taken Greenlands on the river near Henley, where I met Count Streletzki and Sir Travers Twiss. We visited Medmenham Abbey, the haunt of the 4th Earl's 'Hellfire Club,' and Bisham Abbey, where one of my forefathers in Tudor times is buried.

"The officers of the Militia and Volunteers came for a month's instruction and examination. They were reported as being qualified in the rudiments of drill, but when I called them out in succession to prove the reports of their commanding officers they were lamentably deficient, and I established my authority by showing them their ignorance. I sent one or two of them away. Boswall of the Grenadiers was appointed my adjutant.

"On November 7th I saw Déjazet, aged seventy-

four, play in the *Marquis de Lanyan*. The Kendals were playing in *My Uncle's Will* at the Haymarket. Titiens and Trebelli were at the opera.

"I spent Christmas at Port Eliot, where the shooting is at all times rather dangerous: very pretty coverts with rocks and very steep banks. Admiral Codrington from Devonport was one of the guns. It was remarked at luncheon that he had not been very successful, and it was discovered that he had been shooting with ball cartridges all the morning, owing to a mistake of his marine servant. Fortunately he had missed the guns and the beaters as well as the game.

"The winter was very severe, and we had lots of skating.

"In 1871 I embarked in my first London house, 33 Victoria Street, which consisted of the ground floor, entresol, and basement. On January 27th the news came of the surrender of Paris.

"Owing to a small-pox scare, I made arrangements to be vaccinated by Porbford, and requested him to provide an anæsthetic for the operation. He laid bare my arm, and when I asked for chloroform he told me the operation had already been performed!

"On May 1st I resigned my post at the School of Instruction. The monotony was very disagreeable. Every month a new lot of officers beginning the same course was wearisome.

"On June 1st I received the offer of the military attachéship in Russia, which I accepted. But after due consideration of the pros and cons, I

changed my mind and declined. One objection was the expense it entailed. All useful information, I was told, could only be obtained by bribery, and the climate of St. Petersburg was very repugnant. The Duke of Cambridge sent for me and urged my going, but I was obdurate. Freddy Wellesley, Coldstream Guards, was eventually appointed, and I have sometimes regretted my decision, as he gained such distinction in his opportunities during the Russo-Turkish War. However, I might not have been equally successful.

"After the war he was appointed Secretary of Embassy at Vienna. On July 7th I took command of the regular troops during the National Rifle Association meeting at Wimbledon, with E. Boscawen as my adjutant. Lord Ducie was President for the year. The Crown Prince of Germany visited the camp on the 11th, and was most affable with me. He looked every inch a soldier.

"On the 13th, after dinner with the Cowleys, I went to a ball given by Prince Arthur at the Rangers' Lodge, Greenwich.

"On July 23rd I went with Philip Smith to visit the battlefields in France. German troops occupied the stations at Amiens, and we had English railway carriages in our train. We put up at the Hôtel Westminster, Rue de la Paix. The condition of Paris was deplorable. The Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Rue Royale, Rue Castiglione, corner of the Place Vendôme, etc., destroyed. We found the Palace at St. Cloud a ruin. Guns were parked before the Palace at Versailles. We saw the Communists imprisoned in the Oran-

gery, and camps everywhere. With Colonel Conolly we went by train to Rosmy, and found Prussian sentries stationed outside the enceinte; walked up Mount Avron, saw the remains of the French batteries and the position of the Saxons on the opposite hills, and the scene of the sortie near the Marne; went up to Fort Nogent, still held by Bavarians.

"Count Stöffel, who was French Military Attaché at Berlin when war was declared, and who had warned the Emperor Napoleon of the great strength and preparations of the Germans, took us out through Vincennes to Champigny and Curilly and over the battlefields of the sortie, November 30th to December 2nd.

"We drove on to Noisy-le-Grand, Brie-sur-Marne, and back over Joinville le Port and Charenton. Prussians, Bavarians, and Würtembergers occupied all these places.

"The battlefield at Coulmiers was most interesting. We came back by Les Ayles and Baunier, the scene of the fight before the first capture of Orleans. On our return to Paris we visited the outworks of La Haute Bruyère via Ville Juif, a magnificent position and view. Got, Febre, and Favart were playing in *Les Ouvriers* and *Le Gendre de M. Poirrier* at the Français. We went on the eastern battlefields, St. Quentin, where 1,500 of the 4th Prussian Regiment were quartered. I watched the men at drill, and noticed the brutal manner in which the recruits were bullied on parade. We went on to Amiens, Bapaume, Pont Noyelle, and returned to London on August 9th."

CHAPTER VI

THE HOLY LAND AND GREECE

Lord Hinchingbrooke's "mania" for travel became more pronounced as the years went on. He had an inexhaustible curiosity, a love of doing something new, of seeing fresh scenes, and of studying the manners and customs of people of other nationalities. He made a practice of talking to every one he met, one of his favourite sayings in later years being, "Now, I must go and flirt with the natives." This remark applied equally to the inhabitants of an Indian palace or a Dorsetshire village.

The year 1871 had been an exceptionally active one. He noted in the Diary that the average of consecutive nights spent in any place was under five. In December of this year he writes from Port Eliot, being naturally much concerned at the serious illness of the Prince of Wales.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

Port Eliot, St. German's, Cornwall,
December 11th, 1871.

Dearest Aunt Emily,

How very sad about the Prince of Wales! It is marvellous how we hear all at this distance. We have telegrams every few hours. I fear that he cannot have lived through the night. On these occasions one returns to old recollections and to our former intimacy. It is melancholy to think that so young a man, with such a brilliant life before him, should be so early and so unexpectedly cut off. As for the Princess, it is too terrible to think of her misery.

Ever yours affectionately,
Hinch.

On December 19th, 1871, he started with Captain Philip Smith, who was going overland to take up his appointment as Military Secretary at Gibraltar. On January 24th, in 1872, he embarked for Malta on the P. & O. steamer *Nyanza*, where he met Professor Huxley and Herbert Praed. On February 17th he embarked in the P. & O. *Simla* for Alexandria, in company with his sister-in-law, Lady Agneta Montagu, and Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

CAIRO,
February 23rd, 1872.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

We stayed two nights at Alexandria and came on here by rail: four hours of intense dust. Cairo is much more Egyptian than I expected, though part of it is very French. Nety is much delighted; it is her first sight of the East, and I look forward with some amusement to our expeditions on donkeys. I had thought of doing part of the Nile, but Cook is hanging about, and I can't stand that.

March 1st, 1872.

We have had a very nice time here and have seen all the sights. The bazaars are delightful—thoroughly Oriental. We have had long expeditions on donkeys to the tombs. The sacred bulls recently discovered on the site of Memphis are the most marvellous remains of antiquities I have seen. The Pyramids are much as I expected, but by no means difficult for a man to get up. I climbed the biggest without any assistance easily in a very short time. To-day we have been to the Petrified Forest. I strolled off homewards after luncheon and got some miles ahead of the party. They scoured the wilderness in vain, and were organising a search party when I turned up. Yesterday we were at Heliopolis, where Jacob

lived! There is also the remains of the well where the Holy Family rested in the Flight into Egypt. The climate is too enchanting; the air light and invigorating. Nety is much agitated by the crowds of little naked boys who beg from her. When driving to Heliopolis, a fine Arab was wading, stark naked, in a pool by the roadside. I held the guide-book in front of her eyes, but she pushed it away, exclaiming, "Well! I have never seen anything like that before!" She goes to Malta with the Fitzgeralds on Monday to await Victor's return. I go on to Syria with Alec Yorke on the 5th.

Ever yours affectionately,

HINCH.

"From Suez we visited Moses' Wells, embarking in a sailing boat with our donkeys, and saw the place where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed the Red Sea.

"On March 11th we arrived at Jaffa, after a smooth passage in a French steamer. Mrs. Thistlewaite (Laura Bell) was on board, and we left her at Jaffa trying her horse in a green velvet habit.

"Magro, our Maltese dragoman, and our camp had preceded us, so we found all ready. It would be difficult to land at Jaffa in rough weather, as there are rocks all around the landing-place. After seeing the house of Simon where St. Peter lodged, we rode off through a flat cultivated plain with orange groves, to Ramleh, where we had our first night in camp; Magro gave us a capital dinner; the day was very hot, the night cold. We had a dull windy day for our journey to Jerusalem.

"Starting at 7.30 a.m., with an hour for luncheon, we arrived at 6 p.m., a dismal ride across bleak mountains. We encamped near the Jaffa Gate, overlooking the Valley of Hinnom.

"The feeling aroused by the first sight of Jerusalem beats all description, and I do not attempt to express it. Our first day there was very bright and hot. We visited the House of the Knights of St. John—the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—the Via Dolorosa—the Houses of Pontius Pilate and Herod—the scene of Dives and Lazarus—St. Stephen's Gate. In the evening I walked alone round the walls, across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, by the Garden of Gethsemane, to the Mount of Olives.

"The next day we went to the American Convent, where was the Church of St. James the Less, and where he was beheaded—to the House of Ananias—through David's Gate to the House of Caiaphas, where is shown the spot where St. Peter denied Christ, and the cave in which he afterwards hid himself—to the Tomb of David, the Cœnaculum, the house where the Virgin Mary spent her latter days—by the lepers' houses, through the Jewish quarter and bazaar, to visit the English consul, Mr. Moore; and returned by the Damascus Gate and Cave of Jeremiah. In the evening we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Pool of Hezekiah.

"On the 15th we visited the tombs of Abraham and Zechariah, the Virgin's Tomb, the 'Grotto of Agony' in the Garden of Gethsemane; we went up to the Mount of Olives to the site of the As-

cension, where there is a beautiful view from a minaret—to the Tombs of the Prophets—the Virgin's Well—the Pool of Siloam and the Holy Sepulchre. I was for a time alone in the little shrine which has been revered for many centuries as the Tomb of Christ.

"On the 16th we visited the Tower of David, where the Citadel and House of David are said to have stood—the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the Temple and the Golden Gate. We went to stay at some lodgings lent me in the town.

"I have mentioned the various places as described by the guides, who volunteer information which is often ridiculous, but there can be no doubt as to the identity of the principal points of interest.

"On the 18th we visited Bethlehem, the Convent, the Church of the Nativity, St. Jerome's Cave and Tomb, Rachel's Tomb, and rode on to Solomon's Pool, where we encamped.

"On the 19th we rode via Bethlehem to Marsaba, and visited the great convent in the wild, rocky district.

"On the 20th we crossed the rocky mountains and through the wilderness of Judea to the Dead Sea. We were about to bathe when some Arabs were seen in the distance. We were told that a short time ago a party was surprised when bathing, and that a lady appeared in a neighbouring village attired in a sheet of the *Morning Post*, and that the man was entirely devoid of clothing; so we thought it wiser to continue our course to the River Jordan, a rapid brown stream, and

encamped near the village of Riba, the former Gilgal.

"The 21st was a very hot day. After visiting the fountains and site of Jericho, we rode back to Jerusalem—a long and steep ascent through a barren country, a very hot day. I indulged in a bottle of pale ale, which produced prickly heat, from which I suffered for several days. We passed through Bethany, where the House and Tomb of Lazarus are shown.

"We encamped near the north-west corner of Jerusalem."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

JERUSALEM,
March 22nd, 1872.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

We returned yesterday from the expedition to Bethlehem, where we saw the Church of the Nativity and the site of every incident, also the Pools of Solomon up in the mountains when the Temple was supplied with pure water. We went on to Jordan, Jericho, by long rides over rocky mountains or desert plains. Of course it is all most interesting, but I am not a little disappointed with the country. Certainly we have been chiefly in the Wilderness of Judea, where it is all rocky mountains, without trees or water. The country is a mass of wild flowers and the sun is very overpowering. Some of our days are very long. Riding for ten hours, almost always at foot's pace, over rocky tracks, is not easy work, but I am as well as possible. We stay here to-day to entertain the Yelvertons at luncheon, who joined us lately, a party of six. It is unlucky that I have missed Victor; he met the Admiral at Jaffa, in-

tending to come up here, but owing to a row between the Turkish and Egyptian authorities at Suez he was ordered off at once to Port Said. The Yelvertons had a fearful ride up from Jaffa; they rode all day and night in torrents of rain and gusts of wind; it was so dark that they could see nothing.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

P.S.—After lunch we all went to see the Jews waiting at the wall of the Temple. I went through the Christian quarter of the city, the most filthy, stinking place I ever visited. I have always found that, where Christians and Mohammedans live alongside, the former are of the most despicable kind, and Jerusalem was certainly no exception to the rule. We also underwent the process of being tattooed, so I have the five crosses of Jerusalem and the Star of Bethlehem on my arm!

"We left Jerusalem on the 23rd. Although one is often irritated by the continual information from the guides as to the identity and locality of every incident related in the Bible, in all other respects I felt deeply absorbed in the sanctity of the city and the surrounding country, and have never felt the same interest in any other place, and more gratitude at having visited it under primitive conditions and before the days of roads and railways.

"Our first halt was at Ain el Haramiyeh, a lovely place in the mountains. On the next we passed by Jacob's Well, Joseph's Tomb, and arrived at Nablûs, the ancient Shechem. The town is very picturesque, with a good Oriental bazaar.

We went to the Samaritans' Synagogue, and saw a copy of the Pentateuch, written by Abishua, son of Phinehas, 3,500 years old; to the site of ancient Shechem, Jacob's town, between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim, and the Well where Christ met the woman drawing water. A three hours' hot ride brought us to Samaria, where are the remains of a Roman temple. The road thence is mountainous and rocky to Jenin; thence across the plains of Esdraelon and Jezreel, by Mount Gilboa and Mount Tabor, Nain, Endor, to Nazareth on March 27th, where the scenes of the youth of Christ are all pointed out.

"The weather was lovely and very hot, the wild flowers beautiful. We passed the Mount of Beatitudes, the place where the 5,000 were fed. The battlefield of the Crusades 1187, when Raynold of Chatillon was defeated by Saladin, and encamped about half a mile from Tiberias. We spent two nights on the shore of the Lake of Genesareth, and bathed in the lake.

"On the night of the 30th there was a tremendous storm of wind and rain. We got up at 3.30 a.m., and they piled stones round the tents, which stood it pretty well.

"We paid a visit to Mr. Jackson Eldridge, the Consul-General of Syria, at the convent, and rode along the lake where stood Magdala, Capernaum, and Bethsaida, up deep ravines in the mountains to Safed, where there is a splendid view from the ruins of the castle. The temperature was very cool.

"Two days' riding in the mountains brought

us by the sources of the River Jordan to Banias—the ancient Cæsarea-Philippi.

"We ascended the Mount of the Transfiguration. Alec Yorke got very exhausted with all this riding, and could not accompany us. When we returned, he said he had killed sixty fleas in his tent during our absence, and wanted to shift the camp, which, of course, was then impossible.

"Our next halt was at Hasbreiya, a town of the Druses. We skirted round the foot of Mount Hermon to Rasheiya, and coming down the ravines where the Turks lost many men in their recent attacks on the Druses got on the French high-road from Beyrout to Damascus, and riding alongside the river of Abana arrived there on April 6th and put up at a bad hotel, Dimitri's.

"The first view of Damascus is lovely and the city thoroughly Oriental. We saw a fine old triumphal arch, the street called 'Straight,' the House of Judas, the House of Ananias, the wall where St. Paul was let down, the scene of his conversion, the tombs of the massacred Christians, the Tomb of St. George, the Tomb of the head of St. John the Baptist. We rode round the walls of the city, and spent much time in the bazaars. I met Lady Ellenborough, who had married a sheikh and lives at Damascus. After three days spent at this most attractive spot, we rode up the splendid gorges of the Anti-Lebanon Mountains, amid the grand waterfalls of the Barada, and on the second evening arrived at Baalbek, the ancient Heliopolis, with its magnificent ruins of the Temples of Jupiter, Apollo,

and Venus, and the three gigantic stones, the placing of which it is impossible to understand. There are also ruins of statues and mosques. Hence we attempted to reach the Cedars of Lebanon; but the weather became so bad, cold, with mist and snow, that, having discovered we had all had enough of it, we determined to turn back.

"My horse had got a sore back, so I had recourse to a mule. We had a row at Baalbek, as nothing would induce him to jump a little ditch. He paid me off on our ride down the mountains. He suddenly disappeared from under me, and I slipped back over his tail into deep slush and mud.

"We had a long day, as the village where we should have stopped was inhabited by a hostile tribe, and we had to push on to a Christian village, Kerak Nû, where is the reputed tomb of Noah.

"Our tents were too wet to be pitched, so we all got into a big room, which was very comfortable after the snow and slush, and got dinner at midnight.

"After a short ride on the 16th we caught the Damascus diligence at Shtôra, and crossing Lebanon arrived at Beyrout, to find a delicious change of climate, fine and warm, and put up at a very good hotel.

"We remained at Beyrout until the 22nd. The place is very pretty, and I enjoyed the quiet time there. There is nothing so ideal, in theory, as a riding tour; few things more disagreeable in practice.

"We embarked in the very crowded and most uncomfortable Austrian-Lloyd steamer *Venus*—two meals a day at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. Coffee at 6 a.m.; tea at 8 p.m. In twelve hours we got to Larnaca in Cyprus. I landed to have a bathe. I had to wade out a long way to get into deep water, and was roused by people shouting at me from the shore. The idea of sharks suggested itself to me, and I got back as fast as I could, to find that my fear was fully justified. The bay is very open. We got to Rhodes at 4 a.m. on the 25th, a very pretty island.

"We visited the barracks of the Knights of Malta and what is called the House of St. John. We passed a delightful day—calm and hot—steaming through the Archipelago. We stopped at Scio, the island I was afterwards to visit during the terrible earthquakes, and the lightship placed where we had run aground in H.M.S. *Curaçoa* in 1858.

"I had not been to bed since Beyrout. We were five in a cabin six feet square, so I slept on a couch in the saloon, and enjoyed a Turkish bath when we landed at Smyrna on the 26th. The hotel was closed, but we were comfortably lodged.

"The next day the passengers engaged a special train at 6 a.m. to visit Ephesus. We stopped at Mitylene and Tenedos, and entered the Dardanelles at noon on the 28th. We stopped at Sultanieh and Gallipoli, and anchored at the Golden Horn on the 29th, finding cold, wintry weather."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

CONSTANTINOPLE,
April 30th, 1872.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

We arrived here yesterday, having had the calmest of voyages, but, as I told you in my letter from Smyrna, in a very good but very crowded steamer. Our expedition to Ephesus was very successful. There is not much to see there in the way of ruins, considering what the magnitude of the place must have been, as the destruction has been inconceivably great. While we were lunching on the grass there, an American got up and said, "I guess these ruins are not to be compared with our trees in the Yosemite Valley"!

This place seems quite European after the more really Oriental places we have been to lately. The change, even since I was here in '58, is marvellous. So much has been burnt down and European houses and boulevards erected on the ruins of old Stamboul. Instead of a few steamers starting regardless of time when they happened to be full, there are innumerable boats going off at regular hours and discharging volumes of blackest smoke.

I went up the Bosphorus to Therapia with Hobart Pasha one day, who is in charge of the Turkish Fleet. We were in his steam yacht *Hawk*, which ran aground opposite Therapia. Hobart did not wish the Turks to see his mishap, so we anchored and spent the night on board. He insisted on my occupying the captain's cabin, but as my sleep was disturbed by other inhabitants I retired to the saloon for the night, much to the Pasha's concern.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

"We embarked on the 7th in the Austrian-Lloyd paddle steamer *Vulcan*, reaching Varna in fifteen hours. From thence we went by Rustchuk to Pesth, and then on to Vienna, where I had the experience of the very exclusive Viennese society, so different from that of London. One is introduced to every one one meets at dinner or at an evening party. The married ladies sit in one room, the young ladies at a round table in another. This rush into the vortex of society, after our rough, rural life in the East, was rather trying. I suppose I ought to look on it as very complimentary to my required amount of quarterings.

"We returned to England via Paris, which was almost deserted and still bore marks of the siege.

"On August 13th the 3rd Grenadiers went to Blandford for the first army manœuvres on a grand scale.

"On September 15th I went to Scotland and stayed with the Airlies at the Tulchan of Glenisla and Lord Fife at Mar Lodge. The weather was very wintry. On September 23rd Macduff was to go at the head of the Mar Clan to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales at the march of the Mar Forest with Blair Athol, on their first visit to Abergeldie, after H.R.H.'s severe illness. Macduff was very shy in those days, and nothing would induce him to go, and I had to start in snow in charge of the Mar Clan, and receive T.R.H. at the march. They arrived with Athole and his clan, and were duly received.

"The romance of the scene was somewhat

marred by two or three tourists who, concealed in the heather, shouted their welcome and drank to the health of T.R.H. Athole and I walked on either side of the Princess on her pony, the Prince offering to carry my stalking coat on his saddle. He was continually dropping it in the snow and slush, which afforded occasion for his well-known chuckle. It is curious after this episode that Macduff should have become the husband of Princess Louise of Wales.

"The weather continued very rough. On September 30th the Prince came over with Charlie Beresford and Teesdale for a deer drive. The Prince, Macduff, Dalrymple, Beresford, and I were the guns. We shot seven stags, of which I got two.

"On the 25th I went abroad, passing through the Mont Cenis for the first time."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

January 24th, 1873.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

I got to Turin in twenty-four hours from Paris on Wednesday, and David Crichton joined me immediately afterwards. I passed Mont Cenis very successfully; it is a wonderful thing—twenty-eight minutes in the tunnel, going a good rate. There are odd noises at times, and we stopped in the middle, which might have made some people nervous!

NAPLES,
February 17th, 1873.

We came here on Saturday. Rome was very pleasant. I saw a good deal again and some new things. I dined out a good deal and went

to a good many balls. I was able to endure the cotillon, as I danced it with my agreeable Comtesse Wittgenstein, who knew everything about everybody. Everybody thought Prince Arthur most *comme il faut*; he flirted with the right people and was most popular, thoroughly enjoying himself—all in the right way. I think Italy has an ordinary climate in winter. We had a very cold drive to Herculaneum and Pompeii to-day, and were blinded with dust and a very hot sun.

ATHENS,
February 28th, 1873.

I wrote you a line from Brindisi, which I left the same night for Corfu. Nothing can be more lovely than Corfu, which we left after a three days' stay, coming here by sea round Cape Matapan. It was very hot and the sea like glass, with lovely scenery along the coast and through the Ionian Islands. I found Victor looking well and Agneta flourishing; they had an evening party the night I arrived—lots of music, whist, and cigarettes in a second room.

The Victors have just returned from a dinner where they were invaded in the evening by people in masks and dominoes, which is the custom during the carnival here. The beauty of the scenery, before everything is burnt up, is too enchanting. I had a long walk to-day with the guide who was taken with poor F. Vyner and the others by the brigands. He gave me a most detailed account of it all. There are now no brigands in Athens, and I intend going to Marathon next week.

ATHENS,
March 8th, 1873.

I have not much to tell you since I last wrote, as we have done little beyond walking and driving

in the neighbourhood. Sometimes we spend a day at the Piræus and sail about the Bay of Salamis in the ship's boats. I have dined out several times, and have had some of the *Rapid's* officers to dinner, so there is enough society, and whist in the evening. The first time I went to the Palace I was three hours with the King and Queen. They were most civil, showing me their rooms, children, horses, etc., and asked me to spend the same evening with them. He seems a capital fellow, and the Queen is very pretty and full of fun. The Palace is very fine and their rooms most comfortable, but I imagine their lives must be painfully dreary and monotonous. They seem very devoted and happy and most domestic.

I start on the 16th with David Crichton for Corinth and Corfu. We hope to kill a wild boar in Albania.

When the Victors were at Corfu, the chaplain complained to Victor of the flirtation carried on between one of the officers of the *Rapid* and his daughter. Victor wisely replied that he could not exercise control over the love affairs of his officers.

One day the lieutenant, being unable to go ashore, asked another officer to leave cards for him on the captain's wife and on his young lady. On the latter card was a message of love and a moonlight rendezvous. The officer unfortunately left the cards at the wrong addresses, and Agneta rushed to Victor horrified at the advances of the officer!

CORFU,
March 18th.

My last week at Athens was very busy. On Monday I went with the King and Queen, Victor, and Prince and Princess Frederick in a char-à-banc, the rest following in six or seven carriages, to Jatoe, a place the King is making in the mountains for

the summer. We had a great luncheon in a tent and lots of skylarking and walking about up in the woods in the mountains.

On Tuesday I went with Victor in the *Rapid* to the mines of Laurium; we got back in time to dine with their Majesties at Athens. Friday Nety and I drove to Marathon. We were obliged to give notice to the Government that we were going, but I kept it dark till the last moment, and so the escort missed us and we drove off alone. We had the same guide that F. Vyner, etc., had when taken, and a mounted gendarme rode on to warn the detachment of infantry stationed in that part of the country. It was very sad, but most interesting. Going home we had an escort of ten cavalry, four in front, four at the rear, and two on either side of the carriage, besides a body of infantry who joined us at the place—rather a contrast to our solitary drive out! Saturday afternoon I spent with the King and Queen, and our leavetaking was quite affecting! I don't think I was ever on such friendly terms with any people after so short an acquaintance, and they are both charming people—she is quite lovely. I had a long conversation with the King; he spoke of the difficulties of his position with only one chamber of Parliament.

Ever yours affectionately,

HINCH.

CHAPTER VII

A STATE VISIT TO RUSSIA

After his return from Gibraltar, Lord Hinchingbrooke had an interval of London gaieties, and took part in the reception of the Shah of Persia. He was present at his arrival at Dover, was on the guard of honour when he visited the Queen at Windsor, heard Patti and Albani sing in the gala performance at Covent Garden, and witnessed the Naval Review at Spithead. When the Shah took leave of the Queen, he mentions an amusing incident. The carriage containing the Shah and Prince Leopold drove off in state, but was stopped after a few yards by the local photographer, who "poked the Shah's face about" whilst arranging him. The troops were convulsed with laughter, and the Queen and her ladies, who witnessed the departure, were immensely amused.

Shortly after Lord Hinchingbrooke won the hundred yards officers' race at the battalion sports—an event which ended his racing career.

In September he was at Hinchingbrooke, where a merry party was assembled. Miss Mary Boyle organised an exhibition of moving wax figures, in which Lord Hinchingbrooke appeared as the Duke of Marlborough. Miss Boyle made her figures laugh so much that she brought down the curtain, saying that something had gone wrong with the machinery.

The Diary

"On January 13th, 1874, I started with Uncle Sydney, Henry Byng, and Sir J. Cowell on the Embassy from the Queen to represent Her Majesty

at the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia at St. Petersburg.

"We stayed a night at Brussels and reached Berlin at 7 a.m. on the 15th. The day was spent in Royal visits and leaving cards. We dined at five o'clock with the Crown Prince and Princess, and I had a long talk with Bismarck about Russia. He speaks very slowly, and at first I thought that he had a difficulty in expressing himself in English. I soon found that I had nothing to teach him in respect of the English language.

"The Emperor received me with the words, 'Ach, ein alter Freund!' The Empress had the habit of always herself answering the questions she addressed to you, so there were no pauses in the conversation.

"The following day I visited the Crown Prince and Princess. I sat between the future Kaiser Wilhelm and his brother Prince Henry, and whatever the one said the other contradicted."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

BERLIN,
January 17th, 1874.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

We had the finest, calmest passage ever known in January. The first evening that we were here we dined with the Crown Prince at five, and went to the French play in the evening. Yesterday we had an audience of the Emperor and Empress at 5.30. The dear old Emperor was very civil and quite remembered me here in old days. He has seen nobody since his illness, and

appeared for the first time in uniform. He is wonderfully altered, thin and shrunken, and, I expect, not long for this world. We had an audience of the Empress afterwards in another room and dined with her at six. Bismarck dined both evenings and was very civil, telling me a good deal about St. Petersburg. It was the first time he had dined at the Crown Prince's for years, and it was considered quite an event. He was very amusing at the Palace last night—arrived late and behaved like a sort of royalty. They say the Empress hates him, but that the Crown Prince and Princess have come round to him. They all seem to be worshipping the rising sun (son!). They tell me that the policy is to unite all German-speaking races into the Empire, that the minor German powers, and even the Austrian provinces, will be eventually absorbed into the German Empire. They are not at all pleased with the ease with which France has paid the indemnity for the war—in short, that the atmosphere is by no means peaceful for the future. At present the three Emperors and their ministers understand each other and are working together. They are perfecting their armaments and organisation here, and the army can be mobilised and ready for war in twelve days!

We go to the Crown Princess before dining with the Odos to-night, and start at eleven for St. Petersburg.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

"We arrived at St. Petersburg on January 18th at 8 p.m. Uncle Sydney was lodged at the Winter Palace; we were at the Bellevue Hotel, which was taken for the suites. I found Lady Suffield, Lady Emily Kingscote, Oliver, Arthur Ellis, C.

Teesdale, and Francis Knollys, the suite of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

"We each of us had our own carriage sledge and Imperial servant; mine fortunately came from Riga and could speak German.

"On the 21st I went with Prince Arthur to inspect the Preobrajenski Regiment of Guards under General Prince Oldenburg in their barracks, and afterwards lunched with the officers. In the afternoon we skated at the Taurinsky Palace, which is outside the city, situated on the shore of a large lake, where the ice is kept in splendid condition for skating by the troops. Huge 'Montagnes Russes' are constructed, down which you are taken in little sledges on the ice, with a man to steer. The slide is very precipitous, and, on reaching the bottom, the impetus takes you across the whole lake and up to a hill of ice at the far end. There are also hills of ice, down which my efforts in skating usually found me on my back on reaching the level. In the evening we went to hear Patti in *Dinorah*.

"The marriage took place on January 23rd. We assembled at twelve o'clock with the Corps Diplomatique in the Alexander Hall of the Winter Palace, and were conducted to the Greek Chapel. The service, during which all stood, began at 1.15.

"The Emperor led the bride and bridegroom to the *prie-Dieu* before the altar. Prince Arthur, the Grand Dukes Serge, Vladimir, and Alexis held crowns over their heads and marched three times round the altar.

"The ceremony was very impressive; after

which we proceeded to a huge room, where the English service was celebrated by Dean Stanley of Westminster, the simplicity of which was a great contrast to the gorgeous Greek ceremony. Two hymns were sung in Russian.

"The banquet took place at 5 p.m. Covers were laid for 927 in one hall. The admiral who had charge of us took me to see the lighting of the hall, which was very extraordinary. All the candles in the candelabra were connected with strings, along which the fire ran very rapidly. The royalties sat at a high table, and were waited upon by the chamberlains and courtiers. There was one servant to every three guests. Patti, Albani, and Graziana sang during dinner from a gallery. There were four toasts, at each of which 101-gun salutes were fired. The dinner lasted one and a quarter hours. At 8.30 there was a polonaise, *i.e.* a series of processions, in each of which we had a new partner, preceded by the Emperor and his partner through all the rooms. At 11.30 p.m. the Duke and Duchess started to spend their three days' honeymoon at Tsarskoye Selo. I had spent twelve hours at the Palace for this Imperial function."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

ST. PETERSBURG,
January 26th, 1874.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

To-day we have eight or ten degrees of Fahrenheit frost and snowing most of the morning and all last night; so it is pretty deep. Breakfasted in my room; drove in my sledge to the islands north of the Neva—a more wintry aspect

you cannot imagine—*nil nisi* ice and snow—we were wrapped in furs to the eyelids. After lunch we sledged to the Taurinsky Palace to skate, where we met the Prince of Wales, Uncle Sydney, and lots of English. I came down the biggest 'Montagne Russe' on a small iron seat—the Princess did ditto in a chaise, but many people funked doing it at all. We dined with Loftus at five o'clock; all the English there—about thirty-six. I sat between Lady Augusta Stanley and Aylesford. At eight o'clock we assembled at the opera for the gala performance. All the foreign suites were in boxes close to the Royal Box, but Uncle Sydney was in the Royal Box, where I fear he did not see well, as the royalties were two deep. The Emperor led in the bride and bridegroom, and there was a great row of 'hoch,' or some such word. Everybody was there by invitation; the people in the stalls and parterre were glittering with jewels and covered with orders. The Corps Diplomatique was on the opposite side to us on the grand tier. There was an adjournment to a sitting-down tea, etc., between the acts, with the royalties, and we seized the moment to be introduced to the smaller fry of grand dukes, etc., who take it as an insult if one is not presented. Yesterday morning I went with Uncle Sydney to the Hermitage to see the pictures, and in the afternoon we had a sort of 'court' at the Palace and were received by the Edinburghs. The Corps Diplomatique, the foreigners, and Russian ladies of the first three grades (!) were received. Imagine this after their three days' honeymoon: poor little thing, she did it wonderfully well. In the evening we dined with Gortschakoff. The Empress has not appeared since the marriage, but I suppose she will at the great ball to-morrow, when 1,800 are to sit down to supper together. The magnificence

of the Court here is really astounding. Intercourse with the Russians is rather unsatisfactory. A few are charming, but one does not get beyond civilities and handshakes. In some ways they are very uncivilised, and I avoid their suppers, where they force wine down your throat till 2 and 3 a.m. I have met the Princess of Wales and the Tsarevna two or three times lately to speak to; they are real ducks both together. I like the Danish Crown Prince very much. One never sees the Germans except in state.

ST. PETERSBURG,
January 31st, 1874.

We are just come in from an expedition in troikas (*i.e.* sledges with three horses). We went round the islands, where people live in summer, and down by the sea. Last night we were at the Tsarevitch's ball. I liked it pretty well. You do not engage partners for valses, but take a turn with anybody. The ball principally consists of two mazurkas—or cotillons—with other dances introduced. I valsed with the Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess of Wales, and the Duchess of Oldenburg, a very nice little woman who was in England last year.

The time here is spent in sledging about, and skating is one's only exercise. In the afternoon I fly down 'Montagnes Russes.' Thursday I went with the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur, etc., to see the Fire Brigade, and afterwards to see the Cossacks manœuvre in the Manège—a sort of gigantic Astley's. There was a lot of firing and the most marvellous equestrian feats, but both from a military point of view.

Ever your affectionate
H.

"On the 31st we went, a large party in troikas,

to the islands, and at night to a ball given by the nobility, at which we looked on from a large Imperial box.

"On February 1st, after a service at the English Church, I visited the Imperial Library with Uncle Sydney. We dined with the Emperor: over two thousand guests.

"Prince Arthur had invited me to go with him to Cronstadt on the morrow, but told me that he could not go, as he was invited to dine with the Grand Duke Constantine. I happened to mention my disappointment to Prince Orloff, one of the Emperor's A.D.C.s. When I got home from the opera that night, I received a note, with a message from the Emperor inviting me to go to Cronstadt and saying that all arrangements had been made, and that I was to be at the railway station at 9 a.m. It was then too late to find any others to come with me, and accordingly I found myself alone at the station at 9 a.m. Received by the railway authorities and escorted to a saloon carriage, where I hoped to have one and a half hour's peaceful repose on my journey to Oranienbaum. I was settling down when I saw a Russian officer saluting at the carriage door. I invited him into the carriage. He introduced himself as Captain N. Rikatoschaff, R.N., and apologised for being in undress uniform, that he was on leave in St. Petersburg, and that he only received orders at 3 a.m. from the Emperor to escort me to Cronstadt. On arrival at Oranienbaum I was received by Rear-Admiral M. A. Fedorowski and his staff, and we proceeded in

sledges, each with three horses, which galloped across the sea to the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Kozakevisty, Government House, at Cronstadt. We visited the docks, the ships *Peter the Great* and *Sebastopol* in course of construction, the club, and the library. I lunched with the Governor, a regular dinner with champagne, at which all the heads of departments were present. Most of the officers could speak either English, French, or German. The Governor, next to whom I was placed, could only speak Russian. After this sumptuous repast I continued my tour with the Admiral and his Flag-Captain Asloubegoff to various ships and to the Arsenal, where amongst the trophies I espied an English ensign. When I recognised and inquired the history of the flag, they told me it belonged to H.M.S. *Tiger*, which the Russians took off Odessa during the Crimean War. We walked on board the ships from the ice, which is frequently broken all round the ships to free them from the pressure.

"I was asked whether I should prefer to visit some of the forts in the Gulf, or the barracks where the sailors are quartered during the winter. It was bitterly cold, and I preferred the latter. On the chance of my visit everything was prepared for a minute inspection: bands playing, drill, schools, kitchens, rifle practice, and 2,000 sailors. As I entered each room the officer in charge reported in Russian, to which I had to make a Russian reply.

"I returned by sledge to Oranienbaum, and train to St. Petersburg, after a very interesting day.

"After hearing Albani in the *Linda di Chamonix*, I went to a ball at the British Embassy till 3 a.m. It was very cold sledging home at night, and I was very grateful for the fur coat which Revelstoke had lent me.

"When our sledges came in the morning, they remained out until we finally went home at night.

"One day I did not want my sledge for the greater part of the day, and told the driver he could go home till the evening. He did not then turn up, so I said I should report him. He and my servant came imploring for mercy. They said he would be sent for life to Siberia. I need hardly say that I thought this punishment somewhat excessive, and forgave him; but I was told that it was impossible to send them home when not required, as they invariably got too drunk to return, and that the mistake was mine.

"When Lady Suffield came home after one of the balls, she left the famous Baring emeralds on a table in the room adjoining her bedroom. In the morning they were gone. We were told that some one had called to see me, and that this person, of whom I had no knowledge, was supposed to be the thief. We were told by the staff of the Emperor who were attached to us that there would be no fear as to their not being recovered. When Lady Suffield returned from Moscow, she found them in a parcel on her table. Nobody would tell us how this was brought about. The Emperor of Russia exercises unbounded power.

"Our last day was devoted to farewell visits

and the leaving of innumerable cards, and to a leave-taking audience of the Emperor and Empress. We finally attended a great ball given by the Grand Duke Nicholas in a magnificent palace, at which I danced the cotillon with Countess Schouvaloff.

"On February 4th the Emperor and all his guests started for Moscow. To my great disappointment, Queen Victoria ordered our return to England, instead of going to Moscow.

"We arrived at Berlin at 6 a.m. on the 6th and stayed at the Hôtel Royal. We breakfasted with the Odo Russells, had an audience with the Emperor, whom we found much better, dined with the Empress, and went in the evening to the British Embassy.

"We arrived in England on February 9th. On the 12th I was on duty in the Mall when the Edinburghs made their entry into London with the Queen and Princess Beatrice.

"On April 21st I attended the first meeting of the Huntingdon Conservative Association and was elected President.

"Political changes were rapidly developing. In former days the Earl of Sandwich virtually returned the two members for Huntingdon to the House of Commons. Not very many years ago he sometimes received remuneration for the nomination to a safe seat in Parliament. In my young days my father's choice of the two members was not disputed. Latterly, when the representation was reduced to one member, now Sir John Karslake, the question of the choice of the

candidate arose. The idea of a political association came into prominence; my father declined as a peer to be president, but curiously enough the electors were determined that I should accept the post, and although I was adverse to taking any part in politics I reluctantly accepted the office, and I became president and chairman.

"On May 19th I acted as Quartermaster-General to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar at the review of 15,000 troops at Aldershot by the Queen in honour of the Emperor of Russia. The Prince commanded the 1st Division, consisting of four battalions of Guards, four battalions of Fusiliers, four battalions of Highlanders.

"After the inspection and march past, the division formed up in line in the Long Valley, while the cavalry were manœuvring before the Queen. The review was to be as short as possible, and all we had to do was to advance in line when the coast was clear. Nothing would induce the Prince to give the word. I begged him to do so.

"The three brigadiers came and implored him. No, he was obdurate, with his well-known chuckle. I nearly tumbled off from laughter. At last the general in command galloped down from the Queen and we got under weigh.

"On May 25th I commenced duty at Beggars' Bush Barracks, Dublin. I had bought a Russian horse, Alexis, as charger. General Holdich was in command of the garrison.

"On the 30th we fired a *feu de joie* in the Phœnix in honour of the Queen's birthday. My horse bolted at each round.

"Mapleson's opera company was in Dublin. I dined with the Edward Guinnesses to meet Titiens, De Reszke, and Mapleson. Titiens asked me to accompany her in Gounod's *Ave Maria*, and I have always regretted that I was too modest to do so. I think she was, on the whole, the finest artist I have ever heard and so simple and unaffected.

"On September 3rd I went via Belfast and Greenock and the Crinan Canal to Arisaig, which the E. Barings had taken with the B. Mildmays. A charming house in a lovely country. I had excellent stalking in a very easy forest, and delightful expeditions in a steam yacht, and salmon and trout fishing in the lochs.

"We went over to Skye to see Lady Macdonald and her very pretty daughter.

"On the 22nd I went on to Mar Lodge. We used to go up to the sheelings in the forest for stalking. I stayed alone for some days at the Beldie Sheeling and some days with Macduff at the Derry Sheeling. The weather was very bad and sport indifferent. I came to the conclusion that there is a deal of truth in the old story as to whether you are sent out for a stalk or a walk. The great object of all stalkers is to keep the deer in their own forest, and so to work the ground as to afford the best sport to their own employers. I think they act up to their principle, which, however praiseworthy, is sometimes detrimental to the sport of visitors. They are apt to look upon their own job as beyond the comprehension of those they accompany, which is not surprising,

as their whole lives are devoted to the study of the forest. Thoroughly to enjoy deer-stalking, own the forest.

"While shooting with my father at Hooke, I received the invitation from General Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars to become his military secretary at Gibraltar in succession to Philip Smith, which I accepted. Edward Birkbeck, Victor, and E. Antrobus were the other guns, Antrobus having come on my invitation. This was the first occasion of my being asked to bring a guest to shoot with my father, and the consequences were not very fortunate.

"The coverts are very hilly and the ground very uneven. You sometimes shoot down at a pheasant and up at a rabbit. My father's movements were somewhat erratic, and he appeared at the end of a beat with his face covered with blood, caused by shot from Antrobus's gun. Fortunately the damage was very slight. On the following day Antrobus was touched up by a shot from my father, with equally mild consequences, but the double event was luckily ridiculous instead of serious.

"On the 29th Agneta presented Victor with a son, born in Halkin Street, and the family with an heir presumptive."

CHAPTER VIII

A MISSION TO FEZ

The Diary

"On January 14th, 1875, I left London for Gibraltar. Philip came to Southampton to see me off in the P. & O. *Cathay*. We had very rough weather and a heavy sea in the Bay, but fine and calm along the coast of Portugal, and reached Gibraltar at 9 p.m. on the 19th, where the Governor's staff met me. I took up my abode in the official quarters close to the Convent. I brought out two dogs with me, Vi, a dachshund and Rock, a retriever.

"I had known my chief, the Governor, Sir Fenwick Williams of Kars, well in Canada, where he was Commander-in-Chief when I was there with the Prince of Wales. My earliest recollections of him were as one of the heroes of the Crimean days in his gallant defence of Kars.

"His difficulties and disagreements with my former chief at Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, at that time, are matters of history, and it is curious that I should have served under both these distinguished men who were at such variance with each other.

"The weather was delightful—like a fine English summer.

"On March 29th I left Gibraltar to accompany Sir John Drummond Hay on his mission to the Emperor of Morocco.

"The officers from Gibraltar were Colonel Laffan, C.R.E., Lake, R.A., Beamish, R.E., and Dr. Holloway. Lady and Miss Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, and Moreland were also of the party. My horse from Gibraltar did not arrive in time for me to start with the others from Tangier, as a strong levanter was blowing, and I remained at Tangier with my cousin, George Paget, who was domiciled there and enjoyed life among the Moors.

"The mission started on the 30th. I did not get off till the 1st, with my baggage on three mules, two Moors and my Spanish servant, my Moorish soldier, George Paget, and his interpreter and servants."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Colonel Philip Smith

FEZ,
April 11th, 1875.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

We hope to get the courier with the mails to-day, so I send you a line, as he will return directly, to report my safe arrival here yesterday at 10 a.m. I started from Tangier two days after the rest. It blew a hurricane and my horse did not come, but Warde sent on my Spanish servant and I hired a horse, which has turned out very well. George Paget seemed very glad of the excuse for an outing, and started with me, bringing his tent, cooking furniture, and two Moorish servants. I had my soldier servant and three baggage mules. We started in a levanter hurri-

cane, blowing and raining so that one could hardly sit on one's horse. We crossed a rocky range of hills, two or three small rivers, and a long plain, and camped for the night at about 5.30, as, the Moors having no idea of time or distance, we could not discover how far on the mission was. It rained and blew, and was by no means easy for me to pitch a double bell tent, of a new pattern, without any help, no one else having the least idea how it was done. We could not get any forage, but native sheikhs brought in sheep and chickens, etc. Paget returned to Tangier the next morning, and my soldier and I got forage. You would have been amused to see me having bread and milk at a village alone with these Moors. At about twelve o'clock we passed the encampment of the mission of the night before, and at four o'clock reached their camp, having accomplished the four days' journey in two days—about sixty miles. We have accomplished the journey here in eight more days very successfully. The country wonderfully fertile and rich; a great deal of it is cultivated, and, where it is not, it is a mass of flowers.

At each province the governor met us with a large escort of cavalry. We travelled over an immense plain, crossed some ranges of hills and one large river, when our horses were swum across by naked Arabs. We and our baggage were conveyed across in antediluvian boats. This was a most extraordinary proceeding and very *décolleté* for the ladies. They thought we should have had to wade ashore, but the Moors overcame their religious scruples and carried us. This was the order of the day. Gunfire at 5.30, breakfast at 6.30, off at 7.30. Sometimes we stopped for luncheon, pitching a tent, or lunching with the governor of a province. Sometimes we shot in

the afternoon, but it is difficult to find the quail and partridges in the high standing corn. Dinner at 7.30, bed by ten, in very comfortable tents. I never found it too hot, though the sun was broiling. We had a good many showers and sometimes the nights were bitterly cold, as we were nearly always on a high plateau. The arrival yesterday was one of the most extraordinary sights I have seen.

We were met, some two or three miles from the town, by all the great officials and a large cavalry escort. The last mile and a half of the road was lined with troops, very respectably dressed, the infantry on one side, the cavalry on the other. They fired a *feu de joie*, carried their arms in every sort of manner, and about a third presented at the word of command. Nearly the whole population turned out and the crowds were immense. I rode on Sir J.'s right hand and was presented to all the swells. A holy man (*i.e.* half mad) had great effect with the people, riding before us, to disarm fanaticism. Soldiers ran on foot before us, and whacked any one in the way most unmercifully. Powder-play charged right at us; the cavalry did mounted police very well, but the heat and noise were indescribable. Drums were stationed at intervals, and, near the gates, was the Sultan's private band, which has never played before except in his honour. All the women were congregated in dense masses on two hills overhanging the road near the town. When we got into the outer line of walls, there was a lull, the streets there being so narrow that there was no room for a mob. The houses, however, were full of staring people and the roofs covered with women; and so we arrived at our Moorish house, which is just like the Alhambra, with the usual tiles, fountains, lace-work, arches, gardens full of

orange and lemon trees. There are no windows, but enormous doors with muslin hanging across.

The view from the top of the house is lovely; one sees gardens and white houses surrounded by massive walls, with the mountains all round the town, but the minarets are not so pretty as at Damascus, nor does the country look so hot. I have found the people very good-humoured and civil, but some are fanatical, and we cannot go out except attended by soldiers.

Ever yours affectionately,

HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

FEZ,
April 11th, 1875.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

We arrived here yesterday, all being well. Sir John Hay has certainly very great power here. The Sultan is in the habit of complying with all his wishes, as far as he can, but you cannot imagine what a country this is, or what a wretched government it has. He has certainly unbounded confidence in Sir John, and from the enthusiastic reception we had yesterday, both he and the people wish to do him honour. Not a Christian lives in the country, except on the coast; and as the natives are the most bigoted and fanatical Mohammedans, you can imagine what they think of us. We are protected by guards at every turn, and two soldiers sleep at my door. As you know, I have seen Oriental countries, but never anything as uncivilised as this. The Arabs evidently take life exactly as they did in the times of the Patriarchs. We have been fed all the way by the gifts of the different governors, by order of the Sultan. They bring in any amount of sheep, chicken, butter, milk, bread, eggs, daily. The town is

beautifully situated in the ravine between two hills, through which a river runs, which, like at Damascus, is diverted into my house. There are gardens and orange groves everywhere and innumerable fountains. We are of course stared at like wild beasts. Our reception yesterday was indescribable. I never saw such a scene; all the troops were out fully armed, and such a crowd.

Ever your affectionate

HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Colonel Philip Smith

FEZ,
April 17th, 1875.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

I went yesterday to a kiosk in the Sultan's garden where he was to be. After spending two or three hours there he sent to say that he was prevented coming. I amused myself very well meanwhile, as I discovered two Germans and one French deserter, and learnt a great deal by their conversation. The Germans had deserted after the war with France; their details of the battlefields were very amusing, and so were their subsequent adventures in Algiers and Morocco. They are now in the Sultan's retinue, one ranking as an officer and the other as his servant. They live together on equal terms and share alike. I am taking letters to their friends, who have not heard from them since the war, and I hope to be able to get them out of the country in time. The Frenchman has lived here twenty years; he is a native of Var. He likes the free life, has lost one Arab wife, and taken another aged seventeen, he being sixty. He makes lots of money making bracelets, etc., and seems to be in the employ of the Sultan. They all had to declare themselves Mohammedans

and adopt the dress, but have not had to attend any further ceremonies.

To-day we visited the Rabbi in the Jewish quarter. The whole Jewish population turned out in all their finery; the women were dressed in splendidly embroidered garments—one girl was lovely. The Moors ill-use them out of their own quarters, so they keep "themselves to themselves."

I have just had a most lovely ride with a Moorish caid; everything savouring much of the Arabian Nights. We dined on Thursday with the Grand Vizier; Sir John was unwell, so I went as the chief and squatted on a cushion next to that of the Vizier. Miss Hay interpreted during dinner, and afterwards the ladies went to the harem and the men smoked in the court. We never ceased conversing through an interpreter, and I was much amused. The Vizier was most ignorant of the world in general, except that he had been to Mecca. My travels in the East helped me immensely.

We start on the 20th for Mequinez.

Ever your affectionate

HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

FEZ,
April 19th, 1875.

Many thanks for your letter, which came from Tangier by a courier on foot, who accomplishes the 160 miles in five or six days; not bad going. I feel rather like a prisoner, the house and garden being surrounded by a high wall, which one cannot see over without going on the roof, which men are not supposed to do, as the women all appear on the roof unveiled. I went up with my head disguised as a woman, and they did not suspect me.

We cannot move without a guard of soldiers. The rides about are lovely beyond description. Sometimes I go outside the walls and lie under the trees, but have to go through part of the town to get there, and the people stare and follow after in great numbers. They are very civil, but it is a bore in the dust and heat. This morning we have seen an extraordinary sight. A great feast has begun, which Christians at Tangier advised us to avoid. However, the Sultan invited us to come, and said that he asked all his people to see the honour with which he received us, in order that they might be inspired with the same friendly feelings. We went in full uniform, attended by a guard of honour, and rode to a hill outside the town. The Sultan said we were to go wherever we liked, so we took up a position on a hill above him and moved parallel with him as he gradually advanced. Deputations from all the tribes of the empire were received and blessed by him; most of them were mounted—the wildest conceivable men—but some of the Riffs were on foot. They shouted salutations as they left him and fired their guns into the air. The whole scene was beautiful. Below us was a long slope, on which were the Sultan, his troops and their standards, the court, the princes, the army—an enormous crowd of people; beyond was Fez, with its walls, gardens and groves, and the minarets of the Sultan's palace; on our right, a vast plain, high tableland, with hills beyond; in the far distance, the Atlas Mountain, with its highest peaks covered with snow. All this in a bright, hot, still morning, with a blazing sun.

After the Sultan had received all the tribes, he rode round the ground on a white Arab with purple trappings; his artillery, eight pieces of various calibre drawn by a pair of horses, two mountain

guns on mules, the Royal Standard and innumerable banners, running soldiers, spearmen, executioners and slaves, followed after—he alone riding, with the exception of the umbrella bearer, who held aloft a huge green velvet umbrella ornamented with gold. We took up a position in the centre of the ground, and they all passed us, the crowd being more intent on us than on anything else. I did not see the slightest sign of incivility, although I know some of them held their noses and spat as we passed. Still, when you reflect that no Christian lives in the country (except at the coast) and what their feelings towards us are, it is wonderful to think what the Sultan's protection did for us. Many of them would, no doubt, kill us as soon as look at us. We have been to dine and breakfast with the swells. The "Eyebrow" of the Sultan —a slave who rules the Empire and makes the ministers nonentities—entertained us one day and the Governor of Fez another. There was tremendous profusion, forty to fifty dishes, all tasting of oil and bad butter, but only water to drink. They give us a table, chairs, knives and forks, so they cannot eat with us. The only exception was the Governor of Fez, an old man of eighty-five, who sat at table and ate sponge cake with a knife and fork. The best fellows here are soldiers, who are really intelligent and amusing. With signs and scraps of Arabic I manage to hold long conversations with them. To-day a madman, whom they revere as holy, rushed about in front of us, dressed in red, yellow, and olive-coloured garments, rolling his eyes about and hitting people right and left. Walking into the town the other day I noticed the heads of some eight or ten executed rebels hanging on the gate. At night these Moorish houses are like scenes at Cremorne or in a play, lanterns hanging about

amongst fountains and orange trees. The Moors sleep out of doors in the open air, all about the courtyards.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

April 26th.

We are just come in from a curious sight. We spent the afternoon at a garden of the Sultan's out of Fez, and on our return went to see the Sultan himself perform powder-play. It was indeed well disposed of him to ask us, and the whole scene was one of the most remarkable I have ever witnessed. Coming back the crowds pursued us awfully, lots of the wild tribes being there. Our escort seemed very much excited and galloped about to such an extent that I could not make out if they were in a funk or not. These fellows are always blazing away with their guns, and one never knows if there is a bullet in or not.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscount Sydney

MEQUINEZ,
May 7th, 1875.

DEAR UNCLE SYDNEY,

I went with Sir John Hay to take leave of the Sultan, and he received us two quite alone—the "Eyebrow," *i.e.* favourite slave, who rules the country, and the "Lord Chamberlain" remaining out of hearing in the garden. He is very gentlemanlike in manner and appears to be anxious for the improvement of his people and country. To give you an idea of the Court of Morocco, while we were there one of the principal officers of the troops displeased the "Eyebrow." He was sent for by him and then and there bastinadoed before everybody. An eye-witness told me that two of

the bodyguard flogged him—two at a time in succession—till there was no strength left. He had at least 500 lashes, and when he got up his face was black and covered with blood. He was then put in the common gaol, but will shortly be released and given a command again. We hope to be at Tangier on Tuesday and at Gib on the 12th.

The last day we all received presents,—Sir John a sword, gun, embroidered saddle, etc., and a horse; Lady Hay a mule, each of the ladies a horse, and the men a sword of different values: mine is a very good one.

We are all delighted to be on the way back again after three weeks in Fez, where we began to feel as if we were in prison.

Ever yours affectionately,

HINCH.

"On May 14th we returned in the *Hercules* to Gibraltar in a very rough sea, and heartily glad I was to be back.

"In hot weather the troops wore white cap-covers such as appear in the pictures of battles in India of the eighteenth century. One of the first changes it was my object to bring about was to provide the troops with white helmets such as are worn in India. The cap-covers were very unsightly and unserviceable, and the washing of them was a source of expense to the men. I induced the Governor to apply for a supply of helmets in lieu of cap-covers, stating that an immediate reply was necessary. We received no reply, so we ordered the helmets. We subsequently received a letter from the Adjutant-General, Lord Airlie, refusing the helmets. He had been

Governor of Gibraltar and did not consider them necessary. We replied that, not having received an answer, we had served out the helmets instead of the cap-covers. A letter then came from the Adjutant-General, saying the Governor must pay for them (the expense amounting to some four figures). When I had finished reading out to the Governor the letter of remonstrance I had written on his behalf in the verandah of the Cottage, the only remark he made was, "Hinch, while you have been reading that letter I have counted 110 ships and boats in sight." The letter, however, carried the day, and that was the origin of the Mediterranean garrisons wearing white helmets."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Colonel Philip Smith

THE CONVENT, GIBRALTAR,
June 15th, 1875.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

I have drawn up a scheme for clothing which is approved by all, and I cannot conceive why some bright genius has not done it before. The men would be clothed in helmets and clothing suitable to the climate, free of expense to themselves, and with a saving of 9*d*. per man to the Government.

I recommend: Tunic trimmed serge (fresh annually), three pairs of trousers for two years, and helmet. By the arrangement this year the men are, for the most part, charged £1 5*s*., which I consider iniquitous. I would abolish white jackets and cap-covers—also compensation. If they must have white jackets, which no one considers necessary, they should be serge and not the unhealthy things they have worn and paid for

themselves. The cap-covers hitherto worn are useless, as no protection to working parties and very expensive for washing, as well as being most unsightly.

His Excellency is wonderfully well and cheerful. I think he is very quick at understanding a question, and he always backs one up.

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

"The monkeys at Gibraltar were supposed to be under the care of the Military Secretary. They were said to number twenty-two in all. I once saw twelve of them together. A report was sent to me with great concern that one of the monkeys chased by a dog had fallen into the sea. I never divulged my suspicion that the dog belonged to me.

"The heat became very intense in August, with a frequent thermometer at 86°, and much as I love sunshine and heat the cloudless skies became rather monotonous.

"There had been considerable correspondence on Sir John Karslake's intention to resign his seat, and the desire that I should succeed him as M.P. for Huntingdon, the result being that I left Gibraltar on August 25th on leave to England.

"I had a good voyage in the P. & O. *Indus*; calm sea with a long swell. Philip met me on arrival, and I was heartily glad to be back in England.

"I went with Philip to Huntingdon on the 31st to attend a dinner of 250 and a meeting of the Conservative Association.

"On October 11th I went to wish the Prince of Wales good-bye on his departure for India.

"I was shooting with my father at Hinchingbrooke when he received a telegram from Wimpole that my brother Oliver had been shot in the eye, partridge-driving, by Henry Lennox. My father and I drove over at once to Wimpole and found poor Henry mad with sorrow. Critchett, the oculist, had arrived. Oliver wonderfully calm and well.

"I took him to London the next day, and he remained with me till December 13th. His visitors were endless and the greatest sympathy was shown by his innumerable friends.

"I was offered and accepted the post of Military Attaché at Vienna, but found on my arrival at Hinchingbrooke that evening that it was imperative that I should stand for Huntingdon."

Lord Hinchingbrooke was elected Member for Huntingdon, without opposition, on February 15th, 1876. On the 17th he took his seat in the House of Commons, being introduced by his brother-in-law, Sir William Hart Dyke, in after years to be the Father of the House; Lord Claud Hamilton, Disraeli, and the Speaker, Brand, shook hands with him. One of the debates that he mentions as causing very acrimonious discussion and violent opposition was that of the Queen's assuming the title of the Empress of India. In the autumn he was paying visits in Scotland, and was present at a ball at Floors Castle, when Prince Leopold had a fall while valsing. The Duchess of Roxburghe was very much perturbed, having promised the Queen that he should not dance, owing to his delicacy. However, he was none the worse, to her great relief.

During October rumours of war with Russia were

rife, and there was a panic on the Stock Exchange. On December 5th Lady Florence Montagu was married to Captain Alfred C. Duncombe, late 1st Life Guards, at St. Andrew's, Wells Street, the Dean of Windsor officiating.

On the 11th he went to Lathom to shoot, which appeared to be a doubtful pleasure. "The coverts are so black that your clothes are ruined," he wrote to Lady Sydney. "A man stands over you and records all you kill, and the crowd, who look on, bet on the shots you fire. We shot 1,250 head in one day."

In January 1877 he went to Cannes to look after his old chief, Sir Fenwick Williams, who was staying at the Hôtel de Provence, returning to London in the following month.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Viscountess Sydney

SHORNCLIFFE CAMP,
March 27th, 1877.

DEAREST AUNT EMILY,

My imprisonment over, here I am with Philip in a very nice hut, breathing fresh air. . . . There was a tremendous row in the H. of C. last Friday. What a pity so important a question is made so subservient to party politics and such a debate degenerate into Home Rulers' squabble! The Government side became very noisy and drowned the voices of several speakers, but, on the other hand, the Opposition showed great lack of discipline to their leaders: in short, I don't think it was a creditable performance. I fear war is inevitable, and the Russians want a very large bridge instead of a plank.

On April 24th war was declared between Russia and Turkey; on the 26th Lord Hinchingbrooke was at Portsmouth, attending a lecture on the newly invented torpedoes, with experiments shown by Captain Wilson of the *Vernon*.

In spite of his military and political duties and his manifold social engagements, Lord Hinchingbrooke found time to continue his work among the poor, and was more and more interested in the hospitals. He became visiting governor of Brompton Hospital, and also of St. George's Hospital, in the autumn of this year. In December he got up a concert for the patients at Brompton Hospital, which was quite a novelty in those days. In the Diary he mentions meeting Gladstone at a country house and having a long conversation with him about India, which impressed him very much, on account of the intimate knowledge of the country shown by the statesman.

In January 1878 he met the Prince Imperial, and describes him as "a charming fellow, full of go and life and very simple in manner."

Lord Hinchingbrooke was now Acting Adjutant-General of the Home District.

The Diary

"On July 13th the Treaty with Berlin was signed and all expectation of war with Russia was at an end.

"Monty Corry [afterwards Lord Rowton] was Private Secretary to Lord Beaconsfield, who with Lord Salisbury represented England at the Congress. He afterwards told me the following incident. After a meeting the difficulties with Schouvaloff on behalf of Russia seemed insuperable, and Lord Beaconsfield ordered a special train to take him away on the following day. Early that morning Prince Bismarck called on Lord Beaconsfield and was received by Monty Corry. The Prince, who presided at the Congress, told Monty he should not detain Lord Beaconsfield but a few moments. He came out very shortly,

having asked Lord Beaconsfield if England had spoken her last word, to which Lord Beaconsfield replied in the affirmative. A meeting of the members of the Congress was speedily called and the special train was countermanded.

"On July 29th there was a debate in the Commons on the Eastern crisis, and the Government had a majority of 145.

"On August 3rd I went to Cadlands (Edgar Drummond's) on Southampton Water, where amongst others I met my old friend Hobart Pasha. We visited the wreck of H.M.S. *Eurydice*, which was lying off Bembridge, a ghastly sight. The *Pearl* and *Rinaldo* were still trying to lift her. I went on to stay on board the *Enchantress*, Owen Williams's 400-ton schooner, and dined with the Prince and Princess of Wales in the *Osborne* : very wet and stormy weather. I was on board the *Osborne* at the Naval Review at Spithead.

"On the 19th I went via Southampton and Havre to Trouville and joined Blount at Dieppe in his yacht *Sheila*. The season was in full swing, races and balls going on. I saw Chaumont in *Toto chez Tata*. I had my first experience of French bathing.

"On the 26th I went on to Paris and paid daily visits to the Exhibition. I saw Judic and Dupuis in *Niniche* at the Variétés, and went to concerts at the Orangerie and Mabille.

"On the 30th I returned to England with the Sydneys and the Villiers. It blew a gale, and we crossed in the *Calais-Douvres*, a new type of boat supposed to be very steady. Her reputation,

however, had not been made, and I suppose she was a failure, as I don't think her type was repeated. The Sydneys were very nervous, and Uncle Sydney's conversation at the Calais Town station with the oldest inhabitant was so long that he was nearly left behind. Of course I had to get on to the boat as soon as I could, and left the Sydneys hesitating. When I returned I found them still in doubt. However, at last my aunt exclaimed: 'Hinch! I will put my trust in God and go.'

"On October 15th Philip drove with me to Folkestone, whence I started for India. I spent three days at Paris again, visiting the Exhibition, and embarked at Marseilles on board the Messageries Maritimes steamer the *Peiho*, a magnificent vessel of 3,173 tons, commanded by Captain Pasqualini."

CHAPTER IX

INDIA

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess Sydney

"Peiho,"
October 30th, 1878.

Dearest Aunt Emily,

I don't think I half told you how I appreciated finding your letter on board here at Marseilles. It is very pleasant on those occasions when there are crowds of people taking leave of each other, confusion, etc., and one is alone, to find one is remembered at home, and it quite revived my spirits. Everything has gone on perfectly hitherto, weather all that one could wish, hot enough to sit about the deck day and night in summer clothes. Every kind of human being on board, lots of Japanese, lots of priests, German, French, Italian, English hacks, etc. I have made several friends, whom Emily would say I talked to as if I had known them all my life. Amongst others, a French monk! I sit next the captain, and other French officials are about us. This is rather a bore—no ladies near! I introduced myself to Mrs. Cameron to-day and a pretty woman who was with her. My cabin is charming. In spite of it all, how I dislike a sea passage! I

don't think I have anything more to tell you, and the sea always destroys all my ideas.

Your affectionate

HINCH.

The Same

COLOMBO, CEYLON,
November 13th, 1878.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

After a most successful voyage—in the best cabin of the best ship ever travelled in, with an excellent agreeable captain, good company, perfect food, no smells, and only one disagreeable rolling oppressive day, when I felt quite torpid and slept for twenty-four hours—we arrived here on the 11th at 9 a.m., and I landed in Ceylon in tremendous heat, a glorious morning, and found myself in the most beautiful tropical country. No words can describe the beauty of the vegetation—trees, houses, and people as unlike anything I have ever seen before as possible—and I am lost in enchantment which no words could describe. As the ship anchored, I received an invitation from the General to stay with him, and here I am about two miles from the town on the banks of a lake amongst trees, none of which are seen in Europe—leaves of every description—like the best in our hot-houses. Dark-red soil, most picturesque and very *décolleté* (!) inhabitants. There was a dance at the Governor's the night I arrived, and with the thermometer at 90° I valsed with Lady Longdon, the Governor's wife, under a punkah! which was the coolest moment of the entertainment. Fancy a country where it is always summer and the thermometer hardly varies day or night, average 86°. I am most comfortable here—a large suite of rooms, bedroom with eight doors! wood blinds instead of outer

walls, and ventilation enough to suit *you*! I dined with the 57th Regiment last night, in a thunderstorm and rain such as I had never seen —buckets instead of drops; which makes the island look as if it was watered regularly, like a garden, and no dust. To-morrow I dine with the Governor and on Friday go up to Kandy—then to the cotton districts, and to a place in the mountains, where it is cold at night. I intend leaving this on the 22nd for Tuticorin and travel up the south of India to Madras. I have engaged a most promising servant, a very good-looking, dark-brown fellow, who has travelled in India, China, and England, and I trust will be invaluable. I never was better in my life and am thoroughly enjoying myself. Nothing makes one hotter than writing, and you will get tired of my ecstasies. I am sorry you will leave the world without having seen how beautiful it can be! Everybody is most hospitable, and one's only difficulty is how to refuse invitations. The General here has two very nice daughters, quite young. I drive with one in the evening by moonlight through cinnamon gardens with innumerable fireflies hovering around and by the sea with the phosphorescent waves meeting with gorgeous lights on the shore!! A pretty girl of seventeen!!! (I hear you saying, "How like Hinch!") My Swiss friend is here, and we travel more or less together to Calcutta. The telegrams from England to-day are very good, Russia desiring a good entente with England and Austria and the fulfilment of the Treaty: I trust this is true. Tell Cha the bathing here is worse than Dieppe. Hundreds of ladies bathing in the lake by the side of the road daily without garments.

Ever your affectionate
HINCH.

The Same

NUWARA ELIYA,
November 19th, 1878.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

Your letter of October 24th reached me at Kandy; it was a great treat, and gave me the greatest pleasure. We left that loveliest of places Colombo, on the 15th, by rail for Kandy. The train full of naked black people in tropical scenery was very curious. We had a saloon carriage, and I came up the pass on the engine; such precipices—the railroad is cut through the side of the rock, which in many places hangs over the train and has a precipice any number of hundreds of feet down a few inches from the rails. There is one place called Sensation Rock, but an enormous cracked rock overhanging the line was to me much more sensational. Kandy is lovely in the mountains. We saw the famous Buddhist temples, the magnificent botanical gardens, wild bamboos like tall trees, and every variety of tropical vegetation in perfection. Thence I went twenty-five miles by train and drove twenty-seven miles across a mountain pass to stay with the Elphinstone brothers, with pretty wives, sons of Sir J. Elphinstone and great coffee-planters. On starting, one of the horses kicked over the pole and smashed it. Luckily it was in a village, and I changed the carriage, a sort of light dog-cart. I thought often of you in the drive, which is rather narrow; a watercourse between you and the rocks on one side, precipices with no protection whatever on the other. One horse jibbed occasionally, but the coolie who runs alongside pricked him on always in time to save the precipice. We reached Logie, which is 4,500 ft. above the sea, at 5.30 p.m., and I spent a most pleasant day there, learning all about coffee. The scenery is lovely,

but the jungle is all cleared for coffee, and you see nothing but coffee, tea, and cinchona. The weather was lovely; we had no rain since Kandy, which is lucky in these mountains. This morning I came up here, where I have joined M. Favre (my Swiss friend) again, and am staying at the club. We drove part of the way and rode up through the jungle amid lots of precipices, and are here 6,500 ft. above the sea, in a sort of English summer climate, thermometer only 69°, with fires at night, windows again, and English furniture. What surprises me most in Ceylon is the extraordinary fertility and everything looking as if it was kept in order by thousands of gardeners. One sees no decay, and the jungle is like a garden; rhododendrons are large trees, but otherwise there are no trees or shrubs like anything in England.

I am enchanted with Ceylon and am in perfect health and spirits.

Your ever affectionate
HINCH.

From Viscount Hinchingbrooke to General Philip Smith

COLOMBO,
November 23rd, 1878.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

I wrote to you from Nuwara Eliya, and so take up my parable. I drove there to see the Botanical Garden with a glorious view, and where they are trying what variety of plants will grow in this island. I believe everything will grow but our flowers; roses all grow in such luxuriance and flower so incessantly that they soon become exhausted. The swell of the gardens had a very complete collection of serpents, snakes, butterflies, and some of the birds found in the island.

I have only met one big serpent in the jungle, and he not of a dangerous kind, but the leeches at Kandy were everywhere, and one had to be careful. The next morning, before sunrise, I started up Pidurutalagala, the highest mountain in the island, 8,300 ft. above the sea; the ascent pretty easy, all through jungle, a narrow path where wild animals abound. I saw the marks of elephants, pig, deer, but only met some jungle-fowl. It was quite clear at the top and the view magnificent. The thermometer 50° at the top at 8 a.m. in the shade—not very cold for that height, but it seemed very cold, and the natives shivered awfully. Great rhododendron trees were in flower a few feet from the top, and as soon as you got into the jungle, some thirty yards from the top, it was quite hot again. In the afternoon I went to see an elephant working at road-making. It was most curious to see him moving the big stones about with his head and trunk; they made him knock a tree down and roll it about and go through all his tricks. We left on the 21st to return to Colombo, first a drive in a one-horse chaise for fifteen miles, then what they call a coach, a sort of brake. We were crowded, four inside and two children, one of which squealed the whole way for twenty miles. The road descended some 6,000 ft., so you may imagine it was steep and precipices innumerable and splendid scenery. In the train the heat was very great. I am again at the General's, and am going to see some coffee-mills, the breakwater works, and native bazaar. To-morrow we embark for India. I have had a most civil letter from a South Indian swell, who has made every arrangement for me between here and Madras. It has rained in the night, and this morning everything looks green and refreshed. What a lovely climate this is! Please

send this on to my family. What with arrangements for the future and thanks for the past, I have much to write.

Your affectionate
HINCH.

MADURA,
November 28th.

MY DEAR P.,

I am writing to you at 3 p.m. in my sitting-room, forming part of my suite of rooms, which from end to end are about 130 ft. long with twenty windows. One side looks over a broad river and banyan trees forming the vistas, with cocoanuts and palms beyond the river and a range of blue hills beyond. The other side looks over a huge tank (artificial lake), which has an island in the middle, with a beautiful pagoda dedicated to the goddess Minakshi. There is a good breeze, punkahs everywhere day and night, so you see I am not roughing it. I must resume my report from Ceylon. I was perfectly happy there and very sorry to leave that lovely island; embarked on the 25th on a very hot day; capital cabin, but we had 500 coolies on board returning to have a holiday in their own country and to spend their money. It was most curious to see them huddled about, but the night was odious, very wet, very rough, the stench of the ship and the coolies' food awful! We arrived five miles from Tuticorin at 9 a.m., and luckily a merchant had been warned to meet us, and came off in a capital boat, for the sea was very high and the crowds of huge native boats bumping up and down unshipped our rudder and made it by no means easy getting into the boat. We had either to climb down the side by a rope ladder, or get on a plank outside the port and spring into the boat. I preferred the plank! The native sailors

jumped into the rough sea and put our rudder on, and we had a very rough sail into port. The train was gone, but our friends, the cotton merchants, put us up most comfortably. It was interesting to see the cotton works. I came on here yesterday by train. Arrangements are made for me everywhere, and knowing nobody it is very cheerful to find letters on arrival and telegrams along the road and people to meet you at the stations. This morning I was taken to see the palace here, huge and very interesting, and to the temple, which they say is one of the finest in India. It is a most wonderful place, and we were received by the priests and dignitaries, and garlands of flowers put round our necks and fruit given us, and were conveyed with crowds following over the temple. And all this between 6 and 10 a.m. The long siesta in the middle of the day is very agreeable.

November 30th.

Came on here yesterday morning (Trichinopoli); went up the rock in the afternoon and to a garden party of the residents. Am staying with the judge, Mr. Brand, a charming fellow. This morning at 6.30 we drove to see the sacred temple, which is enormous, but not so fine as Madura.

MADRAS,
December 4th.

All letters missed, and they only expected me to-morrow; the club and hotel were full up, and for five hours I was wandering about trying to find a house, when I met the Duke of Buckingham's carriage and A.D.C., with invitation to Government House. My letter had only just arrived, and nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the Duke and everybody. I have been with the Duke in style to pay a visit

to the Prince of Arcot, the representative of the Nawabs of the Carnatic; he was received in durbar with great ceremony. I walked up arm-in-arm with his brother; we then went to see the arsenal and barracks in the fort—43rd Regiment. Dinner of forty people, admirably done. The next day we went at 6.30 a.m. to inspect a native regiment on parade, and the barracks—hospital; after breakfast there was a great performance of Indian jugglers, conjurers, snake-charmers, and acrobats. I then went to see the surf, as it was unusually high, and we saw a boat very much broken and very nearly swamped coming ashore. In the afternoon I drove ten miles with the Duke, his daughters, and staff to Red Hill, where are the remains of the famine camp, and huge tanks for the irrigation of the country and water supply of Madras: one tank nearly eight square miles! Tea out there, carriage-and-four, escort, etc. This morning at seven I went to see the museum, the best in India, and most interesting. It is wonderfully cool here now, and not so hot as any other place I have been at; cloudy and showery to-day. You see I am travelling about *en prince*, and it is most curious, leading so entirely new a life among totally different people, customs, sights, climate, and countries from anything one has ever seen before. I don't mind the heat a bit, and when most people have punkahs by day and night I hardly ever use one in my own rooms. The publicity of life is remarkable—there is no such thing as shutting oneself up in one's room; and the multiplicity of servants everywhere is astounding. It is droll, too, being always the guest of people whom one generally has never seen.

December 5th.

It would take volumes to tell you all I see and do. This morning at 5.15 a.m. I started in four-

in-hand to see all the memorials of St. Thomas, who was martyred here according to the immemorial legend; then to the artillery barracks, to Guindy Park, another place of the Governor's, with beautiful garden and park: all this after a dance here last night.

December 6th.

I am off to-day. A cyclone has passed northwards, and I have been watching the surf-boat in a blazing sun. Yesterday afternoon I visited a Rajah, which was very amusing. He sent a carriage-and-four for me, and another team to bring me back; he gave me a lot of presents. Singing-girls, music, exhibition of tame birds, etc. There was a dinner of forty here last night, and I went to a ball, which, as it is virtually in the open air, although hot, is not stuffy, like a London ball. I suppose you will get this about Christmas time. My best wishes and many Happy New Years.

Yours affectionately,
HINCH.

The Same

BRITISH RESIDENCY, HYDERABAD,
December 10th.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

I left Madras on the 6th, arriving the next afternoon at Shahabad, my first journey alone, a big carriage all to myself, but the heat and dust were awful. I stayed the night at a comfortable bungalow close to the station, belonging to a man with an unpronounceable name. I was looked after by a Brahmin, who spoke English perfectly. It was quite a relief dining alone and having a quiet evening, the first since I left you. The next morning the Brahmin took me to see the gaol and the permanent rest-camp, where troops remain

the night on their journey. There were some R.A.s, and some Madras sappers *en route* to the Front; an old Irish pensioner in charge of the camp had a grievance, and was very communicative. An eight hours' rail journey on the Nizam's railway brought me on here, where I am staying with Sir R. Meade, the Resident, in a palatial residence—an enormous place, a mixture of Moor Park and Blenheim. I am so glad I came here; it is quite unlike the Madras Presidency—chiefly Mohammedans, and the people more clothed and nearly all armed. Yesterday I went with Sir R. M. to the Nizam, who received us in private durbar—quite a boy of about thirteen: he wore a green and white striped silk coat over a red and yellow striped petticoat, red socks, a white turban with a gold fringe, and a few jewels. The government is administered by Sir Sala Jung and the Nawab, whose title is the Prince of the Nobles. They were both there, and there was a great discussion about the two Princes here, who offered to join the Army in Afghanistan. They have been accepted, and now the ladies of the harem are strongly objecting. I met the two fellows, who seem very anxious to go. In the afternoon I rode my first elephant through Hyderabad and paid a visit to this afore-mentioned Nawab. There were two guards of honour besides escort, etc. The old fellow came to the foot of the steps to meet me, and took me all over his house, and showed me all his curiosities, from his guns and swords to ostriches. He gave me an Hyderabad-made bamboo stick, which forms a breech-loading gun, with silver handle and other things. The combination of Oriental splendour, of huge mirrors and chandeliers and the most tawdry French prints and English photographs, is very funny. I dined with Sir Sala Jung, 160 people, Moham-

medans and Christians, in a hall, one side of which formed a colonnade overlooking an illuminated garden. There was a nautch performance in the evening, a very good band, and the ladies of the harem were peeping through the lattices in the galleries above. You will gather from my letters that I am grateful to you for sending me out to India. I feel already more than amply repaid. It is extraordinary how little one realises in England what India is really like. This place is some 2,000 ft. above the sea, and the air is comparatively cool, but they have a good deal of cholera, and people die of fever very freely.

BOMBAY,
December 15th.

I have arrived here, having stopped on the way at Poonah, where I went over the military gaol, where I trust I may be confined if I am ever sentenced. The cells are very roomy, with iron bars, and the prisoners have a magnificent view for miles over the country and no hard labour. The railway down the Ghauts is a wonderful work, one in thirty-four, and they have one or two inclines for the trains to run up if they "run away"! Here I am in a magnificent Indian tent on Malabar Point, close to the sea, and nothing could be more delightful. The mixture of races in Bombay is remarkable. Parsees, Arabs, Africans, and natives from all parts of India are to be seen, and there is life, bustle, activity everywhere. I have done the Elephanta Caves, Hog Island, seen the docks, and been introduced to the élite of Bombay. Yesterday I went to the slums of the native town, to the cotton bazaar, the town hall, and to the Apollo Bunder, the principal landing-place, where the band plays and lines of carriages are drawn up, the English barouche with European swells,

the latticed brougham of the Parsee and Mohammedan ladies, the native buggy, etc. Except for the bands, there is a total dearth of good music in India; amateurs are consequently very much to the front at evening parties. Etiquette requires the lady of highest rank to sing first, which is sometimes rather painful, as the ladies' voices do not always correspond to their husbands' talents as officials! I leave here the 20th for Mhow.

Yours ever affectionately,
HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess Sydney

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, ALLAHABAD.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

I wrote last from Bombay, where I had a very pleasant week. Some friends travelled with me to Khundwa, where I got into Holkar's railway, on which I had not got a carriage ordered, luckily, as I fell in with a native swell of Indore. The Resident, Sir H. Daly, was away, and I had given up seeing that. However, I got into conversation with this native Brahmin, who turned out to be brother of the late Prime Minister, and he invited me to pay him a visit at Indore (Holkar's capital). At Mhow, the great military cantonment, I stayed with Colonel Blundell, 3rd Hussars. My great object there was to see my great friend's grave. I found the cemetery disused and greatly neglected, and I hope to have that put to rights. The next day I drove over alone, thirteen miles, to Indore, and had a most delightful day quite alone amongst the natives.

My friend "Sukharan Martand" met me in his phaeton, drove me all over the town, and showed me everything—the Maharajah's gardens, menagerie, summer palace, native troops, and their

barracks. He gave me luncheon in his own house, where he had to have in Mohammedan servants, as no Brahmin will cook or wait upon me. But they sat by while I lunched; and his brother then took me to see the Rajah's eldest son, Holkar himself being very ill. We were quite alone, and had a very interesting conversation on politics, Russian aggression, etc. He spoke English quite well, and wore a magnificent diamond necklace.

As I was driving home to Mhow, two A.D.C.s galloped after me—one bringing his photograph and the other escorting me back to Mhow. I arrived here Christmas morning early, and am staying with the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, Sir G. Cooper—charming house and garden. We had a big dinner yesterday, and to-day I have been over the public buildings, to the fort, to where the huge river Ganges and the Jumna meet, to see temples, native town, etc. Amongst the extraordinary sights in India are the fakirs or holy men who have made vows. I saw one to-day who has sat on the same stone for fifty years, *they say*. At Bombay I saw one having his arms over his head, which he has vowed to do always; they are quite withered, and his nails were many inches, all intertwined—too disgusting! The war is the only public topic here; the troops are suffering dreadfully from the cold. Ladies here are hard at work for the troops, but we think the war is virtually over, and wonder how the Government will deal with the country. Everybody is anti-Russian, and most regret we did not go to war last spring. Nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of every one, and it is pleasant to be made so much of. I am as jolly as possible.

Your most affectionate

HINCH.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA,
January 1879.

DEAREST RELATIVES,

I wrote from Allahabad, and have only to tell you I have been at Benares since, which was most interesting. The judge and a charming wife were among my kindest hosts. Dinner parties each night, expeditions all and every day. Benares is the sacred city, the Mecca of the Hindoos: temples innumerable, streets very narrow and houses very high, thousands of pilgrims come to bathe in and die near the Ganges, palaces of rajahs of all parts on the banks, the dead being burnt and their ashes swept into the sacred river. I climbed to the top of the minaret of the great mosque, steamed in a launch about the river and landed at the ghauts where the people bathe and are burnt side by side, crawled through the narrow streets, saw temples where idolatry and heathenism are indescribably revolting, in some there were thousands of wild monkeys, in another sacred bulls, wells where your sins can be blotted out by a dip. After a pleasant stay I came on here, and for the first time I am disappointed. Calcutta is uninteresting; this house is like a wilderness, and what I expected to be the climax of perfection is rather the anti-climax—the native town wretched and the people the worst I have seen. But my disenchantment of Calcutta only enhances my appreciation of every other place I have been at. A Happy New Year to you all.

Your very affectionate
HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess Sydney

BELVEDERE, CALCUTTA,
January 15th, 1879.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

Many thanks to you for letters found here on my return from Darjeeling, and I am realising who has forgotten me during my absence and who has not! I left Barrackpore for Darjeeling, twenty hours' rail, crossing the Ganges, some miles broad, in a steamer, and then rode two days' journey into the Himalayas, some forty miles. You cross the Terai, a most feverish district, the jungle alive with wild animals, and then ascend the most precipitous mountains. I was rather late, and was deserted by my guide, who said he was ill, and rode up the last part in thick forest ravines in the dark, trusting entirely to my pony for the way and for avoiding precipices yawning in every direction. I got to Kursiong at 8 p.m., where I found my first hotel since Paris, kept by an old soldier sergeant and very clean. They invited me to their drawing-room after dinner to hear a buxom musical daughter! My luggage ponies arrived at 10 p.m. The syces who looked after the ponies had deserted them, but fortunately they had sent a policeman to look after my things, and he and my servant brought the ponies up. My lonely ride was rather exciting, as insects and animals were making astounding noises all around, and I did not quite like the idea of tumbling over a precipice to be found by a tiger or a leopard in the morning. The next day I rode along a cart road in the most glorious scenery, fern trees and every specimen of beautiful vegetation in the gorges, but gradually got into clouds, and sometimes could only see a few yards. Thus I reached Darjeeling, between 7,000 and 8,000 ft. high. It was marvellous how the population had totally

changed here. They are much lighter and of a Mongolian type, and are Buddhists by religion. Their prayers are written upon white flags outside their huts and temples, and in the temples are offered by turning wheels with the prayers written in them. The sunset that evening was glorious—the highest snows wrapped in pink, with a sea of clouds round them, and the green precipitous mountain-sides, with tea plantations below. The next morning was perfectly clear, and I climbed up Tiger Hill, some 9,000 ft. high, and had the most sublime and glorious view it is possible to conceive—the whole of the snows visible as far as the eye can reach, ending in the north with the three peaks of Mount Everest, the highest mountain in the world, some 150 miles off, and right in front the splendid Kinchinjinga, the second highest, nearly 28,000 ft., a valley of some 6,000 ft. immediately below you. It was worth all the journey from England alone. I shall never forget the stupendous effect of the grandeur of the scene. I had a very pleasant journey down. One of my ponies, the best I ever rode, would have liked to have galloped the whole way.

I came by a different route, and after leaving the mountains had some fifteen miles through jungle, alive with tigers, leopards, etc. As I was alone on my pony, I am glad I met nothing more ferocious than monkeys and coolies. I was again much struck by the sharp line defining the mountain races from the Hindoos of the plain—totally distinct in colour, dress, religion, and everything. Three days' journey brought me here, where I am staying with Sir Ashly Eden, Governor of Bengal, the most comfortable house I have been in and lovely gardens, and I am enjoying a few days' rest, or rather comparative rest. There was a dance last night at the General's,

to-day a big dinner and dance at the Viceroy's, and to-morrow ditto here; so you see Calcutta is very gay. I attended a meeting of the Council yesterday, and to-day have been over the prison and the museum, where I was surprised to find the legends of the Buddhist religion on stone and most similar to our Christian belief, and 500 years older! I fully appreciate your kindness in writing. You have written every mail as much as all the members of my family put together! And when one is away, living among strangers, this kindness is felt to the fullest extent, and I am very grateful. What is Cha about? If not in love, tell her to write more of her amusing letters. Best love.

Your most affectionate

HINCH.

From Viscount Hinchingbrooke to General Philip Smith

AGRA,
January 28th.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

On my way here I stayed a day at Patna, a large native city. I went over the great Government opium factory, where every process was minutely described. From there on to Cawnpore and Lucknow, through all the scenes of the Mutiny, details of which are unnecessary to describe to you, although intensely interesting, with eye-witnesses to tell you all that happened. You would have enjoyed it immensely, if you did not sleep through it! My hostess was the nicest I have met with. I quite succumbed! And as she drove me to the station at 7 a.m. to see me off, I trust the feelings were reciprocal! Here I am with General Trevor in Mars vice Venus at Lucknow, an old bachelor! The Taj is beyond

description, beautifully kept, and the gardens there lovely. I sat on the terrace overhanging the Jumna, with a wonderful view of Agra and the fort one side, the river with cattle and natives bathing and washing clothes, ruins on the opposite bank—such a picture! And the finest building in the world, the tomb of a beloved wife, below which, in the river, was the corpse of a woman, caught in the stream—a curious contrast! The fort containing the Palace of Akbar is magnificent, an enormous block with huge red sandstone walls. Imagine the Tower of London magnified tenfold. In all respects by far the grandest mass of building I ever saw, and the remains of the palace inside, in perfect preservation, with the ladies' boudoirs, all of marble inlaid and white marble screens like lace, were very fine.

February 6th.

I returned here yesterday from a tour in the district. Visited Futteypore-Sikri, Bhurtpore, Muttra, Brindabun, all incomprehensible names to you, but the usual sights here. My life at the moment is one of such constant occupation, and when I have a quiet moment I have so much to write and to read, that one has little time to think, but in writing to you the thought flashes across me that I shall not be sorry when it is all over and I find myself again in James Street, but it is impossible to say how interesting my journey is and how amply repaid I am for coming. I am expecting a visit from a native swell, so goodbye.

Your ever affectionate
HINCH.

P.S.—My interview has been most interesting, on Hindoo religion, rites and customs, government, famine, etc., and lasted two hours.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to the Countess Sydney

DELHI,
February 19th.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

I sometimes wonder if you care for my accounts, which must be very egotistical; or if you only care to know if I am alive and well! Jeypore is a curious place, a native state-capital city lighted with gas, beautiful broad streets, quaint pink houses, and picturesque people, the Paris of India in architecture and morality. One morning before breakfast I saw the gaol, hospital, waterworks, and tigers, and a leopard caught in the garden a few days ago. We had some deer-hunting with cheetahs, but I did not think it amusing—curious to see once. Then I went to Ajmere—a very pretty place among hills, with a large lake, a rarity in India. Thence to Ulwar, where I paid the Maharajah a visit, who was starting off that afternoon to marry two wives in distant states. We saw him leave the city, but the Brahmins did not find the omens propitious till after dark, so there was not much to see except where the torches surrounded the Maharajah, although the procession must have been a mile long—camels, elephants, carriages, troops, horses, and innumerable people, a great deal of banging and big guns fired from camels' backs. From Ulwar here nothing has interested me more than the scene of the fighting. All is left as it was, except that a great part of the city has been razed, and that trees have grown up between the Ridge and the city walls. Considering the heat, the rains, the daily fighting for three months, one cannot realise how they lived through it, and the enormous interests that were at stake during the whole time I never before appreciated. The

monuments are magnificent, and there is much to see. Best love to all.

Your ever affectionate
HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to General Philip Smith

THE DEHRA DOON,
March 5th.

MY DEAR PHILIP,

I have enjoyed my camp life and shooting immensely, although I have not killed a tiger. Mr. Ross (my host) has done his best, but the time of year is against us. I have been out daily and all day on elephants; nine in line crashing through the jungle is a very fine sight. My first experience of mounting an elephant by his tail is successfully accomplished. One day within a hundred yards of the foot of the Himalayas we came across a bullock, which we found had been killed by a tiger that day. They told me it was a thousand to one I should get a shot if I remained, so we decided to do so. The shikarees construct a perch on the nearest tree with a few branches and leaves. At 5 p.m. we climbed from our howdahs into our roost. The men and elephants were sent to some neighbouring huts, to come at once if they heard us fire. We hid ourselves carefully amongst the branches, and settled down in anxious expectation: not a whisper or movement; sundown was considered the most likely time. A dove came to roost close to us in our trees, jackals came lurking about below, and vultures sat on the trees around. About 7 p.m., when it was nearly dark, we heard a shot not very far off: Ross was evidently annoyed at that sound. The moon would be all right till 11 p.m. I watched the jackals warily attack the carcase; they were not long left in peace, as the vultures came down, and, from

their numbers, mobbed and got the better of the jackals.

At 10 p.m. I asked if a cigarette was out of the question, but Ross shook his head. I was getting very hungry; we had nothing with us but two biscuits and a little whisky and water. The moon set about midnight, and Ross, who had kept a keen look-out for six hours, said there was now little hope; that confounded shot had probably done the mischief. We ate our biscuits; it felt chilly after the heat of the day, and the whisky was by no means unacceptable. Still anxiously intent on the entrance of the gully, I heard, to my dismay, a snore from my neighbour, and realised all hope was gone. I did not find my bed in the tree very comfortable; lying down, either my head or my legs were hanging over the side. Ross, by no means a little man, took up a good deal of room; there was nothing at my side to keep me from slipping out, and I felt sure if I dozed I should topple over, perhaps into the jaws of the longed-for tiger! The night was very long. At sunrise we heard the welcome sound of our elephants crashing through the jungle. Another day we came upon either a tiger or a leopard in thick jungle; unfortunately it was met by an elephant on which there was no gun. The beast roared and the elephant ran forward furiously. It was only about fifteen yards in front of me, but the jungle was over our heads and one could not see into it.

I have succeeded in mounting my elephant by the trunk, as the mahouts get up. They catch hold of the elephant by his ears, and put one foot on his trunk; he then lifts them up and they step on to his head. I must admit it was not accomplished without a few shoves from the natives, and great caution on the part of my sagacious "Amelia." This country is very sacred to the

Hindoos, and you meet naked fakirs wandering about, fancying themselves a sort of John the Baptist, I suppose. The mode of proceeding on the river is most curious. You know those paper inflated animals which are sent up in England as balloons—such is the appearance of the boats: two cowhides inflated with a mat between them, on which you lie, and two others unconnected at each end, on which men lie on their stomachs, holding on to your mat and propelling the whole thing with their feet. You go down rapids on these at any rate, but somehow you never upset. In the quiet water we got some duck and teal. One feels rather helpless when the boatmen paddle away to pick up the birds, and one is left floating on a cowskin alone in the middle of the river.

I am very sorry my happy time in camp is over. It has been a delightful change after all my sightseeing—excellent companions, capital sport, in beautiful scenery and perfect climate.

Yours affectionately,
HINCH.

PESHAWUR,
March 13th.

DEAREST RELATIVES,

Here I am again at cities and sights. I spent a day at Umritsar and saw the Golden Temple and Sacred Tank of the Sikhs. Don't be afraid I shall bore you all about India when I get back. I promise never to mention the subject. I feel you are saying already, "What a bore Hinch will be about India!" I promise to relapse into the frivolities of London. At Lahore I was met at the station by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, with a char-à-banc drawn by four camels, an unusual mode of locomotion! Government House is charming; it was constructed for a tomb,

supposed to have been built by a man during his lifetime for himself, and never occupied. The rooms are consequently of curious shapes. I left Lahore Monday night—rail 100 miles to Jhelum at ten miles an hour!—sixty-eight miles' drive to Rawal Pindi in a dak gharry, a sort of box on wheels, in which you lie down day and night and gallop along—the road crowded with convoys, carts, camels, native cavalry, British infantry, looking very warlike, camps and convoys parked. I arrived at 8 p.m. Left the next morning at 7 a.m., and did the 102 miles here in eleven hours; besides an hour spent at Attock, where you cross a bridge of boats, a most picturesque hot place, the scenery very pretty all the way; you cross several ridges and very broken ground, frightfully difficult for an invading army, snowy mountains in the distance. Dead bullocks, carcases of camels, convoys, all betoken a state of war. Peshawur is totally unlike Indian cities, and to-day of course still more unlike. Quite a new people.

March 16th.

I have seen the famous Khyber Pass, well worth the journey and the trouble. I cannot attempt any description; I should not know where to begin! I climbed up the line of heights which the Afghans defended, down and up again into the fort of Ali Musjid, now held by Ghourkas, and through the narrow gorge, which is wild and magnificent. The camp below was a wonderful sight—elephant batteries—Madras sappers—natives of all kinds, and English R.A. men. Of course I visited the field hospital, which was admirably kept. On my return here I went for a lovely drive round the town, through gardens and orchards, a mass of peach blossom; the mountain views in every direction are magnificent,

Hindoo Koosh towering over the lower mountainous regions.

Yours affectionately,
HINCH.

BOMBAY,
April 2nd.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

Your letter of the 14th found here. I must once more thank you for the great pleasure your letters have given me. No one can tell who has not been separated from every one he knows, among ever-changing people, for six months, what an inestimable satisfaction it is to be sure of a letter by every mail. I am really grateful to you. I am rather anxious to be off now; it is very hot, and I have had enough of this sort of life—just enough, not too much. I visited the Nawab of Bahawulpore, and then came here by steamer from Kurrachee. You would have liked the pearls and emeralds the Nawab wore out shooting, and still more the jewels he wore at a sort of "Braemar" gathering for native sports. From here I have been to Baroda, where I spent a most delightful time in that most fascinating of native states. Here His Excellency works me hard. There is no public building—Government office—hospital—college—school—library—museum — garden — prison, that I have not visited.

One night we had a reception of native swells. I stood with the Governor on a "cloth of gold." About 359 passed by as at a levee, and he gave the history of most of them as they passed. It took two hours, which in great heat after a hard day's work was trying. You must be very careful how you treat me when I get back. In the last six months I have only had to express a wish or the

slightest suggestion and everything has been done in the most sumptuous manner. The words "no" or "impossible" I no longer understand! Yes! perhaps my head is a little turned, but I daresay the three weeks' voyage will set it straight. Best love.

Yours affectionately,
HINCH.

CHAPTER X

THE WANDERER

After his return from India, Lord Hinchingbrooke plunged anew into his strenuous life of work and play. In spite of his lack of interest in politics, he attended the House regularly; his military duties were always to him a labour of love. Society still had charms for him, and he was as energetic as ever in the pursuit of pleasure. Without having a very connected account of his doings, we can follow him in the notes he collected for his Memoirs and in his letters to Lady Sydney. This lady, the "Dearest Aunt Æ." of the letters, was devoted to her nephew, and had stood in the place of his mother ever since her sister's death. Having no children of her own and being possessed of a most affectionate disposition, she lavished her love on her nephews and nieces, and was much beloved by them. She had a habit of preserving every letter she received—a habit for which Lord Sandwich had laughingly rebuked her, saying that these would provide material for a "Paul Pry of the future." It is curious that his son should have kept them after Lady Sydney's death, with a view to inserting them in his Memoirs.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Countess Sydney

Travellers' Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.,
August 14th, 1880.

Dearest Aunt E.,

I must at once remove the wrong impression my badly expressed letter must have con-

veyed to you. I did not, for a moment, mean that Lord Stratford's personal friendship with Gladstone and Dean Stanley were reasons for his being buried in Westminster Abbey, nor that, because his relations were there, he should lie with them as in a family vault. I meant that the former was a reason why, for political and religious considerations, he should not have been ignored or objected to, and that the latter made it suitable. Although not so great a man as George Canning, historically he is a far greater man than Lord Canning, and there might be something sentimentally appropriate in the three Cannings being buried together.

My idea, which I find generally shared, is that he was the greatest British diplomatist of modern times, and that, historically, he will remain the most influential statesman in connection with one of the most important European questions of the century. However, there are two opinions on every subject, *vide* unanimous articles in the *Times*, *Daily News*, *Standard*, *Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, etc., versus *Vanity Fair*.

BRANTINGHAM THORPE,
BROUGH, YORKSHIRE,
October 19th, 1880.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

I finished my duty on Monday and came up here. D. of Edinburgh, C. Beresford, Admiral and Mrs. Duncombe, Sir A. Armstrong, Lady Sykes, and naval men. Yesterday we started at 9 a.m. and were away nineteen hours. The music was beautiful, but one can have enough of anything! The Leeds mob was very demonstrative and the police regulations imperfect. To-day we go to Hull and lunch on board H.M.S. *Lively*; to-morrow Leeds again. I saw Lady A. yesterday and a large party from Mrs. Meynell Ingram's. We

had Albani, Patey, Trebelli, etc., first-class soloists, and a wonderful chorus. Yorkshire certainly piques itself justly on its voices. Sullivan conducted and gave us dinner. We had the *Elijah*, Barnett's new cantata, *Building of the Ships*, and miscellaneous.

Your affectionate
HINCH.

On November 20th Lord Hinchingbrooke left England for Switzerland, stopping at Paris for a few nights on the way.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Countess Sydney

LA GRANGE, GENEVA,
November 25th, 1880.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

It was awfully cold in Paris, and snow all along the line, but here it is mild and still. Whilst in Paris I went to see the Chamber of Deputies, Gambetta beating his desk with a stick and ringing his bell every instant. I was astonished at the rapidity of their proceedings; after a quarter of an hour, he announced that there was no more business: "la séance est levée." They were discussing the clauses of the Magistracy Bill. I paid Lord Lyons a visit.

The interior of Swiss life is interesting. I have several engagements to dinner, etc.

November 30th, 1880.

My friend and I have just been away on a three days' cruise by steamer to the far end of the lake to Chillon. As to our life here, we *déjeuner* at eleven or twelve, dine at 6.30. In this house, actually, they are "en grand deuil," so only one or two people come to dine, and the evenings are long, as they do nothing but *causer*. However,

it interests me to hear and learn all about the country. I have dined out several times; the people are very pleasant and civil. To-night I dined with a Russian married to a Swiss, and we went to their box at the opera. To-morrow I breakfast with Lady Emily Peel. This is a capital house, with what they call a *campagne*—a sort of small park. There is a very small coterie here of the best society. I am off on Thursday, direction Poste Restante, Algiers.

Ever your affectionate
HINCH.

Lord Hinchingbrooke's stay at Algiers was not of long duration, as he was summoned home to attend the House of Commons, where he found Bright speaking on the Irish Coercion Bill. News of Colley's defeat in the Transvaal came on January 29th, 1881, and he was present in the House at the sitting which lasted from 4 p.m. on January 31st to 9.30 a.m. on February 2nd.

Winter in England had few attractions, however, for the wanderer, and he was soon off again, this time to Italy, where he found the railway track wrecked by an avalanche near Modane. He came in for a gay time in Rome, visited Naples and Syracuse, and came to Malta in time for a fancy-dress ball. "I had no time to arrange a fancy costume," he wrote to Lady Sydney, "so I went in the scantiest attire of a Neapolitan fisherman; my legs were terribly tickled by the ladies' dresses, which are still rather extensive."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Countess Sydney

MALTA,
April 24th, 1881.

On April 7th I left Malta at 2 a.m. on board the *Thunderer*, which was ordered to Chios for the relief of the sufferers in the recent earthquake. I

had very comfortable quarters in Captain Colomb's cabin. We reached Castro, the capital of Chios, on the 9th, and found the H.M.S. *Bittern*, H.M.S. *Antelope*, and two Turkish gunboats. It would be impossible to describe the horrors of the earthquake. The first shock had occurred at 2 p.m., luckily on a holiday when many people were outside the towns, and after three-quarters of an hour the people who had rushed from their houses returned to look after the sick and those left behind, when another severe shock overwhelmed them. There were shocks daily while we were there, which we felt on board the ship. Some places were entirely destroyed. I visited a town inland which was entirely deserted. There was no difference between house and street, all a heap of ruins. The people were not allowed to enter the town, but were in huts or tents outside. An earthquake is ruinous to life, fortune, trade, food supplies, every interest and occupation. All classes are equally involved. I remember a lady who was with many other people in a very large tent telling me she was expecting her confinement daily and who begged to be removed into privacy. It was extraordinary how different the effect was on different buildings. Sometimes a tall minaret remained upright where small dwellings were a heap of ruins. We brought tents and supplies of all kinds. The ships anchored off several places in one island, and we walked about, bringing help and relief to the sufferers.

We left Chios on the 18th, and practised various experiments in speed and evolutions, also gun and torpedo practice, on our way back to Malta. I expect to sail for England in a few days.

Ever your affectionate

HINCH.

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Countess Sydney

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, PORTSMOUTH,
August 14th, 1881.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

I had no idea you were still in London, or I should have gone to see you last Wednesday. I went up to the H. of C. to oppose despotism on Tuesday and Wednesday, but thought that you had flown to Frognal. They insist on my staying here till Thursday. Only Lady A. here, who is like a girl of twenty, full of life and fun. We went over to Osborne yesterday for the Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta. Victor won the race, and had Prince Henry of Prussia on board with him. We all had tea on board the *Osborne*. I have been over all the ships here, in which, as you know, I am always much interested, and it is very pleasant.

Yours ever affectionately,
HINCH.

I think it not unlikely that Lady A. will propose!

6, JAMES STREET, BUCKINGHAM GATE,
November 20th, 1881.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

Our new housekeeper was supposed to be "on the drink" last night—typified by her smashing all the soup plates: so much for the smart places she came from. We must fly lower. Can your treasure recommend a woman? Philip likes them old and ugly, I middle-aged and comely. Are all women either wanting in virtue or sobriety? If so, I prefer running the risk of virtue!

Ever yours affectionately,
HINCH.

On July 6th, 1882, Lord Hinchingbrooke went to Windsor as a qualified instructor in musketry to examine the officers of the Scots Fusiliers. On the 31st he was present when the Prince and Princess of Wales inspected the Blues, in which regiment his brother Oliver was serving, before their departure to Egypt. In August he went to Dublin to take over the command of the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. Here he relates an amusing incident.

The Diary

"A cousin of mine of the Hunts Militia was A.D.C. to Spencer. While we were smoking outside after dinner the sentry did not challenge us. This was resented by my cousin, who asked me to interfere. I told him the sentry was under the authority of the officer of the guard, that I did not know his orders, and that I could not interfere—upon which he proposed to do so. I told him that if he did so the sentry would probably put him in his sentry-box until relieved. I had forgotten the parole, and when I left at night I asked him to give it to me. He declined. When I got to the sentry in my Irish car, he would not let me pass without the parole. So I had to return to the Lodge and again ask my cousin. Still he would not give it to me, but accompanied me in the car to the sentry. When we got there, the time for the countersign had arrived, so the sentry would not let me pass. However, I had had enough of this and told the sentry to call the police, which he did, and I got home. The next morning I sent for the man to the orderly room and asked him, as he knew me, why he would not let me pass. He answered, 'You are the last

man I would let pass without giving the parole.' I appointed him lance-corporal. The same kind of thing happened once at the Tower. I forgot the parole when challenged by the sentry at the steps of the officers' quarters, and nothing would induce him to let me pass. I managed to distract his attention by suggesting there might be a fire where a fire was very bright in one of the windows, and while he was looking I dashed up the steps. He reported me to William Earle, who was the C.O., and I was duly reprimanded.

"On October 20th the Blues, with Oliver, made a triumphal entry into London after their campaign in Egypt.

"I returned to London on November 2nd and visited Victor on board his new command, H.M.S. *Garnet*, fitting out at Sheerness.

"The autumn was partly spent in paying visits. I was at Hinchingbrooke for Christmas with the family party and went on to Frognal for the New Year.

"On February 17th, 1883, I went with A. Bingham to Paris, Bordeaux, and to Pau to see Alice Corry, who was still very unwell and had taken a villa there. Agnes Keyser came in while Alice and I were playing chess, and I then made acquaintance with the Keyser family, who were spending the winter at Pau.

"I went on an expedition to Lourdes and Argelès in the Pyrenees. On April 3rd we went with Mr. and Mrs. C. Keyser, Fanny, and Agnes into the Pyrenees, staying at Eaux Chaudes.

"We drove up to Gabas and walked over the debris of an avalanche to a plateau under the Pic du Midi, whence I made my first and last climb up a snowy peak. Keyser was an accomplished mountaineer, and I followed him, and can never forget the struggle. Every step I sank above my knees in the snow, half my body was scorched by the sun, the other half frozen with cold. The next day we walked to a grotto and some distance along a stream underground into the mountain to a waterfall. We all disliked the process very much, but nobody dared to disclose his or her funk until we got out again.

"On June 4th I went to stay with Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge for Ascot. The guests were the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Binghams, Newports, Calthorpe, Miss Lock, and C. Eliot.

"The following week there was a State ball at Buckingham Palace. An equerry came and told me that the lovely Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, granddaughter of the Queen, and now the widow of the Grand Duke Serge of Russia, would dance the next valse with me. Before the turn for the dance came, the Duke of Albany told me over the head of several people that Princess Beatrice would dance the same valse with me. I was unable then and there to explain my engagement with Princess Elizabeth, so when the valse started I walked across the open space to the dais, upon which the two Princesses stood up. I was too shy to explain the situation, and started dancing with Princess Elizabeth. Of course, I took the

first opportunity of explaining matters to Princess Beatrice, who most kindly said she would dance the following valse with me.

"On the 9th I went with Falbe, the Danish Minister, to join Mrs. Leigh in her yacht the *Chazalie* at Harwich. Evelyn and Cecil Paget were also on board. We steamed up the coast for five hours, the course being nearly as crowded as Piccadilly, and at midnight set sail for Holland. I had just turned in, when I heard our whistle blowing incessantly. Of course, I thought steamers were running into us, and flew on deck to find that one of the ropes had caught in the whistle and set it going.

"We were off Rotterdam at the mouth of the River Maas about 9 a.m., when the pilot came on board and said there would not be enough water for us to go into harbour until 5 p.m. I suggested that as there was rather a rough sea on we might find smoother water near the shore. Mrs. Leigh overheard this conversation from her cabin, and sent the steward up to say she wished the ship to be kept perfectly steady, as she was feeling very unwell. This was hardly practicable, but we moored alongside the quay at 7.30 p.m.

"I very much admired this quaint, picturesque town. We visited the Schiedam gin distillery. We went by train to the Hague and went through the picture galleries, drove to Scheveningen and to the Queen of Holland's home and park. We steamed on to Amsterdam through the North Sea Canal, where we visited the picture galleries, the Jews' quarters, and the Palace. In the after-

noon we drove to the exhibition, and in the evening went to the park theatre. The next day we went by river to Haarlem, heard the famous organ in the Cathedral. On the 18th we went in the steam launch into the Zuyder Zee and to the Marken Island, with its houses built on piles and its strange costumes, and to Peter the Great's House at Saardam. On the 20th we arrived at Antwerp, and visited the Cathedral and saw Rubens' picture of the Crucifixion, the Museum, and the Printer's House. Falbe left us at Flushing, and we went on to Ostend and visited Ghent. We left Ostend on a glorious morning at 3 a.m., and I was surprised to find Mrs. Leigh's maid on deck at that early hour. I mentioned this to Mrs. Leigh; she replied that her maid had told her 'she got up, as she preferred being drowned in her clothes.'

"While at Dover we went to see the works at Shakespeare's Cliff for the commencement of the Channel Tunnel.

"On July 30th I attended the dear old General Sir Fenwick Williams' funeral at Brompton Cemetery. Philip and I had looked after him as best we could, and often dined with him at the Senior. He had become very feeble in mind and body. I found him sitting up in his arm-chair one day, and told him he ought to be in bed. He went to bed and died.

"He was a most excellent and kind-hearted man, had led a very distinguished life and held important commands, and was at one moment the idol of the British public as the hero of Kars.

"I went down again to stay on board the *Chazalie* at Portsmouth for Goodwood Races.

"We went on to Cowes. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters, and the Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, niece of the Prince, came on board several times.

"I sailed with Ned Baring in the *Waterwitch* for the Queen's Cup. We steamed in the *Osborne* round the island, about four miles off Egypt House. It blowing very hard; we saw a little cutter swamped and five men swimming for their lives. The lifeboat was lowered and picked up one; the others were rescued by a launch amid considerable anxiety on board the Royal Yacht.

"One afternoon the Princess came with us in the launch to see the town regatta, and came to tea with the Grand Duke of Hesse and Prince Louis of Battenberg.

"On the 13th there was a race between the *Chazalie*, *Czarina* (Brassey's), and the *Palatine* (Wolverton's). A nice breeze in the morning fell to a calm before the end of the race, and the *Czarina* drifted in, fifty seconds, not a length ahead of us, but the *Chazalie* won the prize by time allowance of two minutes, ten seconds. The *Palatine* was many miles astern.

"It is extraordinary how little the owners of yachts know about sailing. On this occasion, while beating up to the Nab, Mrs. Leigh was in despair because the *Czarina* was apparently ahead of us, forgetting that she was far to leeward, and while we were running before the wind back

to Cowes she was very excited because we would not all lie down under the gunwale.

"The *Chazalie* was an auxiliary steamer of about 700 tons.

"Thence to Dartmouth, where A. Bingham joined us. We visited the *Britannia* training-ship and steamed in the launch to Totnes. On the course to Falmouth we landed at the Eddystone Lighthouse and went up to the top. The ascent was bad enough, climbing the iron rungs until you reached the turret with the circular staircase inside; but coming down, when you reached the platform and had to lie on your stomach trying to find the rungs in the wall, was awful. Oliver came out of the door during my attempt, and I implored him to go back. Lady Virginia, with a man on either side, accomplished the feat. The recollection of the Eddystone has always remained a kind of nightmare to me.

"We went on to the Scilly Islands and anchored off St. Mary's. Dorrien Smith's steam launch took us to Tresco, a very pretty place with its sub-tropical gardens; but I was rather disappointed in the tame scenery of the islands.

"On November 5th I went to Sandringham. The guests were Prince Eddy, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Landgrave of Hesse, Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Grefuhle, Comte de St. Priest, Baron von Holzhausen, Captain von Strahl, C. Vivian, C. Sykes, Oscar Dickson, Lady Emily Kingscote, Francis and Miss Knollys, and A. Ellis in waiting.

"Tuesday and Thursday there was partridge-

driving; Wednesday, Commodore and Dersingham Woods; Friday, Woodcock Wood.

"Friday, the 9th, was the Prince's birthday, and he received innumerable presents from all sorts and kinds of people, and there was a ball, which lasted till 4 a.m.

"In connection with this party I must give an extraordinary instance of the Prince's memory. Many years afterwards he was referring to the death of Creppy Vivian, when he remarked on the number of members of this party who had died, and he really ran through the names of the people I had met at Sandringham on this occasion. Considering the number of guests he entertained every year at Sandringham, I remember telling him with wonder of his marvellous memory.

"On the 21st, while shooting at Frognal, the news came of Hicks Pasha's disaster in the Soudan."

Viscount Hinchingbrooke to Countess Sydney

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK,
November 6th, 1883.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

You have of course heard that Mrs. Leigh's marriage with Falbe is settled. We had a very jolly fortnight at Luton; he was there on and off, and of course one saw that it was imminent. I came here yesterday. A good deal has been added this year, including the new ballroom, which is to be opened on Friday. The party consists of Germans and French: German, the Landgrave of Hesse and two men; French, Comte and Comtesse de Grefuhle, Comte de St. Priest; and a Swiss, Oscar Dickson. All is very "couleur de rose," and nothing could exceed

their affability. We drove partridges to-day in torrents of rain and much wind.

How nice and easy it all is!

Ever yours affectionately,

HINCH.

"On the 17th I went to Panshanger, where the Duke and Duchess of Albany were staying, and where I first saw a house with electric light.

"I went on for Christmas to Hinchingbrooke, where the family were assembled, and returned to London on the 31st and attended a midnight service at Wellington Barracks."

On March 2nd, 1884, Lord Sandwich died, and his son succeeded him in the family honours.

CHAPTER XI

LIFE AT HINCHINGBROOKE

After Lord Sandwich's succession, he dropped out of London society to a great extent. He visited town from time to time, he travelled still to a great extent, and he paid a certain number of visits, but his real interest lay more and more at Hinchingbrooke, where county work began to occupy a good deal of his time, and where he delighted in offering hospitality to his friends and relations.

"I had very great doubts as to whether I should remain on in the Army," he wrote in his Diary, "or whether I should devote myself to my new duties, and decided, I hope and think wisely, that, as it would be impossible to combine the two, my place could be easily filled in the Army, whereas the management of my estates and my position in the county demanded my first attention, and very reluctantly, on June 3rd, I decided to retire from the Army. On April 30th I was gazetted Honorary Colonel of the Hunts Militia, now called the 5th K.R.R.; on June 15th I was gazetted out of the Army."

There is no doubt that Lord Sandwich was sincerely grieved to leave the Service. It is equally clear that he was delighted to be released from the routine of Parliamentary duties. Party politics had

no charms for a man of his independent views, and he was looked on with some distrust by both parties. Although he represented Huntingdon in the Conservative interest, he supported the Liberal candidate, Mr. Adeane, in 1900. He afterwards severed his connection with that party, as he disapproved of their views on finance.

The following letter is amusing as coming from one who had just left Parliament, where he had sat as a Conservative, to an aunt whose husband was a staunch Liberal.

The Earl of Sandwich to Countess Sydney

HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON,
August 29th, 1884.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

As you are, as you say, "an old-fashioned Tory," and I am a modern Radical with socialistic tendencies, it is almost astonishing that in theory I agree with you—but the subject is too wide for a letter.

I am much amused at your being unable to finish your simile of chess to the quarrels of life! Chess is a game where right and reason prevail, and the best man wins—very unlike real life, to my mind. No, I recommend football as a better simile, with its kicks and struggles—or, more technically, with its rushes, shies, and shinnings. The hardest knocks and most uncompromising kicks get the mastery, whether fair or unfair.

Did I tell you that Huntingdon wanted to entertain me at a public dinner? But the Conservatives would have nothing to say to it, as the Liberals originated the idea; so it is postponed.

Yours ever affectionately,

HINCH.

If politics did not interest Lord Sandwich overmuch, it cannot be said that he shirked his county

duties. As he gradually made himself looked up to and respected in Huntingdonshire, he filled many important posts and did much excellent work. He was never a figurehead, and his keen common sense and clear judgment made his work really valuable. He was chairman of the County Council from its inception, chairman of the Board of Guardians, chairman of the County Tribunal, chairman of the County Hospital: he was, as one of his nieces remarked, "chairman of everything" in Huntingdon. He was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the county by Lord Salisbury, and served as Mayor of Huntingdon for three successive years. Although he led such a busy life, he never missed a meeting, always arriving with military punctuality at the given hour. As a chairman he is said to have been ideal—quick to grasp a situation, and equally quick to see the advisability of moving with the times and of adopting the democratic ideals of progress of the day.

He was an excellent platform speaker, always holding his audience and having a happy knack of turning to the light side of his subject. One example, out of many, may be given to illustrate this habit. In his opening address to the members of the Ladies' Needlework Guild, of which, of course, he was president, he caused much merriment by saying, "Perhaps you think I am nervous, alone amongst so many ladies; but no! with one I should be terrified, but with many I am safe!"

Lord Sandwich was now forty-five years old; he was unmarried, his early engagement having been broken off. His character, always original, some said eccentric, had crystallised as the years went on. In some respects he was a man who seldom did himself justice and who was often much misunderstood. Naturally warm-hearted and sensitive, he had got into the habit of hiding his feelings under a joking or sarcastic exterior. One who knew him well said of him that "he had a habit of commanding which inclined him to speak in an autocratic manner; this instilled a fear of him in his subordinates, and, except for a few close friends, his character was too domineer-

ing and self-assertive to be popular amongst men of his own age and standing; a mixture of pettiness and greatness, he found it difficult to forgive and certainly never forgot."

Although far from faultless, it was a character of great strength and much charm. He had a heart of gold, a very human sympathy for his fellow creatures, an unfailing energy, and a joy of life that often bubbled over into the most boyish of practical jokes.

As a host he was perfect. No matter who the guests might be, he set out to entertain them. He always took trouble to make himself agreeable, and was only dreaded when his sarcastic tongue got the better of him, or, on some trying occasions, when, after carefully reading up a period of history, he would spring difficult questions on to his unsuspecting and unprepared guests.

He was a great raconteur, and treasured any story against his friends, often bringing it out before strangers, to the discomfiture of the victim: a saving grace enabled him to enjoy one told against himself with equal zest. One of his favourite stories related to a certain door at Hooke Court, his Dorsetshire house. This door was so invariably left open by the servants that some one had placed a printed notice on it, bearing the legend, "Everybody shuts the door but you." One day Lord Sandwich caught a footman in the act of leaving it open, so he called him back and asked him to read the notice. "Everybody shuts the door but you, my lord," was the reply.

Lord Sandwich's attitude to his servants was rather unusual. The butler had been with his father for many years before he succeeded, and was already a friend of the family. He always spoke to him as *Mr.* Cooper, and addressed so much of his conversation to him at dinner that a friend once complained that he addressed his conversation to his servants at dinner and to his horses out driving; consequently it was no use going to stay with him. He used to introduce his men-servants to guests as "the gentle-

men of my household." He always knew the personal history of his servants, and took a real interest in their welfare. He was usually very lenient to them, but had his own way of correcting them when necessary. On one occasion a small great-nephew and his nurse were staying at Hinchingbrooke, and he discovered that the nurse had had no supper because it was nobody's "place" to take it up to the nursery. That evening he left the dining-room in the middle of his dinner, went down to the kitchen, procured the supper, and took it up to the nursery himself; needless to say, the lesson had its effect. Once only he was really angry with two of the menservants whom he discovered standing before a window at his writing-table reading his letters. He dismissed neither, but was really annoyed with their stupidity in being found out.

"Mr. Cooper" was a great character and had a ready wit. One day a young member of the family, for fun, gave him a halfpenny for a tip; Mr. Cooper whipped a sovereign from his pocket and said, "No mistake, I hope, miss?" Lord Sandwich's love of practical jokes was so well known in the household that he never could get a servant to answer his bell on April 1st before twelve o'clock, for fear of being made an April fool.

Lord Sandwich rarely invited the members of his family to stay with him, preferring that they should propose themselves. The oftener they came and the longer they stayed, the better he was pleased. He had six nieces who were constantly at Hinchingbrooke and who indulged in a sort of friendly rivalry amongst themselves. When asked which was his favourite, he always tactfully replied that it was the one who had last been with him. As he retained in himself up to the end of his life a strain of youthful spirits, he was always ready to amuse young people, and many happy gatherings were held at Hinchingbrooke during his residence there. He was devoted to music and the theatre; he was an excellent mimic and was fond of private theatricals, making an admirable coach. He used to relate with pride that

Sir Henry Irving had said to him at their first meeting, " I saw at once that you were an actor born by the way you walked into the room."

This love of the theatre, combined with a passion for practical jokes, inspired him at times to arrange surprises for his guests, which contributed not a little to the gaiety of the moment. Once he invited a neighbour to bring in her house party to dance after dinner ; what was their surprise to be received by " Mr. Cooper " wearing a huge cat's head on his shoulders and the gentlemen of the household with their powdered heads hidden under pantomime masks. On another occasion he hung the walls of his dining-room with soap, candles, dustpans, and brooms, to greet a niece in whose dining-room he had observed an ancient warming-pan.

When bicycling first became the fashion, Lord Sandwich was very much put out by the bells that the riders rang. He bought one of these torments and used to amuse himself, when out driving, by ringing the bell in order to make the cyclists clear out of his way. After a time he caught the infection and learnt to ride himself. He was never a very bold performer, and it used to amuse the younger members of the family to see him at the head of a party of twelve or fifteen cyclists, riding through the town of Huntingdon and calling out, " Don't come near me ; go away, don't touch me ! " if any one approached too near.

In the course of time the bicycling craze died out, to be succeeded by that of motoring ; this proved to be a lasting pleasure and one that he enjoyed to the end of his life.

Lord Sandwich had a great taste for architecture ; during his residence at Hinchingbrooke he made an addition to the house and was responsible for many improvements. He was much amused at the comments of the family on these alterations.

" My dear Hinch," Lady Sydney said, whilst on a visit to Hinchingbrooke, " I think your taste in the garden is excellent. You have lived in barracks all your life, and how can you have learnt anything

about gardening? You must be a born landscape gardener, but you will forgive me for saying I think your taste in the house atrocious." The same afternoon his brother, Admiral Montagu, said, "My dear chap, I think you have wonderful taste in the house, but you are hopeless out of doors."

Admiral Montagu had a certain caustic wit of his own, which used to sparkle forth on unexpected occasions. In 1886 the family met together at Lady Emily Dyke's house, Lullingstone Castle, to celebrate the reconciliation of the two brothers, who had not spoken for some time, following on an estrangement caused by their father's will. Lord Sandwich was just going and the rest of the family were in the hall waiting to see him off, when the Admiral said, "Good-bye, Hinch; I'm so glad to have met you; I knew your poor father so well"!

The Diary for the years following his succession has little of interest; it merely chronicled the events of every day. He visits the Falbes at Luton Hoo, unveils a memorial to his father at the County Hospital, holds a bazaar at Hinchingbrooke to provide an organ for Brampton Church, to which Oliver Montagu brings down the band of the Blues. The next day he is opening a bazaar in the Town Hall to provide an organ for the Congregational Church in Huntingdon. The following week he is staying at Hatfield, which was then rented by the Duke of Edinburgh, and notes that he played a game of billiards with Prince George of Wales.

On December 10th he dined with the Mayor of Huntingdon; the dinner lasted for four hours, and thirty-eight dishes were provided. On the 17th he was appointed High Steward and an Honorary Freeman of Huntingdon at a function in the Town Hall.

The Diary

"On January 4th, 1887, I went to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Cleveland at Battle Abbey. At the end of dinner the Duchess kindly said

that she supposed I should like to smoke, and suggested that I should go to the servants' hall. I thought that might be inconvenient to the servants at their supper-time and said I could go outside. However, it was snowing hard, and the butler proposed that I should go to his room, which I readily accepted. I joined the dinner table before the men had gone into the drawing-room, but there was no question of any one else being invited to smoke.

"The next morning the snow was deep on the ground. We heard that the shooting was to commence three miles away and that no conveyances were ordered. I ordered traps from the town, and they were announced while I was talking to the Duchess, but no notice was taken by her Grace. When we reached the covert, there was a magnificent array of keepers and beaters, but to the best of my recollection two hours passed before I fired a shot. There was hardly anything to shoot.

"On February 19th I went to stay with the Hoffmans at Château la Bocca, at Cannes. Minnie Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and Sydney Herbert were the other guests. Cannes was very gay: a *bal masqué* at la Bocca, theatricals at the Princesse de Sagan's, and a ball at the Halfords'; but the principal event was the earthquake at 5.50 a.m., followed by another shock at 8 a.m. on February 23rd. I awoke under the first impression that a train had run off the rails into the garden, through which the line passed between the castle and the sea, but soon felt the reality. Little damage was

done at Cannes, but with two or three people in the house the effect and result was as if they were on a rough sea! Minnie Paget thought very lightly of it until we went over to Mentone and she saw the ruins there. Further east there was considerable devastation."

The Earl of Sandwich to Countess Sydney

February 26th, 1887.

DEAREST AUNT E.,

Thanks for yours and sorry you have been so kindly anxious. There has been a great panic and people are rushing away in thousands. If I had not seen more terrible earthquakes at Chios, when thousands were killed, I should take it more calmly. As it was my own experience was this: I suddenly awoke at 5.50 a.m., thinking some dreadful accident had occurred on the railway which runs between us and the sea. After a second, however, judging from the rattling of everything and the violent shaking of my bed, I realised an earthquake! It lasted nearly a minute. When it was over I got up and looked out of the window—it was a lovely dawn and everything looked beautiful and peaceful. I went to see Herbert, who is very ill, and went down to look after Minnie, meeting people on the stairs. I finally lit a cigarette and returned to bed and went to sleep. I was woken by another shock about eight o'clock, and we have had a few small ones since. "Voilà tout!" In the small narrow hotels people were terrified and rushed out—some sans hair, sans teeth!—into the gardens, and one wonders now what any one talked of before the earthquake. It seems to have been worse further east, but it was also felt far inland and as far as Corsica. On Thursday 11,000 people passed

through Cannes station. In this house we are very calm, and everything goes on as usual.

Yours ever affectionately,

HINCH.

THE DIARY

"On July 11th, 1888, I was gazetted to the command of the South Midland Brigade, which consisted of the volunteers in Northants, Rutland, Lincolnshire, Worcestershire, and Warwickshire.

"General Sir Evelyn Wood, when he came to inspect my militia battalion, suggested the idea and recommended me for the post.

"The first week in August 1890 I was in camp at Stoneleigh Park with the South Midland Volunteer Brigade. Lieutenant-Colonel D. Papillon was my Brigade-Major and Gerald Fitzgerald my A.D.C. The work was very hard while it lasted: an inspection and a field day every day; generally a luncheon to the mayor and mayoress of one of the principal cities in the command, and in the evening a concert or entertainment of some kind in the regimental recreation tents; after a dinner with each of the regiments.

"At the end we were inspected by the Lord-Lieutenant of Warwickshire, Lord Leigh, and by General Julian Hall in command of the district.

"The first day I was astonished, in walking through the lines with the C.O.s, to see how little attention was paid by the men to their officers. I issued an order about salutes. The next day, during a field day, I came across a sentry on outpost duty, who not only presented arms to me,

but at the same time saluted with his hand: the effect was too ridiculous, although the poor fellow's zeal was unbounded.

"The men were on the whole very anxious to learn and very surprised at the interest one was naturally obliged to take in their comfort and well-being. The large majority of the officers were obviously most ignorant of military duty and discipline. The commanding officers differed widely. One was about eighty years of age, and the joke amongst my staff was that one A.D.C. was generally employed in inquiries after his health and fatigue. I relied entirely on the adjutants, who were very efficient officers of the regulars. The strength of the Brigade varied by hundreds every day, as men were always coming and going. The crowd who visited the camp and watched the daily manœuvres was enormous, and there was great scope for criticism amongst the many military onlookers.

"One day I sent an A.D.C. with an order to a distant battalion which was making a grievous blunder. I watched the delivery of the order with no result. The A.D.C. returned and told me he was very sorry but he had forgotten my order when he reached the battalion. Papillon came to the rescue.

"One day at luncheon the Mayoress of Leicester told me across the table that she was surprised at the language I allowed my C.O.s to use. I was obliged to regret that a week was not sufficient to reform the custom of many years.

"Lord Euston on a very fine charger, marching

past at the head of his Northamptonshire Battalion of 1,200 men in quarter column, made as good a military exhibition as one could desire to see, and, considering the material of the Brigade generally, time would undoubtedly have produced a very useful force—but the C.O.s generally preferred bossing the show with their battalions respectively in their own counties.

"These brigade camps entailed a good deal of expense—the men preferred being nearer their homes—and after various attempts during six years to make the system of these volunteer brigades more efficient and satisfactory according to my lights, I resigned the command in 1896.

"After a short cruise in Brassey's yacht the *Sunbeam* I went with my cousin Henry Cadogan to see the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau.

"We reached Munich on September 20th, where I met the artist Lehbach and heard the opera *Götterdämmerung*—beautiful at intervals, as a whole most wearisome.

"We went to Salzburg—to Burg—drove to the château of Count Arco, and Heilbronn with its wonderful fountains and waterworks, to the Carmelite Convent, and to Berchtesgarten, a beautiful village in the mountains, where we went to the salt mines and subterranean lake. Went on the König See with its grand precipices, and to Tegern See, where I met Princess Otto of Wittgenstein, *née* Countess Eleanor of Wittgenstein, whom I had known many years ago in Rome and in London, and who was certainly one of the most agreeable, accomplished, and talented women

I have ever met. She was very intimate with the ex-Queen of Naples, who was residing close by.

"We took a long drive into the forest of Duke Charles of Bavaria, where the scenery was very grand, and we saw herds of deer. The Duke took me over his hospital for diseases of the eye, where he was renowned as an oculist. His patients appeared to be devoted to him. He had just come in from stalking. The only unusual proceeding which struck me was that he smoked a cigar while going the round of the wards. He was most friendly. He is the father of the present Queen of the Belgians. Thence to Partenkirchen, where we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. S. Dorrien and Clement Coke in a villa which Lord Wilton had lent to them. Coke drove us in Wilton's phaeton to Ober-Ammergau, where we stayed the night at Mr. Lang's, the postmaster.

"On arrival we visited some of the principal characters in the play, and Coke drove me to see Lindenhof, the king's palace and garden and grotto.

"The performance took place on September 28th, a glorious day, and lasted from 8 a.m. to 12, and from 1.30 p.m. to 5.20 p.m. I was immensely impressed by the sanctity of the performance—the simple dignity of the actors and the admirable arrangement of the *mise en scène*. The only thing that jarred upon me was the cry for the sale of "passion-sausages" in the interval.

"We drove back to Partenkirchen in the even-

ing, and spent the following days in lovely excursions in the mountains and to the lakes Bader See and Eib See, and to the wonderful gorge of Partnackhamm.

"On October 3rd we drove through lovely gorges and by the Plan See to Füssen and saw the fine castle of the Prince-bishops, and on the 4th to the castle of Hohen-Schwangau, the old castle of the Bavarian kings, and to the new Schwanstein castle built on a rock by King Ludwig —a marvellous site and building, with a throne-room where he evidently considered himself divine.

"I went on January 22nd, 1891, to stay with Sir John Halford, colonel of the Leicestershire Volunteers, a great rifle shot, for a volunteer function at Leicester, and on February 4th to the Spencers at Althorp, where Spencer proposed my health at dinner on my appointment as Lord-Lieutenant of Huntingdonshire in succession to the Duke of Bedford.

"In May I took the Hunts Militia to camp at Colchester.

"On the morning after our arrival, while the other regiments in camp were at drill at the goose step, I took out the battalion to battalion drill. I saw the General riding about in plain clothes. I practised the men in the most difficult, ridiculous, and now obsolete movement of marching to a flank in oblique echelon to my, and I believe to his, entire satisfaction.

"This summer I suffered from eczema in the foot, and went with Cooper, who was also ailing,

to Homburg on September 7th and stayed at Ritter's Park Hotel.

"I dined on my arrival with the Prince of Wales, who was leaving that night, at the Kursaal, and met the Marquise Montagliari (*née* Fuller) and her husband, Lady A. and Miss Chandos-Pole, Sir G. Lewis, Chester Arthur (son of the ex-President, U.S.A.), and Mr. Smalley. I went with Lord and Lady Esher to Frankfort to see the Electrical Exhibition and to hear the new opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and another day with Prince and Princess E. of Saxe-Weimar to dine with the Oppenheimers and see the ballet *Excelsior*.

"I lunched and dined with the Empress Frederick at the Schloss, and played lawn tennis with her daughters, the Princess Victoria of Schomberg-Lippe and Princess Margaret, now the Princess Frederick of Hesse.

"I had long and many confidential conversations with the Empress on public affairs, on the illness and death of her husband, on her relations with her son, and on many subjects.

"She was very much occupied at the time with the building of her new palace at Cronberg—Friedrichs Hof: I spent a day with the Empress there; I was in the carriage with the Empress, Countess Perpoucher, and Sir J. Lubbock (afterwards Lord Avebury). The conversation turned towards Japanese insects, and I was astounded how the Empress was competent to discuss this and other abstruse subjects on even terms with the philosopher. I have never met any woman endowed with such knowledge and

intellect, and very highly appreciated her gracious kindness and courtesy.

"During my stay at Homburg I came across the ivory casket on which is represented the landing of King Charles II. and the first Earl of Sandwich at Dover. I gave £130 for this interesting relic."

CHAPTER XII

HERE AND THERE

The Diary

"In February 1892 Philip,[1] whose period of command of the Brigade of Guards and Home District would have expired on April 1st, had something akin to a paralytic stroke at his office at the Horse Guards. He was taken to 4, Hobart Place, where I visited him. He never entirely recovered from this attack.

"In April I went to Wherwell for the launch at Southampton of one of my brother Victor's racing yachts. I think this was the occasion when he got bored at a long luncheon and slipped away without responding to the toast of his health.

"My uncle, Lord Sydney, died on February 14th, 1890.

"My mania for building took a new turn in April 1892. I had built so many cottages, farm buildings, etc., that I determined to try my hand in a more ambitious line, and I planned and erected the 'Cottage' at Hinchingbrooke, hardly realising how useful it would become to me, and how many years of my life I should spend in it. One

[1] General Philip Smith.

of my reasons for building it was that I contemplated extensive alterations at Hinchingbrooke, and that it would be necessary for me to be on the spot to supervise the work there.

"The cottage was finished in June 1893. I have lived in it during nearly eight years, and it has been occupied by the Walter Bagots, Lady Sefton, G. Warburtons, C. Adeanes, Margaret Bagot, Sir West and Lady Ridgeway, General Sir R. and Lady Thynne, J. Cators, Minnie Lady Hindlip, Edward Stonors, the Whites, K.R.R., R. Grosvenors, and Mrs. Villiers. So it has not often been empty.

"At Lullingstone there were festivities at Christmas for Percyval's coming of age in October, which were, however, dreadfully marred by the distressing news we received from Cairo of my brother Oliver's illness. My sister Emily and Margaret Bagot hurried off during the party to Egypt.

"He had had a bad attack of influenza in the summer, after which he came to Hinchingbrooke for the last time in June, and was still suffering in his throat, but paid some visits in the autumn, the last of which was, I think, to Sandringham.

"It was thought his lungs were affected, and he was ordered to Egypt for the winter, but we were not led to suppose that there was anything serious.

"There was a great tenants' dinner in the Hall at Lullingstone. I sat between father and son. The former was dreadfully nervous about Percy's speech, but he made an excellent reply to the

toast of his health, which I had the pleasure of proposing.

"The reports of my brother were so unsatisfactory that I started on January 13th, 1893, with my niece, Lina Dyke, for Cairo. We caught a horribly bad Messageries Maritimes steamer, *Senegal*, at Marseilles. She could hardly steam out of harbour and broke down two or three times on the voyage. We were twenty-four hours late at Alexandria.

"Emily met us at the station at Cairo on January 20th, saying that Oliver's condition was hopeless. He passed away at 5 p.m. on the 24th, at what was then the Hôtel Continental.

"We held a funeral service, and his body was carried by men of the Dorset Regiment and conveyed on a gun-carriage to the military hospital, where it was embalmed and brought to England in charge of his servant Young in the steamer *Arcadia*, which reached Liverpool on February 20th.

"The Prince of Wales sent for me on the 5th, and showed the greatest sympathy and concern in all details concerning my brother, and expressed many wishes with regard to the funeral, which he desired to attend.

"On the 10th the Princess of Wales received me at Sandringham, and also made the tenderest inquiries concerning all the circumstances of his illness and death.

"Oliver had been on the most intimate terms with T.R.H. for very many years, and they were deeply grieved at his passing away.

"In the afternoon I spent a considerable time

with the Princess in the room where Prince Eddy had died a year ago. She recounted to me all details of his life and death, and was still overwhelmed with the loss she had sustained, and from which I do not think she has ever recovered. His room had not been changed in any respect.

"On February 23rd the funeral of my brother Oliver took place at Brampton. The Prince of Wales and Duke of York arrived by special train at 11.30. I drove to the rectory garden, Brampton, with the Prince.

"After luncheon I took the Prince and the Duke of York to see the building of the 'Cottage' which was in progress.

"The early death of my youngest brother was a great grief to me. On the following day I received a bad account of my Aunt Emily, Lady Sydney. She never recovered the shock of the news of Oliver's death. It affected her mind even more than her body. She died on March 9th, aged eighty-three years, having survived her husband just three years, and was buried at Chislehurst, where she had erected a beautiful recumbent statue to her husband.

"Thus passed away a very remarkable woman and a great power in the family. Whatever happened, the general question was, 'What will Emily—or Aunt Emily—say?' Her house in London, at 3, Cleveland Square, was the great rendezvous of all members of the family at all times, and in earlier days of the élite clique of London Society. In her youth she was considered a great beauty and certainly possessed in an

H.M. KING EDWARD VII AND THE EARL OF SANDWICH

Photographed at Hinchingbrooke

eminent degree the 'talent de la société.' This, however, failed signally on one occasion. She was entertaining a large party of neighbours at dinner at Frognal, and noticing that a man who sat next to her did not speak at all to the lady he had taken to dinner, she said, 'Mr. ——, I don't think you know Mrs. ——' (*i.e.* the lady at his side); the man replied, 'Oh yes, I do, Lady Sydney; she is my wife.'

"Her religious views were of the extreme Low Church, and although very fond of music and the drama she never went to a theatre. She approved of chess on Sunday, was doubtful about draughts, but absolutely forbade the game of go-bang. She was a law unto herself and was somewhat intolerant of the views of others. Her kindness and hospitality knew no bounds. Like her husband, she was supposed to hold politically advanced views. I know no people who socially were more conservative. My whole life was most intimately and affectionately connected with her; the blank caused by her death could never be filled, and I am thankful that I was of great service to her in her latter days, and she left me, as executor, all her and her husband's correspondence. Having been all his life intimately connected with the Court of Queen Victoria, there was little which could be published without indiscretion.

"Lady Sydney had kept all letters and gave those of her relations back to them before she died. I have several books of autograph letters which she retained in my possession, and which are very interesting.

"On September 9th I took up my abode with Philip at the Cottage, preparatory to the alterations at Hinchingbrooke, which were begun on March 5th, 1894.

"On February 24th, 1894, I joined the Royal train at Cambridge and went to Sandringham to meet the Empress Frederick. The establishment came down from Marlborough House for two nights. I spent Monday driving with the Empress, the Prince, and Count Seckendorf to visit the farms, schools, cottages, and various other works which the Prince had constructed or renovated on the estate, in all of which he took the greatest interest, and of which he had a wonderful knowledge, explaining every detail. I was very much amused at seeing the Empress scrambling about farmyards, etc.

"On March 20th I received a telegram announcing the death of my stepmother Blanche, in Charles Street, Mayfair. I had had a most vivid dream during the night of her death. It was impressed upon me with such unique force that I could not realise it was only a dream. I went early into the garden to shake off the illusion, when the telegram was brought to me, and I felt quite bewildered. I knew that she had been unwell, but when the doctor saw her on the morning before she died he told her she would be able to get up on the morrow, so that there was not the slightest idea of her condition being serious.

"She was buried at Brampton.

"On May 17th my cousin, Evelyn Paget, with

whom I was very intimate, and who constantly stayed with me, died unexpectedly while on a visit to Brighton. She was Maid of Honour to the Queen, and daughter of my uncle, Lord Alfred Paget.

"In October I was going up the ladder to get on to the roof of the Cottage when, in leaning forward to open the door, the ladder slipped from under me. I fell forward on to the landing and then backwards on to the ladder, which was lying on the floor below. Alfred Yorke and G. Warburton, who were coming up the stairs, saw the fall. My dog Jack was terribly perturbed and came and licked me with all his might; the maids, who were adorning themselves for their Sunday-afternoon walk, came on to the scene *en déshabillé*. My escape was wonderful, but I was very much bruised.

"I had not been quite satisfied about Philip's strength lately, and wanted that excellent fellow Brigade-Surgeon C. E. Harrison, who had attended him all along, to come down and see him. He was, as usual, absorbed in his duties with the Brigade, and said he would see Philip when he returned to London. Philip, however, was concerned about the effect of my fall and got him down to look at my condition. He came down on October 27th. Philip's brother Robert had recently died, so we were alone, and thus, most mercifully, Harrison was here when the final attack came. Philip was coming to church as usual on Sunday, October 31st, when I dissuaded him from doing so, not being happy about his

appearance, although Harrison had not noticed any change, and when Harrison and I started I desired a servant to watch him and send for us at once if he observed anything unusual. We were summoned from church within twenty minutes. We found him insensible. He never recovered consciousness, and passed away about 1 a.m. on November 1st, All Saints' Day.

"His body was removed to Wendover on the 3rd. On the 5th I attended a memorial service at the Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks—his work—which was crowded with his relations, brother officers, and friends. The choir from St. Paul's Cathedral attended, and sang more beautifully than any other choir I have ever heard.

"In August 1858 I first met Philip. In the following year he had become adjutant of the 2nd Battalion, and then arose our devoted friendship, which had never ceased and which has been the best experience of my life.

"His one object in life was duty, and his aim the glory of God. I erected the West Window in Brampton Church to the memory of my friend and comrade.

"On February 12th, 1896, I took up my abode in renovated Hinchingbrooke, and spent most of the year in getting the house and garden in order.

"In November I was elected Mayor of Huntingdon in anticipation of the Queen's Jubilee, and served in that capacity for three years.

"In this year I built the steam laundry at Huntingdon. I found that the work was being

sent to other places, and thought that it would give employment to many in the town. The first stone was laid by my niece, Mary Montagu. I had many difficulties at first. However, in the flux of time all objections were overcome. It has been a success, and, I believe, a benefit to the town.

"I spent a week in London for the Queen's Jubilee, and saw the procession from Devonshire House.

"I attended the Queen's reception of the chairmen of county councils, but did not march past again as mayor.

"We went on the top of an omnibus to visit the illuminations in the city. The progress was very slow, on account of the gigantic crowds.

"An American widow, who lived in Paris, was dining in Hill Street and asked me across the table, relative to some joke, whether a lord-lieutenant could confer titles in his county. I answered that I could only confer one, *i.e.* that of countess.

"For the benefit of the men of Huntingdon, and in memory of my mayoralty, I built the Montagu Club, in order that the working men should have a place of resort and amusement without the necessity of visiting public-houses. I made no restrictions as to the regulations beyond that I should be president and nominate the vice-president, that the management should be in the hands of an elected committee. The club has been a great success, and I believe that it has been of great benefit and very much appreciated. I

have had for many years an excellent vice-president in Mr. John White and secretary in Mr. Friend.

"On January 11th, 1898, we had theatricals at Hinchingbrooke: *Barbara* and *Betsy Baker* were played, followed by a dance.

"My nieces displayed great histrionic talent.

"On the 12th I started with George Montagu for Egypt. We reached Port Said on the 19th, where my former dragoman in 1892, Salah Ahmed, met us.

"We spent a week in Cairo, during part of which we had bitterly cold weather, and paid Billy Dyke a visit at Helouan.

"We met the Grenfells, Rennell Rodds, Sir William Garstin, Lady D'Arcy Osborne, etc.

"On the 29th we sailed in the dahabieh *Abla* up the Nile.

"I cannot imagine a more delightful life if desperately in love and the object is with you—or if suffering from paralysis, as you would be at no disadvantage with your companions; otherwise I think the life too wearisome for words. You may start with a fine breeze and spin along lustily, and arrive at a bend of the river where the wind is foul and have to haul in to the bank; you may have a strong wind and expect a good day's progress, and you stick on a sandbank. When the wind is contrary, the towing and punting process is awful; the men struggle for hours to make five miles a day. Our best run was fifty-one miles, our worst four. The flies are awful;

sandstorms very disagreeable. The men roll themselves in their blankets and are immovable.

"One day the reis (captain) had a row with the mate, who seized the captain by the throat.

"We reached our highest point, Assouan, on February 24th. It was very hot. We had a very interesting day—visiting Philæ before its destruction, and returning by boat down the cataract. Lord and Lady Loch and family were at Assouan with us. We had also met the Smith Barrys near the Naghamali railway bridge.

"We started on our return voyage on the 28th, having met the engineers and contractors who got the concession two days before to construct the dam and locks at the cataract, to be finished within five years. We occasionally passed steamers towing barges with troops for the Soudan. We landed and visited all points of interest, of which Luxor is the most important, where we spent three days. Coming down the river is, of course, easier work—the men row at times, at others we floated with the current. On one occasion, at Gebel Abu Feda, the reis took the wrong channel, and we stuck hopelessly on a sandbank at 3 p.m. The sheikh of a neighbouring village came to the rescue, and with his twenty men and our crew, all naked on the bank, struggled in vain to get us off. The sheikh remained on board all night, and the villagers returned early in the morning and continued their struggles. The water in the river was ebbing, and the reis alluded to the possibility of the dahabieh being permanently stranded. After

several hours I told the reis he would never get his boat off. I saw how ridiculous their tactics were, half the men working against the others, and I took command. I got the boat clear in a few minutes. The sheikh and reis came and made profound obeisance, and we got back into the main stream. At the end of twenty-four hours we were three miles back on our course.

"We got down to Rodah on the 21st, and determined to leave the boat and go on to Cairo by train.

"Lord Cowper's servant had recently been murdered near the river, having gone ashore from the dahabieh, and strict orders were given to the dragomen on no account to allow Europeans to land alone. It was a bore never being allowed to walk about alone. George was always accompanied by a Nubian—I by an Egyptian, by name Mahmoud.

"The day before we left the boat we four were lying together on the bank smoking cigarettes. I gave one to the Nubian, upon which Mahmoud, to whom I had of course given cigarettes, and with whom I had, during three weeks, become very friendly, asked me for a cigarette. I refused and said he should be very grateful for those given to him, but should not ask for more. Upon which he came up to me by way of showing me his tobacco pouch, and pulled the cigarette I was smoking out of my mouth and began smoking it. It was the funniest sensation. We were all amazed at his cheek, but I am afraid I could not help laughing. When we got back to the boat,

I called the dragoman, and without mentioning what had happened told him and the crew that I had never been treated with such familiarity, and that Mahmoud ought to be bastinadoed, but that I would pass it over with a severe reprimand. In strict confidence I told the dragoman in the evening what had occurred. He was furious, and I was afraid that he would visit it so harshly that the next morning, before the crew, I told him that I forgave him, and in token gave him a box of cigarettes. The poor chap was very penitent, and wept copiously as we parted at the railway station.

"We had a most interesting visit to the Museum, which was then at Ghizeh, with Captain Lyon, R.E., but I have found it very difficult to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the history of monuments and antiquities of Egypt. Every authority differs from the other.

"We intended to join the P. & O. *China*, but she was wrecked at Perim, and we travelled on March 26th, 1898, in the Austrian-Lloyd *Cleopatra* to Venice. Lady Grenfell, Sir W. and Lady Eden, Comte de Lonyay, and Baron Nicolas de Vay were on board, as well as a cargo of 25,000 sacks of onions!

"We stayed a night at Milan and arrived at Hinchingbrooke on April 1st.

"After a visit to the Bishop of Peterborough and Lady Mary Glyn at Peterborough, to attend a meeting of the Navy League, and to Lullingstone, I started with Misses Fanny and Agnes Keyser for a tour in Italy on March 16th, 1899.

"We visited Naples, Salerno, whence we visited

Pœstum and its temples, Amalfi, an ideal spot, whence we went to Rovello Cathedral. We drove along the coast road to Sorrento with its precipitous cliffs.

"We spent ten days at Rome during the Easter celebrations, where there was a great contrast to my previous experience. Instead of seeing the Pope celebrating mass in the Sistine Chapel, there was a howling crowd of Germans shouting "Colossal."

"We went on to Florence. I went early one morning to the Santa Croce, where a man whom I remembered well, but to whom I could not put a name, came up and talked to me, when close by I saw the Empress Frederick. Immediately recognised him as Count Seckendorf. I had a long talk with the Empress, and this was the last time I met her.

"During the Boer War my friends Fanny and Agnes Keyser turned their house in Grosvenor Crescent into a hospital for sick and wounded officers, and invited me to assist them in their work.

"I was a frequent visitor there during the war. Their success was complete. So devotedly attached to her work was Agnes that she assumed the name of Sister Agnes, and later on founded the hospital called Edward VII. Hospital, in Grosvenor Gardens, to which as matron she devoted her life and which continues to this day.

"I determined to assist as far as I could, and Hinchingbrooke became a convalescent hospital.

I received officers from February 2nd, 1900, to June 6th, 1902, many of whom came from the Keysers, and I never had a doctor or a nurse in the house during that time. I have a book at Hinchingbrooke which contains their names and their records.

"This was many years before I knew of my gift, but I fully recognise now that I then possessed the power of healing.

"I was fully occupied all the summer with my patients, one of whom was under my care on and off from June 2nd to November 14th, his thigh having been shattered at Colenso. For the first three months he could not move without assistance.

"A Canadian was with me for six weeks suffering from an attack of sunstroke at Paardeburg, which affected his mind and limbs. An officer was with me who arrived on the understanding that he was never to see a woman. I arranged accordingly.

"Madame Melba had proposed to pay me her usual visit, but I had told her that I was sorry I could not receive her, as Hinchingbrooke was a hospital; upon which she most kindly said, 'Oh, do let me come and sing to your officers!' I accordingly asked a few friends to meet her, and told the officer that he must have his meals, etc., alone for a few days. He very soon asked to be allowed to join us, and I soon found him quite serene, having got over his objection. The drawing-room was a curious scene on these evenings, with ladies in smart attire and the officers in dressing-gowns with crutches and all variety of hospital attire.

"We were not free from practical jokes. Two officers had been together at Brighton; one had written a letter to the other as from a young lady desirous of making an appointment with him on the pier. He went to meet her, and of course there was no young lady. The joke was kept up by correspondence, and a letter was written purporting to come from the young lady, who had come to Cambridge to be near him, and announcing her intention to come over to Hinchingbrooke to see me in order that she might make his acquaintance. I thought it best to bring the matter to an end, so it was arranged that in the presence of both officers the arrival of the lady should be announced to me by Cooper. I went to my room, where the young lady was introduced to the officer in the form of the perpetrator of the joke. The victim had been so horrified at the idea of the young lady coming to see me that he was much relieved instead of annoyed at the *dénouement*.

"On September 11th I went to Paris to stay with Lionel Earle for the Exhibition, of which he was one of the Royal Commissioners, which was most interesting. I met the Alexander Munsters and lunched with Melba and her sister Miss Mitchell. I lunched with Colonel and Mrs. Jekyll, who was in charge of the British Department, and met the Devonshires, Crewe, and Constant, who had recently painted a portrait of the Queen. He told me that he asked Her Majesty on two occasions her opinion of the picture; the only remark she made was that the ribbon of the Order of the Garter was a little too pale. We

went to the races at Longchamps. I dined with my old friend the German Ambassador, Munster, who was terribly anti-English on the subject of the Boer War.

"On December 9th I started with Alfred Yorke for Ceylon, embarking at Genoa in the Hamburg-America steamer *Hamburg*. I was amused by an American the first evening of the voyage. Cruising along, we saw an island right ahead; he said to me, 'I guess that island had better get out of our course, if it does not want to be cut in two.' There was a very strong wind in the Canal, and we stuck for fourteen hours.

"On the 31st we went by train to Kandy, and stayed at the 'Pavilion' with the Governor, Sir West and Lady Ridgeway. I was delighted at being again in this lovely country. We returned to Colombo on the 4th, to the hospitable Judge Laurie's, and on the 18th started to drive to Amaradhapura through the jungle, sleeping three nights on the way. It was very hot, but the tropical vegetation was splendid and the animal life most interesting. We visited the site of the buried cities, the monastery, and tanks; we met the Buddhist Lama of Siberia, and Mongolians travelling with the Russian consul at Colombo. We went on by road and rail to Nuwara Eliya through glorious scenery, with Adam's Peak in the distance, and again stayed with the Ridgeways at the Queen's Cottage.

"I took many drives with Lady Ridgeway in this most beautiful country. The weather was perfect and not hotter than in a fine English

summer. 6,200 ft. above the sea, the Hakgala gardens are exquisite.

"On the 19th I visited the camp of the Boer prisoners at Digatalama. I was met by the Commandant, Colonel Vincent, and was carried about by coolies in consequence of my bad foot.

"I visited the Boer General, Ollivier, and his two sons. He described his fights with General Gatacre at Stronberg, and also General Roux of Huguenot descent. The 4,936 prisoners were in huts, each containing sixty-four men. I found an officer, Bruin, A.D.C. to General Druvet, who had been captured by Arthur Paget. I visited the hospital, where the matron was very disconcerted at not having received notice of our visit, but was reassured when I told her that I was also the matron of a hospital (there were 150 cases of enteric fever); also the recreation-rooms and kitchens. There was a special camp for new arrivals and a censor's office. The prisoners were for the most part a very rough, unattractive crowd. A telegram arrived while we were in the camp announcing the Queen's serious illness. I drove with Lady Ridgeway to the Rambodda Pass —the scenery quite magnificent.

"On the 22nd we returned by train to Colombo, through a lovely country. My foot had become very inflamed and was attended by Dr. Perry.

"On January 23rd, 1901, we heard of the death of Queen Victoria at 6.30 p.m. on the 22nd. It was astonishing how deeply affected the natives were. Everywhere there were displayed signs of mourning."

CHAPTER XIII

THE FAR EAST

"I MADE up my mind to go on to Japan in the Hamburg-America s.s. *Kiaoutschau*, about 11,000 tons, a new steamer on her first voyage. Before leaving I went with the Governor on board the Boer hospital-ship *Atlantis* in harbour.

"We started at 7 p.m. on January 25th, 1901, and had a very smooth and hot passage to Penang. Among the passengers was Dr. Ballin, the boss of the German mercantile marine, with whom the German Emperor had dined on board on the eve of the ship's departure.

"He was most urbane, and offered me his cabin when he landed at Singapore, and ordered all facilities for my future travels. There was also a Miss Howard, who had been governess to the German Emperor's children, who was on her way to Japan to educate one of the principal families in Japan.

"We spent a day at Penang and visited the Botanical Gardens and the waterfall. I asked the guardian whence all the splendid plants were brought in the most luxuriant and splendid gardens. His answer was, 'Chiefly from Kew.'

"About twenty-four hours between Sumatra and the mainland brought us to the very narrow

entrance into the harbour of Singapore. It is wonderful how these huge ships are brought up alongside the wharf. Our cabin windows were far above the tops of the houses. We landed at 10 a.m. on the 31st and drove some three miles to the town, and thence some fifteen miles through city and jungle, crossing the water in a boat to Johore. We lunched at the hotel and had our first experience of Chinese waiters. We visited the Sultan's palace, mosques, Zoological Gardens, and gambling-rooms. On our return I called on the Governor, Sir A. Swettenham, who had a charming house in a park outside Singapore.

"The weather was very hot and my foot became very bad. We left Singapore on February 1st in gloriously fine weather, which rapidly changed, and on the 3rd we came in for a gale of wind, gloomy sky, and very rough sea. We had a very bad time for twenty-four hours, and I was unable to get about owing to my foot. The weather improved as we approached Hong Kong, which we reached on the 6th. Alfred, Specht, and I landed and went about in rickshaws. I was very much struck by the brilliant gaiety of the streets. We endeavoured to explain to the coolies that we wished to see all the sights of the place, but their one idea seemed to be that I must be taken to a hospital. We first went to a civil hospital, which I declined to enter; then to the military hospital, with the same result, upon which we were taken to the cemetery, where I also declined to be left.

"We left Hong Kong under a fine, cloudless sky, smooth water, and steamed along the coast

through crowds of fishing-boats in the Formosa Channel. As we neared the Yang-tse-Kiang we came into its yellow waters.

"The eczema now attacked my hands, which were very bad for four or five days. We anchored in the river at 3 p.m. Several men-of-war were lying there—the *Glory*, *Barfleur*, etc. Alfred Paget sent down a midshipman, Grubbe, in the company's launch to meet me. We had an hour and a half run up to Shanghai, when I went on board Alfred's ship, *Astræa*, a second-class cruiser of 5,000 tons. It was bitterly cold, with a piercing northerly wind—a terrible contrast to the extreme heat eight days before.

"Shanghai is situated on a confluent of the river and consists of a huge Chinese city and the European quarter.

"I called on the Admiral, Sir James and Lady Bruce, and drove to the Chinese city, through which I was carried on a chair by coolies. The streets are so narrow that I sometimes balanced myself in the chair by touching the houses on either side. They were very filthy and the crowds immense.

"We visited the Tea-house (which gives the pattern to many a tea-service), the temples, and the Exchange.

"In the afternoon we drove out about six miles on the Nankin road and saw masses of graves where the bodies are scarcely covered with soil, and camps where the foreign troops are stationed. The country is flat and ugly.

"The Admiral and Captain Warrender of the

Barfleur and others dined, and we rejoined the *Kiaoutschau* on the following day and started in the evening. After twenty-four hours of bitterly cold and rough weather with snow and squalls, we got under the lee of Japan and anchored in Nagasaki harbour on February 13th.

"The harbour is very long and narrow, and was full of men-of-war and steamers. We visited the town in rickshaws; very muddy and a cold thaw.

"We lunched at the hotel and three geishas were produced, but they danced under difficulties, as the paper walls were constantly blown down and the snow drifted into the room.

"The harbour is surrounded by mountains, which are covered with huge advertisements, but the general scenery is very pretty. We started again in the evening, and had a rough night before entering through the straits of Shimonoseki into the Inland Sea, which was smooth and lovely in spite of occasional snowstorms. The navigation must be very difficult, as islands and rocks abound. We reached Kobe at 11 p.m. on the 15th, where Japanese doctors again inspected all the passengers, as at Nagasaki. My servant, Kimoto, sent by Consul Hall, came on board, and we visited the town and a beautiful house full of curios and garden belonging to a rich merchant.

"My foot was still too bad for me to leave the doctor, so we continued our voyage by sea on the Pacific Ocean to Yokohama, and thence one hour by rail to Tokio.

"I had missed Sir Claude Macdonald's letter

at Kobe, so we stayed for the night at a big European hotel, where I found that the Japanese were not all given to sobriety. Dr. Specht had come up with me, and we went off to the German doctor, Scriba, who, although at home, kept us waiting so long that we went in search of the Japanese doctor, Dohi, which was fortunate, as he eventually cured when the English, American, and German had failed.

"We took up our abode at the English Legation as guests of Sir Claude and Lady Macdonald, who were most kind and hospitable.

"Her sister, Miss Armstrong, and the two children, Ivy and Stella, were also there, all having undergone that terrible experience during the siege of the Legation at Pekin, during the Boxer rising last year, and of which they gave us the most interesting account.

"My foot gradually improved under Dr. Dohi, who came daily to give it treatment. The blood poison was so bad that, like the German doctor at Homburg in 1891, he feared mortification would ensue and that amputation would be necessary, but after a week's treatment the pain ceased and there was a daily improvement.

"The shops were most attractive.

"On the 26th at 3 a.m. we had the experience of an earthquake. The walls of my bedroom were already cracked by former shocks, but beyond the usual noise and tremor there was nothing alarming on this occasion, and I soon went again to sleep.

"On the 27th Macdonald and the Japanese

secretary of the Legation took us to the House of Peers. The debate on the Budget was opened by the Vice-President. The Marquis Ito, Prime Minister, spoke during the debate.

"The proceedings were apparently duller than those of our House of Lords. There was no symptom of applause, although the debate was a very important one. The House of Peers would not sanction the vote passed by the Lower House. A deadlock ensued, which would be referred to the Emperor for his decision.

"I met the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Kato, and his wife, Baron Saunomija and his English wife, Marquis Ito, Marquis Kuroda, and others.

"Owing to the mourning for Queen Victoria, we could not ask for an audience of the Emperor, but we paid a visit to the Palace, and were received by the Grande Maîtresse and the ladies of the Court, and Saunomija, the Master of the Ceremonies, who all spoke English. We were shown all the state-rooms, which were full of lacquer decorations, and were entertained with tea and sweets.

"On March 1st the Macdonalds entertained the leading members of the Corps Diplomatique at dinner.

"On the 2nd I visited the 3rd Regiment of Infantry in their barracks. The regiment consisted of three battalions. They were exercised at company drill—the attack, bayonet exercise, gymnastics. I inspected the barrack-rooms, kitchens, bathrooms, stores, which were very complete, and the officers' mess, and was much struck every-

where by the good order and complete organisation.

"We attended the English church on Sunday; a prayer against earthquakes is included in the Litany.

"All religions are regarded with equal reverence in Japan. I believe the Emperor sent a commission to inquire and report upon the various religions observed in various countries of the world, and as he was unable to pronounce judgment on the subject he permits all religions to be regarded on an equality.

"We visited all the principal temples in the cities we stayed at in Japan, but I never saw any religious ceremony being performed. I had a conversation with a Shinto priest, but he did not seem to be very cognisant of the doctrine of his church.

"I visited the University with Macdonald and Professor Dohi. Great attention is paid to the measurements of seismatic disturbances. It appeared to me that more or less of an earthquake was always in process in Japan.

"We were invited by Saunomija to the school of fencing at the Palace, where the contests of the Imperial fencers were very good.

"We paid a visit to Yokohama, which is certainly the most European city in Japan.

"Dohi paid me his last visit on the 5th, and I was very grateful for his success in the treatment of my foot at the cost of thirty-one pounds.

"On the 6th we left Tokio for Nikko, and I wore a shoe for the first time. The weather was

very wintry — hard frost, hot sun, and snow-storms. The waiters at the hotel were charming little girls; the temples, the pagoda, the shrines, the sacred bridge, the avenue of cryptomerias, were splendid. We went to the waterfall, but the slush and mud made a visit to Chanzenji impossible.

"On the 8th we left Nikko by train at 11 a.m. and reached Kamakura at 8.45 p.m., where we found very fine, warm weather. Here is the huge bronze Buddha, Dai Butsu, the Temple of Kwannon, the huge statue of the Goddess of Mercy, of brown lacquer and much gilding, the Shinto Temple of Hackiman, the God of War, and the Avenue of Pines.

"We came across a crowd of men-of-war sailors out for a march, and the beach was alive with men collecting seaweed for manure.

"Macdonald and the Belgian Minister, Baron and Baroness d'Anethan arrived from Tokio.

"We went on by train to Cotzu, then by electric tram and eventually in rickshaws five and a half miles up the mountains to Miyanoshita, 1,400 ft. over the sea, and put up at the Hotel Fujiya, which is built almost entirely of glass. The weather was very wet and cold. I made acquaintance with Mr. Chamberlain, the great authority on Japan, who lives here. The country around is quite lovely. We went up to Ashinoya, three and a half miles, an ascent of 2,000 ft., where there are sulphur baths. I found four Japs sitting in one, at each corner of a square bath. We went on to Hakone, where the Emperor has a

palace on a beautiful lake with a lovely view of Fujiyama. I was carried up in a chair by four men a great part of the way. We stayed a night at Shizuota and visited the fort and temple on our way to Kyoto. The journey by rail passes through a very pretty, interesting country. We travelled in a long car on the state railway; there were four Japs in our carriage, who all sat on their haunches on the seats. One sang the monotonous Japanese songs without ceasing. I tried to rival him with 'Ah non giunge' and other ditties without avail. Kimoto told me he was a famous actor.

"At Kyoto a carriage, the only one I saw there, sent by the master of our hotel, conveyed us some miles to the Hotel Miyako, where we had charming Japanese rooms and were most comfortable.

"Kyoto is the most delightful, interesting town I have ever stayed in. Our hotel was charmingly situated, with lovely views over the city and the surrounding hills. Lovely weather, the sun hot, with a keen air. The shops most attractive. The streets very lively. I went with Kimoto to a theatre in the afternoon, which is totally unlike anything European, and all the parts are taken by men. In the evening we had a geisha entertainment with the Dugdales at the hotel, and were all photographed together by flashlight.

"March 21st was a national holiday for the Equinox. The streets were all decorated with flags and lanterns. Crowds everywhere and lovely weather. We visited the china manufactory, many temples, and many shops.

"On the 22nd we went two hours by rail to

Nara, a delightful place; the park is full of tame deer; there are long avenues of lanterns—temples—seven species of trees growing from one trunk—the big bell cast A.D. 702—the Dai Butsu, a huge figure of Buddha with hands raised—the museum of old relics and trophies of the Chinese War; we saw a dance by eight girls called Kagura, and visited the woods of Noyawa.

"My rickshaw-man, Kama, who waited at the railway station while we were away, had taken the opportunity of having his hair cropped; we had become very friendly, and I found fault with him for not having thereby improved his personal appearance; he answered that he hoped I would remain at Kyoto until it had grown again.

"There was a very steep ascent from the street to the hotel, up which I tried to insist on walking, but he would never stop, and ran up it as hard as he could.

"We went to the mouth of the canal, which is carried through a mountain in a tunnel, and made delightful excursions to various temples in the neighbourhood, amongst others to Kinkakuji, which the Shogūn in 1397 made his place of retreat from the world. We saw a pine-tree made to grow in the shape of a ship, and had tea in the Cha no yu style.

"On April 1st we went by rail to a place from whence we came down the rapids to Arashiyama. The scenery is lovely and the voyage very exciting; any mistake on the part of the boatman would be fatal. Kimoto took me in the evening to all sorts of entertainments—a conjurer,

swimming competitions, children acrobats—and to the big theatre, where there was a play and cherry-blossom dance.

"I visited the exhibition recently opened (the Japanese do not excel in oil-painting), the fine arts museum, and the garden of Yamagata. We went by rickshaw, with two men to each, along the Tokaido road to Otsu, a large town on Lake Biwa.

"We left this most enchanting city on April 6th. We had a great send-off from the hotel and at the station by our Japanese friends. I had arranged for Kama to come down with my dogs, Chibi and Fuji, which I had bought at Tokio, to the steamer at Kobe. Kimoto came to me in the morning to say that Kama was in despair at not being allowed to drag me to the station. I had thought he would get so hot before his journey, as it is about five miles from the hotel to the station, and had accordingly arranged that he should be conveyed with the dogs. I of course acceded. The Japanese are very hard on these men, and never think of getting out to walk up a hill; their lives are said to be short, and they generally die early from consumption.

"We spent some hours at Osaka, the great manufacturing town of Japan. The feudal castle is a very strong place, with enormous stones in the walls of the fortress, and the city very busy and thriving. Kimoto's house is at Kobe, and he invited me to a Japanese dinner, and he gave me a sword which had belonged to a Daimio with 'Oudakuniossi' written over the blade.

"We had a lovely day for the voyage in the Inland Sea, and passed the Japanese fleet. The weather at Nagasaki was very different from what it was when we arrived in Japan. Instead of snow and cold, it was very fine and warm.

"I was very glad to have had a glimpse of this lovely country and delightful people, and have always looked back with joy to the happy time I spent in Japan.

"We left Nagasaki at 6 p.m. on the 9th, and were off the Shanghai River early on the 11th, where we spent two days. Here also there was a great change from cold to warmth.

"I met the Admiral, Sir Michael Seymour. We left the Yangtse on the 13th in foggy weather, which continued to Hong Kong; it was sometimes so thick that you could not see for more than two or three yards. It was in this fog that the *Sobraon* was wrecked. The fog lifted as we approached Hong Kong through a huge fleet of fishing-boats. Here I stayed at Government House with Sir Henry and Lady Blake, and paid a visit to the Gascoignes.

"Sir Henry took me to see the gaol, the Chinese schools, the club, and the shops, which are very attractive. The weather had become very hot. We reached Singapore on the 21st. The Duke of York's ship, the *Ophir*, occupied our berth alongside the quay, and we had to remain in the harbour until she cleared off at 6 p.m. We landed at 8.30 and went up to the town to look at the illuminations, and found ourselves in a bazaar through which their Royal Highnesses were to pass. A

Penang volunteer on duty tried to make us stand back behind a barrier in the crowd of natives, at which I remonstrated. He said, 'You will see the Duke of York just as well behind the barrier.' I replied that I did not want to see the Duke, but that I wanted him to see me, and he was the more staggered when they all came by and with great surprise recognised me very warmly. The illuminations were lovely and the whole scene very pretty.

"The next morning I went up to Government House to pay my respects to T.R.H. The streets were crowded. I had difficulty in getting along in my rickshaw pulled by a Chinaman, and when I arrived at the gates of the park I was finally stopped, as the entrance was closed.

"I sent my card to the O.C.; the troops and my Chinaman were fairly astounded when the gates were opened and we went up the park through crowds of school children drawn up along the road.

"I found the Derek Keppels, Lady Catherine Coke, Alexander of Teck, Roxburghe, Crichton, sitting in the verandah, and spent a long time with T.R.H., who were very full of their experiences during their tour, and much surprised at seeing me in the crowd last night. When the Duchess came in dressed for the function they were about to attend, she was carrying a light parasol. I told her it would be fatal to walk in the open air with so little protection; she said it was so pretty, with which I agreed, and she rather reluctantly went to get a more substantial

umbrella. The Duke told me he felt so awkward walking alone following the Governor, who walked in front with the Duchess. I suggested that in his place I should let the Governor walk ahead alone and follow with the Duchess, which he thought a brilliant idea!

"On my return to the ship, I think I experienced the greatest heat I have ever felt. It was so hot meeting the air in the rickshaw that I was obliged to stop occasionally.

"My foot began again to give me trouble.

"We left Ceylon on the 29th. There was a very heavy swell on. We met the *China*, which had encountered very bad weather. We were following a cyclone. The *König Albert* was marvellously steady; she did not seem capable of rolling, but pitched a bit. It was impossible the ship should remain steady in such a sea. I was very anxious about my little Japs, who would run in and out of the stanchions, and it was marvellous that they did not tumble overboard. Off Socotra we came in for the first whiff of the south-west monsoon. We spent six hours at Aden, where it was very hot.

"Sister Lucy, Miss Rutherford, whom I had met as matron of the Boer Prisoners' Hospital in Ceylon, was on board, and was much interested in passing Perim, where she had been wrecked in the P. & O. *China*. She was very devout, and one day, while we were discoursing on prayer, I asked her to pray for my foot, which was giving me trouble. She said, 'I will pray for your soul.' I was obliged to say, 'While you are about it, you

might as well pray for the whole of my foot.' It unfortunately was very bad all the way home.

"We arrived in England on May 16th. Six officers had been at Hinchingbrooke during my absence, and I soon had new arrivals on my return.

"On June 19th I was invited to Sandringham, and paid my first visit to the King. I arrived with Lady Esher and Arthur Paget. Queen Alexandra came into the hall shortly after our arrival. I did my best to kiss Her Majesty's hand, but she would not allow it. I found the King playing golf in the park. I made the semblance of kneeling, for which the ground was hardly suitable, and kissed his hand.

"The household was a combination of the late Queen's and the former Prince of Wales's, and did not work as smoothly as usual. I was not told with whom I was to go in to dinner. There was a pause, and I found Princess Victoria was waiting for me.

"I found in my room a copy of the photograph which was taken when we were in New York in 1860 of the Prince of Wales and his suite. In thanking the King for it I asked him to write his name. He said, 'I will sign it as I was then,' and he wrote the names of the others under their pictures, some of which on Lord Lyons' staff I had forgotten. I then asked him to write his present signature, which he did. The picture is at Hinchingbrooke, with his signature as Prince and King.

"I went my first drive in a motor-car with the King and Arthur Paget.

"The King showed me how fast the car could go and how quickly it could be stopped. I was of course astounded at the speed, and suggested we should have to spend the night together in Norwich Goal. It was amusing to see the various receptions accorded to the King on the road. We passed brewers' vans and were vociferously jeered at, and on the other hand ladies jumped off their bicycles and curtseyed. We went round by Hunstanton, and when we got back the King offered me the car to visit the convalescent home, where he was entertaining officers who had been wounded in the war.

"I had a room on the ground floor, and while dressing in the morning I saw Prince Edward of Wales digging holes in the walk near my window. I went out and suggested that his grandfather might not approve. He said, 'I am waiting here for the King.' I asked if he was coming out by that door; he answered, 'Sometimes he comes, sometimes he don't, but he likes to find me here if he does come.' The children were staying with their grandparents during their parents' absence abroad.

"The King took me all over his gardens, and I was astounded at his knowledge of horticulture, and the great interest he took in all his works in the garden and farm.

"On February 17th, 1904, I travelled with my sister Emily to Château de Garibondy, Cannes, and stayed with Lady Alfred Paget.

"We greatly enjoyed the new experience of

motor drives. Cook had managed the transit of the car. We had to go to Nice twice to get the necessary permits, and the French authorities gave a good deal of trouble. The accounts of the roads in Italy were so discouraging that I left the car at Cannes and went on with Emily to Rome, where we stayed at the Embassy with Frank and Feo Bertie. We revisited many of the sights of Rome, and had a very enjoyable time. Emily unfortunately became very unwell and was unable to come away with me.

"I returned to Cannes on the 16th, and started in my motor on the 19th, travelling in this way for the first time—a very novel and interesting experience. I slept at Avignon, Lyons, Dijon, and Fontainebleau. Near Laroche a working man asked me to give him a lift. I asked him what he proposed to pay. He said that if he had any money he would have gone by train. I took him in, and when we reached his destination he asked to be dropped and begged to be allowed to write my name and address, and said, 'Monsieur, je prierai le bon Dieu pour vous tous les jours de ma vie.'

"Near Tonnerre a flock of sheep driven by an old man occupied the whole road, while there was plenty of room for them on either side. The car just touched one of them, but could not possibly have done any damage. While I was at dinner at Fontainebleau two gendarmes asked to see me. They were very civil, but said they had received a *dépêche* that I had injured a sheep. They asked innumerable questions as to my age, parentage,

domicile, etc., etc. When I asked what damage was claimed and what they proposed to do, they had nothing to say. I asked that the sheep should be sent to me and that I would pay for the mutton; and so with much bowing and drinking my health the matter ended.

"In 1905 I gave up my house in Albemarle Street and took possession of 18, Buckingham Gate (the street in which I had lived formerly as James Street) on June 10th for the remainder of the lease."

On July 11th, 1905, Lord Sandwich was one of the very few invited guests at the double wedding of two of the Queen's Maids of Honour. One of the brides was his niece, the Hon. Mary Dyke, who married Captain Bell of the Rifle Brigade; the other was the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, who married Major-General Douglas Haig.

Queen Alexandra took much interest in this double event, which took place, by her desire, in the private chapel in Buckingham Palace. She superintended the arrangements herself, and decided on the pretty white satin favours with "Doris" and "Mary" written in gold letters on the ribbon.

Lord Vivian gave away his sister, and Sir William Hart Dyke was prepared to do the same office for his daughter, but was spared the trouble owing to the clause being accidentally omitted. After the ceremony a breakfast was held, during which the King proposed the health of the newly-married couples.

It was the first time that any one, outside the Royal Family, had been married in the Palace, and an amusing incident occurred when Captain Bell went to procure a special licence. He was asked where the ceremony was to take place, and when he replied in Buckingham Palace, the official thought that he had taken leave of his senses.

That evening much amusement was caused by the placard of a newspaper that appeared in the streets of London, with the following sensational headlines: "Double Tragedy in the West End. The Queen's Maids of Honour married"!

The Diary

"St. Edward's Home, of which little Edward Scott-Gatty had laid the first stone on February 18th, was completed and first occupied on July 27th. I had been to Cambridge to open a bazaar for the Waifs and Strays Society's Home there, and was so interested in the boys that I thought it would be a bright idea to establish a similar institution under my own care, which I venture to hope has been most successful. There are beds for a matron, a cook, and twenty-one boys at the home, and I have generally three or four besides with me at Hinchingbrooke learning house or garden or other work. I have had sixty-six boys under my charge, thirteen of whom are now serving in the Army or Navy.

"The home was honoured by a visit from King Edward on July 1st, 1906, and by many distinguished people of many nationalities, whose names are inscribed in the book of visitors. The two persons who apparently have taken the greatest interest in the boys are of very opposite types, *i.e.* Madame Melba and Lord James of Hereford. Madame Melba gave them a gramophone with many of her songs. When Madame Calvé visited the home, she asked permission to sing to the boys, and we were enchanted at hearing her lovely

voice in the recreation-room without any accompaniment. Many visitors have said a few words to the boys, but by far the best and most appropriate speech was made by a private of the Grenadiers, who was on furlough and to whom I showed the home. The boys were taught a little drill by him, and they invited him to stay to tea. Before leaving he asked me to allow him to say a few words to them, and I was amazed at his eloquence and good taste."

CHAPTER XIV

AT HOME AND ABROAD

The Diary

"In January 1906 I paid a visit to the George Montagus, who had recently hired Chalfont Lodge in Bucks.

"On February 23rd I stayed with the Rev. S. Donaldson, Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Lady Albinia Donaldson, and attended a dinner of the Pepys Society. I was very much interested in the library and many memorials of that celebrated secretary of my ancestor.

"On March 24th I went to stay with the Berties at the Embassy in Paris. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were also staying there. I went to a concert at the Châtelet, where I heard Colonne's orchestra. That wonderful violinist, Mischa Elman, took part in Beethoven's Concerto, and Strauss conducted his *Sinfonia Domestica*, which was beyond my musical comprehension.

"I went by train to Bordeaux, where I found my motor-car with Woodbine, and motored to the Hôtel du Palais, Biarritz.

"King Edward was staying at the hotel, and sent for me shortly after my arrival. Biarritz was quite transformed since I was there in 1883.

Crowds of hotels and villas had sprung up, and the golf-course was a great attraction.

"The weather was lovely, and we went many expeditions, visiting San Sebastian, Fuenterrabia, St. Jean de Luz, Bayonne, the cemetery of the 3rd Guards officers, etc. The King took me to see the great Basque game of Pelota, and the Cassels gave H.M. a luncheon at Bigorre in the Pyrenees, to which they invited me.

"On June 18th I motored to Windsor Castle, where H.M. had invited me for Ascot races. Owing to the recent death of the King of Denmark, Queen Alexandra was not present, and all the guests were men. The King gave me permission to visit the Royal Mausoleum and the house and gardens at Frogmore."

Lord Sandwich now returned to Hinchingbrooke to prepare for the visit of the King. A notice in the Press shows that his character was beginning to be more widely appreciated: "Lord Sandwich, who is to be the King's host at Hinchingbrooke House, is one of the most cultivated and agreeable of bachelor peers. Nay, more, he is one of those who 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.'"

It was during this visit that the King's favourite dog Cæsar rolled Lord Sandwich's dog over and over in the grass. "I am glad," said Lord Sandwich, "that you don't do that to me, sir!"

The Diary

"On June 30th the King honoured me by a visit to Hinchingbrooke. He brought a considerable lot of attendants, servants, chauffeurs, telegraphists, detectives, etc. He attended Divine Service at All Saints', Huntingdon, and visited

St. Edward's Home. The boys behaved very well, but I was told, and believe, that they were more interested in seeing me for the first time in a tall hat and frock-coat than in seeing the King!

"In the afternoon we were photographed by a man who was most amusing; before leaving he holloaed out to the King, 'Good-bye, Majesty.'

"We motored over to Ramsey Abbey and had tea with Lord and Lady de Ramsey. On Monday morning we motored to Kimbolton Castle. The King spent about one and a half hours looking over Louise, Duchess of Manchester's (then Duchess of Devonshire) illuminated book of photographs. His extraordinary memory gave the names of all except one, which I was able to recognise as Emma, Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

"The weather was fortunately lovely; the King motored in the afternoon to Newmarket, whither I followed him to stay with Sir Ernest Cassel for the July meeting. A place of unbounded luxury, with a private band.

"On August 4th I motored with W. Woodbine and Frank Abbott to Harwich. We crossed to the Hook of Holland, and were delayed at Rotterdam by punctures, and did not reach the frontier near Nijmegen until about four o'clock. The last few miles we passed through a fair, with crowds of Dutch people enjoying themselves, and I did not notice the Dutch frontier custom-house, and we suddenly found ourselves at the German frontier. I had paid all deposits and had my papers all in order. The officer took a long time

perusing and verifying all the documents, and then said, 'You can pass, but you must pay five marks for the permit for your chauffeur.' I had no German money, but produced English and Dutch money. He would take none of it; he must have German marks. He told me I must go back six miles through all those crowds to Nijmegen and get German money.

"I told him it was four o'clock and Sunday, and that the bank would be closed. I offered him an English sovereign. No, he must have his five German marks. There was no help for it: I had to return. On reaching the Dutch custom-house, I was stopped as coming from Germany. Within a few hundred yards of Germany nobody could understand a word of German. Here I was at a deadlock. I managed to make them understand that I must see the boss, who eventually appeared, and was good enough to exchange some Dutch equivalent to five marks at one of the booths, and at last I was enabled to proceed. Having had a fine experience of German officialism, I told the story to King Edward, and I believe it got to the ears of the German Emperor.

"I don't like motoring on an unknown road at night, so I had to give up reaching Düsseldorf and slept at a village called Murs, having found the people drunk at two or three previous places where I had tried to stop.

"My other halts were at Bingen, Würzburg, and Bayreuth. The Wagner Festival was going on and a performance of *Tristan*, but there was no seat to be had which I could endure.

"I reached Marienbad on the 9th, and had to deposit £70 at the Austrian frontier for my car. King Edward was staying at the hotel. I dined with him on the night of my arrival.

"My first afternoon was spent at a farewell entertainment given by Miss Mary Moore, the celebrated actress.

"I returned to England on the 28th.

"On my arrival at Hinchingbrooke I was much struck at the change in Henry Cooper. He began his career in service with my father, and after living with the Duke of Richmond, Lord Tankerville, and others, he became butler to my father. He had continued his service with me since the death of my father.

"Dr. Bruce Porter came to stay with me on September 8th, and took him up to London for consultation with Sir A. Fripp. Their report to me was that he was suffering from internal cancer, and that no operation or remedy was possible. I felt that his fate was sealed, and that all I could do was to make his life as cheerful as possible.

"One night in October I awoke at 2 a.m. and found him standing, candle in hand, by my bedside. He said, 'My Lord, I'm in agony.' I determined that from that time he should suffer as little as possible, and he was more or less under the influence of morphia until his death on December 12th. He was buried in our cemetery at Brampton on December 15th. Thus passed away a dear friend, a most faithful and devoted servant, respected and beloved by all the family and by all who knew him, inasmuch as I received

one hundred letters of sympathy in my loss. The King had given him the Royal Victorian Medal on July 2nd, after his visit to Hinchingbrooke, in recognition of his long and faithful service in the family.

"During all this sad time my bailiff, H. Chapman, was dying of cancer at his cottage in the park, an excellent and devoted servant, who had spent his whole life in our service. He predeceased Cooper by only a few days, and on his deathbed gave me what he most treasured—his Bible.

"I left Hinchingbrooke after Cooper's funeral on December 15th, and did not return to live there till May 27th, 1908. The Cottage was my abode during those eighteen months.

"My valet, George Andrews, of whom more later on, succeeded Cooper.

"Frank Abbott, another Brampton man, became my valet and secretary, and has been my constant attendant and companion ever since. I owe a great deal of my comfort and happiness in life to the village of Brampton.

"I had always had in mind the revision and publication of some of the family records.

"In 1889 Murillier, son of my neighbour at Gibraltar, an able and intelligent fellow, arranged and tabulated the papers, but I had not the time or the energy to continue the work, and on the advice of Mr. Sydney Lee I engaged Mr. F. R. Harris to assist me in writing the life of Edward, 1st Earl of Sandwich.

"He came to Hinchingbrooke for that purpose in October 1906, and was constantly there for a

year engaged in the work. We found that many of the records had apparently been lent at some former time to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and had not been returned, and Harris subsequently went to Oxford to acquire the necessary information.

"The book was eventually published by Murray in 1910.

"My niece, Lina Scott-Gatty, came to stay with me this summer, and has made her home with me ever since.

"I spent most of this year at the Cottage, with occasional visits to London.

"I went in the autumn to Hooke Court. Whilst there, my butler, George Andrews, who had been unwell for some months, went up to London to undergo an operation near the top of his spine. My footman, who had been to see him, told me that his agony was so great that he could not remain in the room with him. I went off at once to see him and found him lying in a ward adjoining the theatre. While I was talking with Andrews about a visit he had received the day before from the Duchess of Albany, he suddenly said, 'Oh, my lord, this agony is returning! it is more than I can bear.' The intuition came to me to say that he was not about to have the return of his pain. I began talking to him of his schooldays, etc. He remained free from pain and had no return of it. The nurse was much surprised, and told me that the suffering he had experienced generally occurred after similar operations.

"This was my first direct experience of the power I have since so constantly been permitted to exercise.

"Before going abroad I left directions at the hospital that when he was discharged, if he required special nursing, he was to be sent to a home in London; if only ordinary attention, he might return to Hinchingbrooke.

"I went abroad with Frank Abbott on January 1st, 1908, and stayed two nights with the Berties at the British Embassy in Paris, and embarked at Marseilles in the *Heliopolis* for Alexandria.

"I stayed with Sir John and Lady Rogers at Gezireh for a week, and went up to Assouan in the tourist steamer *Germania*, where I found Percy Dyke at the charming hotel.

"Thence in the *Nubia* from Assouan to Wady Halfa and by train to Khartoum. The hotel was very indifferent and the food very bad.

"I made acquaintance with Slatin Pasha, who was delighted at having recently been made a general in the British Army, an honour he appeared to value more than any of the innumerable decorations and honours he had received. He spoke very freely of all the horrors of the experiences he had undergone, and entertained me at a big dinner with the worst champagne I have ever drunk.

"We visited the city, Omdurman, the scene of the battle, the Gordon College, all of which was very interesting. I was very much impressed with the zeal and ability of the Government officials.

"The Sirdar, Sir Reginald and Lady Wingate, were very hospitable, and I went to a dance they gave.

"The heat was very great. On our return journey I was nearly devoured by sand-flies in the train. We had a very severe westerly gale at Assouan, and I had no idea it could be so cold there.

"In old days' travelling one generally was somewhat oppressed by English fellow-travellers, who were not always of the most attractive type of our fellow-countrymen, but I found all this changed; there were Germans everywhere, and their loud shouts in conversation and the eternal 'Colossal' were very distracting.

"I spent a week at Gezireh with Sir John and Lady Rogers, returned in the *Heliopolis*, and arrived at the Cottage, Hinchingbrooke, on March 11th.

"On May 27th I took up my abode at Hinchingbrooke. During this summer I went up occasionally to London, paid two visits to the Arthur Pagets at Coombe, where they had constructed a beautiful villa and lovely garden. On the second occasion the King and Queen came down from London in the afternoon; great preparations had been intended for their entertainment; the most distinguished French and English actors were to have given a performance; but it being Sunday objections were raised, and the idea was abandoned.

"On February 1st, 1909, I began the con-

struction of the new hall in the central court at Hinchingbrooke.

"The firm of which I was chairman, Messrs. Thackray & Co., were the builders. A good many alterations were made in the interior of the house, during which I discovered serious defects in parts of the building, which might at any time have brought about a conflagration.

"I also discovered the skeleton of a young woman, probably a nun, only three feet under the walk outside the Red Drawing-room.

"The hall was completed by June 1st.

"I remained at the Cottage or in Buckingham Gate, except for a week at the British Embassy, Paris, in April, until May 26th, when I returned to Hinchingbrooke.

"On June 14th I motored to Windsor Castle and was the guest of their Majesties for Ascot races.

"I drove on Tuesday and Thursday in the Royal procession to the course.

"The most amusing part to me was the struggle for invitation to the Royal luncheon, watching the ladies who paraded in front of the stand in competition.

"On Wednesday I received a message from the King inviting me to motor with him to the course. Before leaving he said, 'Shall you mind coming with me to Virginia Water on our way back? I want to visit old Captain Welch on his eightieth birthday; I gave him the C.V.O. this morning.' I remember being terrified at the pace we motored along the crowded high-road, and suggested that he should have a flag on the bonnet of the car.

"On arrival at the cottage we found old Captain Welch and his nieces and a Swedish young lady. They gave us tea. The Queen had been there, but had left before our arrival.

"The King was like a boy chaffing old Welch, who was full of anecdotes of old days often connected with my uncle, Alfred Paget, and my brother Oliver. He took great interest in the garden and shrubs. We rowed on the lake and boarded the frigate.

"We motored back through the park and Old Windsor, arriving at the Castle about 8 p.m.

"On these occasions I was always surprised how the King, with all his wonderful knowledge of human nature, with all the vast experience of life, with his unrivalled knowledge of all sorts and kinds of men, could revert to the hilarity and simplicity of his nature in boyhood.

"On June 19th the famous singer Madame Calvé spent two days at Hinchingbrooke and enchanted us with her beautiful voice.

"I was much interested in the great difference between her and her great rival Madame Melba.

"On July 10th a large family assembled at Hinchingbrooke to celebrate my seventieth birthday on the 13th: My brother Victor, with his wife and three daughters; my sister Emily, her husband, and her daughters Lina and Sydney; my sister Florence, and her husband; George and Alberta Montagu, and their boys Victor and Drogo; Margaret and Marjorie Bagot; Bertie Paget; Alfred Yorke; David Papillon; Gerald Bell; and G. F. Schweitzer.

"The entertainments consisted of a tenants' dinner at the Fountain Hotel, a garden party at Hinchingbrooke, a tea and dancing to all the employees on the estate, a parade of the Boy Scouts.

"At dinner Victor proposed my health, to which I returned thanks, speaking down his trumpet. The guests and household danced in the new hall in the evening. I had many presents, amongst them a beautiful silver inkstand from the members of the family. I made six speeches during the course of the day.

"The county presented me with a bust of myself, executed by Mr. Tweed, on this occasion.

"On March 21st, 1910, I went to Paris with my sister Emily and her daughter Sydney and Gerald Bell; we joined our motor-cars at Bordeaux. We stayed a night at Mont de Marsan on our way to St. Jean de Luz. We stayed a fortnight at Pau and motored to Lourdes and to Gavarnie in the Pyrenees just after the road was open, a beautiful road with a wall of snow on one side and a precipice on the other.

"Aviation was in its infancy at Pau. We saw a dirigible, which contained twelve people, and several aeroplanes at work.

"From Pau we motored via Agen, Limoges, and Poitiers to Tours, whence we visited the Châteaux on the Loire, thence to Chartres, Rouen, and home via Dieppe.

"On receiving the sad news of King Edward's death on May 6th, I wrote to Queen Alexandra to express my dutiful and profound sympathy,

and received a telegram from Her Majesty inviting me to come to London to see her. I went to Buckingham Palace, and was received by the Queen in her sitting-room. She related to me all the details as to the King's last days; she was calm and brave in her great bereavement. After a long interview she asked me to come with her to the Throne Room, where the King's body was lying. She said, 'There will be nobody there except the Grenadiers, and you won't mind them.' It was a very pathetic and solemn moment. Alone with the widowed Queen and a sergeant and four sentries of my old regiment, I knelt beside the body of King Edward, the last of my intimate friends since boyhood. I felt deeply the great contrast between the little gathering in that solemn peaceful room and the turmoil and excitement which were agitating the world outside.

"I returned with the Queen to her room and took leave of Her Majesty, deeply moved and gratified by her gracious kindness.

"The Queen afterwards sent me the cigarette-case and light-box which the King always used, and the photographs of their Majesties taken at their last opening of Parliament, with the following letter:

DEAR LORD HINCH,

I send you a small remembrance of the King, which he always used, and also our last photograph taken together, which I hope you will like.

Yours very sincerely,

ALEXANDRA.

"On June 1st I went to Berlin and stayed at the Hôtel Esplanade. My niece Mary was also in Berlin with Mrs. Leggett. We were invited to luncheon with the Emperor and Empress at Potsdam.

"The Emperor received us on arrival, and after some minutes' conversation the Empress came, accompanied by her daughter and her son Prince Oscar and the Court. The Emperor presented me to the Empress, who was a very different person from what I had expected. She was more imperial and majestic in appearance even than the Empress Augusta, beautifully dressed and very dignified in manner.

"I sat between the Empress and her daughter at luncheon, and they were both full of lively conversation. The Empress appeared interested in all I could relate to her of my experiences during the embassies to Berlin, on the Garter Mission, and the coronation of Wilhelm I., and laughed very much when I told her that I found all my friends and acquaintances of those days converted into statues.

"The Princess was very attractive in appearance and full of her delightful experiences of her recent visit to England.

"After luncheon the Emperor took me aside, and I had a long conversation with him alone. He spoke a good deal of my long intimacy with King Edward, and said the great drawback to people in their exalted positions was the lack of intimate friends who told them the truth. He mentioned a recent visit he had had from Roose-

velt, and professed a regard for him as a man who had spoken openly and unreservedly with him. He spoke of the Jews and the power they exercised over the Press in Germany, and regretted the antagonism of the English Press towards his country. His manner was so simple and easy and friendly that it was difficult to realise the great importance of his personality. It was evident that he wished to learn all that he could. He spoke a good deal of my brother Victor, and knew well of the friendly feelings between his mother and myself.

"When we took our leave, I had had so much conversation with the Empress about the former Emperors that I understood her to say, 'I hope you will live to see my son Emperor.' I was very startled and said, 'Oh! Madam, I hope not,' on which she said, 'How do you mean, you hope not?' I then explained what I had understood her to say; she laughed and said, 'No, what I said was, I hope that you will make acquaintance with my eldest son before you leave Berlin,' and so with profuse apology the contretemps ended happily.

"It is impossible for me to realise that this man with whom I had this friendly interview in June 1910 should be the same as the German Emperor of August 1914.

On June 30th my nephew George and his wife Alberta came to Hinchingbrooke on their return from their voyage round the world, and we gave them a triumphal reception. Their children had been committed to my charge during their absence.

"Owing to the terms of the Budget and the heavy taxes imposed by death and succession duties, I determined, with the consent of my brother, to hand over to my nephew and heir, George Montagu, all estates as far as possible, and accordingly in December he took possession of Hinchingbrooke and lived there for two months. I was permitted to reside at the Cottage during that time, and subsequently took Hinchingbrooke on an annual lease.

"I venture to hope that since I became a landed proprietor I had endeavoured to improve in every way possible the estates which had devolved upon me, by purchase and sale, in building, planting, draining, road-making, etc., and it is vexatious to realise that the more money, time, and labour a man spends on improving the conditions of man and beast on his estates, the more he is fined at his death, whereas the proprietor who does nothing for his estates and squanders his money in luxury and gambling gets off comparatively scot-free, and in all probability those living on the estate suffer proportionally with the owner. The question is a very large one.

"We did not then foresee the enormous changes which must be brought about by the War, but at that time, accepting the resolution carried in Parliament, I hope I did my best in sacrificing my personal interest to the advantage of my successors and of all residing on my estates."

CHAPTER XV

ON HEALING

Lord Sandwich had reached this point in his Diary, or rather in the statement that he had drawn up from old diaries and which was to form the basis of his Memoirs, when he was seized with the illness which eventually proved fatal. It is very much to be regretted that he was not able to carry it on through the years during which he devoted himself to healing the sick. Luckily, there is enough material available to give a fairly detailed account of his ministrations.

From time to time, in the pages of the Diary, we see that he hints at possessing a healing power. The most notable example is the account of his visit to his butler, George Andrews, when suffering great pain after an operation.[1] After this date he went abroad, but returned soon after to find Andrews at Hinchingbrooke under the care of a hospital nurse. He was in a wretched state, bodily and mentally. The account of his after treatment is given in a little book that Lord Sandwich published in 1915.[2]

"Through my cousin, Mrs. Villiers, I heard of a Mr. Hickson, a so-called Faith Healer. I went to London in the hopes of inducing him to see Andrews. I called with Mrs. Villiers on Mr. Hickson in Talbot Square. He immediately, on my introduction, said, 'You have the same power that I have.' I was so astounded that I asked no questions.

"Mr. Hickson shortly afterwards came for a night to Hinchingbrooke. I was present on one occasion

[1] See page 253.

[2] *My Experiences in Spiritual Healing.* Arthur Humphries, 1915.

when he treated Andrews, and afterwards attempted the same course. Andrews told me that he experienced the same sensations from me as he had from Mr. Hickson. This was on May 11th, 1908. Some time afterwards I asked Mr. Hickson how he had known so quickly that the same power had been given to me as to himself. His answer was : ' I cannot tell you, except that I saw it at once in your personality.'

" I continued this treatment to Andrews daily for about four months. His improvement was marvellous ; he became comparatively cheerful and was able to walk about alone. At this time I was suffering from carbuncles, and was advised by my doctor to discontinue all treatment of patients for their sake as well as for my own.

" Since that time it has become evident to me that I had previously possessed the gift and exercised it unwittingly, and I quote the following as one instance of many.

" I alluded to the subject in an address I gave in 1912, and, while talking afterwards to some men, asked one of them, a gardener in my employment, if he had ever heard of my gift. He answered me to the following effect, and I quote his own words :

" ' HINCHINGBROOKE,
" ' *February 3rd*, 1914.

" ' About two years ago I heard an address Lord Sandwich gave in Brampton. His Lordship asked me afterwards if I had ever heard of his powers of healing. I said " No " ; but I reminded him of my going to him some years ago, when I told him that I had been suffering great pain from sciatica and was unable to do any work.

" ' He took me into the Bothy and examined me and put his hand on my thigh. The pain left me, and I have never had it since.

" ' WILLIAM J. LEE.' "

Following medical advice, Lord Sandwich now gave

up treating the sick, and he might never have exercised his gift as he did in his latter years had not a new and powerful incentive inspired him afresh.

How this new influence came into his life is best told in the words of his niece, Mrs. Scott-Gatty, who lived with him and who was his devoted and inseparable companion :

Statement by Mrs. Scott-Gatty

"When my uncle first found out he had the gift of healing, his family and friends really thought that he had gone off his head. I think we all thought he was labouring under a delusion, until, as case after case came before our eyes, we were forced to believe in the efficacy of his power.

"Speaking entirely from my own personal point of view, I honestly acknowledge I was absolutely sceptical of my uncle's gift until a few special cases came under my individual notice, and I can only say that any man or woman who had the close touch and personal experience that I had could only believe as I do.

"I remember a man who was doing business with my uncle was entirely sceptical. My uncle took him to one of his cases, which happened to be a child ; he came away with tears in his eyes, and he told me afterwards that he had no alternative but to believe in his power. A clergyman once came to me and said, 'Now, Mrs. Scott-Gatty, you are a sensible woman ; you don't believe in this healing power of your uncle's, do you ?' I said, 'Indeed I do ; it is utterly impossible for me to do otherwise." We had a long talk, and I believe I had some success in convincing him that there might be something in it !

"Early in the year 1911 an American lady, Mrs. Herbine, was introduced into the family and came to stay at Hinchingbrooke. She has a remarkable psychic gift, and has communicated with a spirit calling himself Dr. Coulter ever since she was a child. This spirit always told her that she would come to

England, as he wished to get into touch with many English people, amongst whom were my uncle and certain members of our family.

"Almost from the first interview with Dr. Coulter, my uncle became convinced of the truth of his words and the importance of the message he had to bring. One of the first requests made to him by Dr. Coulter was that he should continue his healing, assuring him that it would have no bad results to his own health. This my uncle readily consented to do, and from that time to within four days of his death it was seldom he had less than six or seven cases on his hands. The cases were often sent to him by Dr. Coulter, who would say, 'I am sending a man or a woman to be healed by you,' describing the malady and how the patient was to be treated. Within two or three days my uncle would meet the person or receive a letter asking for treatment, the patient being easily recognised as the one described by Dr. Coulter. He was told to remember, in his healing, the spiritual, mental, and material condition of his patients; and although he was sometimes only called on to relieve the suffering of a dying person, he was also told that by his prayers he was able to help them spiritually.

"The first case I can testify to was that of Mrs. Woodbine, the chauffeur's wife. After seven years of married life, this woman was expecting her first baby in the following January. In November she came to me in great distress; a lump was rapidly growing in her breast, and the doctor said that it was a tumour and she must have an operation *at once*, and of course lose the child. I took her to London to see a specialist, and he gave the same opinion. Then Dr. Coulter told my uncle that he was to cure her. I remember he was most concerned, and felt the responsibility of the woman's life lay in his hands.

"From the first treatment the lump diminished in size; the baby was born and is now a healthy boy of six years old, and the mother has never had a return of the trouble.

"In my uncle's book, *My Experiences in Spiritual*

Healing, an account of this case is given in detail, together with a letter from the patient, which I will insert here :

"'MOTOR COTTAGE,
"'HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON,
"'*May 1st*, 1912.

"'Last September I had a lump in my breast, which was growing very fast. I went to a doctor in Huntingdon, and he told me it was a tumour and it would have to be taken out. I was very much upset about it, and some ladies sent me to London to see a doctor there; he also told me that it was a tumour and that it would have to come out at once. I expected a child in January, and I knew that an operation would mean the loss of my baby.

"'The Earl of Sandwich came and offered to treat me, and in a very short time I discovered that my tumour had ceased growing, which was a great comfort to me.

"'My baby was born in due time and is quite strong and well. Lord Sandwich treated me again when I had recovered from my confinement. I had faith and I knew I should get quite well. My tumour is now very much smaller and I feel nothing of it.

"'ROSA MARY WOODBINE.'

"*August 15th*, 1913.

"'I am now happy to say that my tumour has entirely disappeared and I feel no effects of it whatever. My child and I are now quite well.

"'R. M. WOODBINE.'

"The next case in which I had a personal interest was that of my own boy, aged ten; he was ill with a bronchial chill, temperature 104°, and delirious. I went to my uncle and asked him to treat him, which he did. The boy fell into a calm sleep, and an hour

later I noticed drops of perspiration on his forehead. I took his temperature in about four or five hours ; it was normal. When the doctor came the next morning, he said that I must expect the temperature to rise again, but it never rose, and in two days he was up and out and perfectly well.

"In India Mrs. Herbine was suddenly stricken with fever ; she was delirious, and I had to hold her down to keep her in bed. My uncle was away for the day, so I telegraphed for the nearest English doctor, who lived a hundred miles away, and I sent for a native woman doctor, who seemed quite unable to deal with the case. I had a most anxious four hours till my uncle came in. After the first treatment she became quite calm and her temperature went down to 100°. I then wired to stop the English doctor, and the next day she was normal and well.

"My uncle also cured me of a feverish attack in Calcutta. He put one hand on my forehead and held one of my hands with his other hand. I remember, although he said he never pressed the hand on my head, it felt very heavy. I also felt a strong electric current down my arm to the hand he was holding. He prayed out loud—prayers chiefly out of the Prayer Book which he had learned by heart. I was quite cured after two treatments.

"I must also mention that my uncle was successful on several occasions in giving absent treatment by prayer. One case was that of a soldier dangerously ill of fever in Egypt ; his wife wrote and begged him to give her husband absent treatment. Before she received his reply, saying that he had done as she wished, she had a telegram from the hospital to say that the patient was much better. Again, for two years he constantly treated a man in Edinburgh by prayer alone ; he never saw him and only knew him as 'William.' I can testify also to the innumerable letters he received asking for treatment ; they came from all parts of the world, and very many had to be refused by means of a printed form, regretting his inability to attend to so many patients. He used sometimes to attend patients in London, and several

cases were brought to Hinchingbrooke, where they were given the best rooms with every comfort. One lady who came in an ambulance was so much better after a few weeks' stay that she walked away when she left the house. He confined his cases to Huntingdonshire as far as he could, so that he could continue to fulfil his home duties.

"His chief object in speaking in public of his gift was to help the men who had the same power and who were forced to gain their livelihood by it, having given up their former professions."

Here we have the straightforward testimony of an eye-witness as to certain cases that came under her own observation. Whatever view we may hold as to the efficacy of spiritual healing, we must pause here to note what effect all this work had on the life of the healer.

In the first place, it is evident that as the cases became more numerous they occupied much of his time, and he must have exercised great self-denial in order to treat them. "Your lordship treated me almost daily for a period of two years," writes one poor patient, who speaks of a "marvellous" improvement in his health. In the case of one of his footmen, he treated him twice daily. And these are only two out of hundreds of cases. In the second place, we must realise that Lord Sandwich gained no worldly advantage from his ministrations. Far from this, he became an object of pity and even contempt and lost some old friends, who began to look on him as one suffering from delusions. "I have been looked on as a 'holy man' and as an impostor, as a saint and as a rogue; I aspire to neither description. I only hope that I have done my duty without fear and without reproach." These words show the spirit in which he approached what was to be the great work of his life.

The most casual glance over the pages of the Diary will show the writer to be possessed of a very normal, sane personality. His eccentricities were purely superficial; they came chiefly from a bubbling-over

sense of humour and an absolute disregard for the opinion of the man in the street. In the management of his estate, in the public work to which he gave up so much of his time, in his philanthropic work, and in the amount of business he managed to get into a crowded day, he showed himself to be absolutely clear in intellect, cool and unbiased in judgment, eminently practical. To the world in general he appeared as a man devoted to society; to his associates in county work as one capable of continuous effort; to the poor and destitute as a generous and sympathetic friend. All sections of society were evidently amazed when he, quite coolly and in the most matter-of-fact manner, announced, "I can cure the sick."

The most obvious as well as the easiest way to treat a man with such pretensions was that of ridicule. Ridicule, luckily, had no effect at all on the healer, who was delightfully impervious to such attacks.

To those who knew Lord Sandwich well, there were many underlying influences at work, which now showed themselves very clearly. One was his sense of duty; duty had been a guiding star to him all his life: once duty pointed the way, he was not the man to turn back. The other, which was indeed the strongest influence of any, was that of his religious faith. Certain circumstances in his life had contributed to this strong sense of religion. As quite a young man he had been much influenced by the writings of Dean Farrar, which had had the effect of putting to flight those doubts and difficulties which assail most people when they begin to think things out for themselves. To his friendship with Colonel Philip Smith, Lord Sandwich himself attributed his sympathy for the poor. These two young guardsmen worked together in the East End before "slumming" became a fashion; and the habit acquired so early was never put aside.

These mental qualities—a real, absolute, childlike faith in religious matters, and a real, honest, sympathetic interest in the sick and the suffering—made

Lord Sandwich an ideal healer when he came, late in life, into his spiritual kingdom. It is after considering this aspect of his character that we can best understand his attitude towards his gift and towards the communications that he received from the other side. When he first heard of Dr. Coulter and his messages, he was sceptical ; when Mr. Hickson first told him that he possessed a healing power, he was overcome with astonishment. When the latter was proved to him by the cures he was enabled to perform, he naturally began to believe in himself. After the first interview with Dr. Coulter he became convinced that the communications he received emanated from a Master whose directions he might follow with confidence and security. Having once accepted these facts, as earlier in life he had accepted the great truths of religion, his faith never wavered. The communications became more and more frequent, until they formed an integral part of his daily life.

The treatment that he gave to his patients consisted in the laying on of hands and of prayer. He used to pray out loud, Mrs. Scott-Gatty has told us, using very frequently prayers from the Book of Common Prayer that he had learned to repeat by heart. The treatment might last for months, it might give almost immediate relief ; or it might prove a failure. In any case it implied close attention to the subject on the part of the healer, an absorption in prayer, a rendering of the human body into a channel through which the Divine power might pass. It is curious that a man like Lord Sandwich, who threw himself into any interest with such enthusiasm and perseverance, should not have been swept off his feet by this new life. On one hand, he had his communications with the Unseen ; on the other, the procession of poor fellow-creatures waiting for his healing powers. Far from becoming a recluse or a crank of any sort, he enjoyed life with all his old zest. He still loved travel and enjoyed entertaining his friends at Hinchingbrooke ; he had the old *joie de vivre* that had always characterised him, and he entered into the occupations and accepted

the responsibilities of his position with the old enthusiasm. It is quite evident that he must have systematically put aside his own pleasures to attend to his patients, and that the path he had now to tread was no easy one; but he accepted it with a high courage, always egged on to do more work by the Master. When we reflect that he was over seventy-one years old when he began to cure systematically, we can but wonder at the vitality and energy he displayed.

Here is one of the earliest messages that he received from Dr. Coulter[1]:

April 11th, 1911.

I am often with you, wishing you well. Your patients are doing very well. Continue with them with all patience and true faith. Take heart and never despair at temporary failures. Let love abound in you and round you at all times. Remember, too, the hardest things to perform procure the greatest reward, and, with a big nature, much is expected of you. I am only a humble guide come to help you from the Divine Master. I place myself a tool in His hands, and it is because I have gained a little more light and knowledge on this side that I have a clearer vision and can show you many things.

On another occasion he said:

I would always spur you on to fresh endeavours. The further you get along the path, the harder does it become to tread, but look upward and outward to the great ideal—the love of the Master. Clothe yourself in love. The world will bring you its troubles; clothe yourself in love and you will not feel the hurts of the world. Be proud of the great truth you stand for. . . .

[1] These messages were all taken by Mrs. Scott-Gatty, who wrote them down as they were received.

The keynote of Dr. Coulter's gospel is always Love ; the goal he sets before his followers is always work for humanity, work to the limit of mortal powers and on beyond. " Healing and all such gifts are treasures of God's love," he says, " given into your care to use to the best of your ability. You realise in a great measure the wonder of your gift. You realise that, when patients are sent to you, your first duty in life is to them." Dr. Coulter makes no pretence of being infallible—he learns by failure as men on this plane do ; he urges on his pupil to greater effort and greater achievement, bidding him never to be discouraged by apparent want of success. " Love is all that lives through all eternity," he says in one of the messages ; " all else drops off as moulting feathers drop off a bird's back. If you don't lose love, nothing is lost, and I can see your large heart growing in love day by day, so I don't trouble about the hard way I treat you."

As time went on Lord Sandwich's healing powers became widely known, and then arose a new duty, that of testifying to the world his faith in the gift he possessed. This he was quite willing to do, as he had from the first spoken of it openly and with no uncertain voice.

" To do this work best," Dr. Coulter says, " you must stand fearless before the world, and that is where I commend you."

There are many references in the messages sent him from time to time by Dr. Coulter regarding these public speeches on healing, discussing beforehand the line he should take, commenting afterwards on the accomplished fact.

On April 17th, 1912, the Bishop of Ely wrote to Lord Sandwich asking him if he would give the result of his experiences to a committee of clergymen and laymen who were holding meetings to investigate the truth concerning Spiritual Healing. Lord Sandwich replied in the affirmative, and some correspondence ensued between the Dean of Westminster, Bishop Ryle, who was chairman of the committee,

and himself. In reply to a letter from the Dean, Lord Sandwich clearly stated his conditions. "I am not prepared," he writes, "to answer any categorical questions before the committee. I consented to attend to give an account of my experiences and of my faith, which admit of no argument or discussion. Human understanding is imperfect, and the members of the committee will not be able to understand, nor can I explain what I do not understand."

The committee, which was composed of distinguished members of the clerical and medical professions, under the chairmanship of the Dean of Westminster, met on June 28th, 1912. On June 19th, 1912, Dr. Coulter says :

Well, I want you to make my speech for me; I thought I would give you a short outline to-day. The other speeches will be technical, and I wish yours to have the spiritual element. It is a great opportunity, and I would like you to speak on the lines of my teaching and appeal to the hearts of your audience. Tell them life is just a progression and a teaching, and it is a question of evolution—of how far we have progressed.

Concentrate on the healing; go calmly, quietly, earnestly to work from the beginning. Your great faith will make people realise that you are speaking the truth. Be very patient. It is the first step of a great movement. Tell them that you believe the material age is over and we are on the brink of enlightenment.

In the *Report of a Clerical and Medical Committee of Inquiry into Spiritual Faith and Mental Healing* Lord Sandwich's evidence is given. He spoke simply and clearly, stating that the power he used was a Divine power operating through him, and declining to analyse it or to differentiate between one method of Spiritual Healing and another. He said that he always worked with medical men whenever it was

possible to do so, and he gave some interesting details concerning his cases. He declined to furnish the committee with medical evidence as to the result of his treatments. In the Report of the Commission, which was issued in 1914, it is stated that " Faith or Spiritual Healing, like all treatments by suggestion, can be expected to be permanently effective only in cases of what are generally termed ' functional disorder.' "

His comment is characteristic : " No finite understanding can define or explain the power of the Infinite."

On November 5th, 1913, a meeting was held in University College to inaugurate a medico-psychological clinic for the treatment of certain diseases by means of psycho-therapy. Lord Sandwich, who took the chair, had just returned from his tour in India, during which he had spoken of healing constantly, and had effected the most remarkable cures. In his opening address he spoke of his power of alleviating pain, and said that he had treated people in palaces, cottages, and hospitals, a Hindoo monk in a monastery, a Mohammedan in a mosque, and an Indian princess who travelled six hundred miles to consult him.

This speech attracted a great deal of attention and was widely commented on in the Press.

On February 28th, 1914, he spoke at the annual meeting of the Huntingdon Hospital, of which he was chairman, in these words : " To me, this ridicule and contempt are a matter of supreme indifference. What is hidden to-day is revealed to-morrow ; in days to come the truth of this spiritual healing power will be generally recognised. All great truths in their inception have been ridiculed, but the truth has prevailed and always will prevail."

On November 25th, 1915, Dr. Coulter speaks about another meeting : " I understand that you are speaking to a select company, who are all interested in interesting subjects. I should tell them plainly that your healing has been assisted by a friend in spirit, with whom you communicate in a variety of

ways, and that your firm belief is that the other world is knit together with the earth, all bound up in close ties of love and affection and unfailing interest. They will understand."

On December 2nd, 1915, he says: "We had a good meeting. I gave you one or two ideas towards the end. You must surprise people or you cannot rouse them from their lethargy. Mentally, all the time, you must remember that our world is so near yours that people, without knowing it, receive impressions thence; it is like a sponge that sops up water."

In all his utterances, public and private, Lord Sandwich maintained a dignified attitude. He asserted his belief in his healing powers and his indifference to the opinion of the ignorant concerning things they could not comprehend. He never spoke against medical or surgical treatments; on the contrary, he always desired to act in concert with medical men.

Speaking on this subject in 1914, he said: "The truth of this power, as taught in the Bible and practised in all ages and, as I believe, possessed by men to-day, will, in days to come, be generally recognised. The spiritual doctrine of religion and the physical discoveries of science will become blended in harmonious combination to the glory of God and for the benefit of humanity."

In 1915 he published a short record of his work, entitled *My Experiences in Spiritual Healing*. It was widely and generally sympathetically reviewed in the Press.

CHAPTER XVI

BEFORE THE WAR

LORD SANDWICH had an essentially orderly mind, with a passion for detail. He made a point of dealing with his large correspondence day by day, never leaving a letter unanswered. It is hardly to be wondered at that some of these notes were of Spartan brevity. A very usual reply to a proposed visit was the following :

DEAR ——,
Yes, delighted.
S.

His love of detail showed itself in the lists he made of everything he possessed and of everything that he did. He chronicled every guest who came to the house, every mile he travelled by land, by water, or by road. On one occasion, after looking through the list of guests, he discovered that the total was not far short of a thousand ; he immediately asked one of his family to invite a week-end party, the only condition being that not one of the guests should have visited Hinchingbrooke before. When the party arrived, he put off the character of host, and behaved as if he had been one of the invited. He was not only amused, he had the satisfaction of rounding off his list.

Motoring was one of his favourite amusements ; he loved to settle himself in his car, prepared for a long day out, and would constantly remark, " Now we are off on our wild career," as it started. On such occasions he was always prepared to amuse and be amused. One of his nieces was with him when

motoring through a Scottish deer forest; he got out of the car and crawled up a burn to illustrate the way it would have to be negotiated out stalking. As he was clothed in an immense fur motor-coat, the effect can be imagined. They motored back from Durham to Hinchingbrooke, a distance of 204 miles, on a Sunday, arriving at six o'clock in the evening. It was characteristic of the man that he was in his accustomed seat in church at half-past six.

Lord Sandwich was very much attached to the church and village of Brampton. He read the lessons every Sunday, and was wont to ask visitors if they had noticed the good-looking curate who read them. He took a great interest in the schools, and was never too busy to come to the river-side to superintend a swimming competition or to give prizes to the children.

One of the great interests of his latter years was connected with St. Edward's Home, which he mentions in his Diary. He founded and permanently endowed this home for boys in 1905. From that date until the day of his death in 1916 seventy boys passed through his hands.

Lord Sandwich was devoted to children, and would often take much pains to teach them himself. He was fond of telling a story concerning a small boy to whom he gave a little talk on history. Having told him about Henry VIII and his domestic arrangements, he asked him, "Who was the mother of Edward VI?" "Why, I suppose he had six mothers, Uncle Hinch!" was the reply.

His system with regard to the boys in St. Edward's Home has sometimes been criticised. The boys were allowed to wander about the gardens and house just as if they had been members of his own family. They were never allowed to be called "waifs"; they were just "his boys." His motto was, "I was a boy myself." With all this indulgence, he was very particular about their education; he insisted on good manners, and he encouraged the boys to write letters to him in order to learn how to express themselves. He went to the Home every Sunday after church to give them a Bible lesson; his duty

was never shirked, however bad the weather might be, or however many guests might be at Hinchingbrooke. The boys learned to look on him as a real friend and would confide all their little troubles to him.

When the boys first came, they used to suffer from chilblains. Lord Sandwich insisted on all boots and stockings being taken off in the house, the result being that the chilblains disappeared. When he went down to spend an hour with them, he would walk about barefoot in order to do as they did. One of his favourite methods of education was to make any misdemeanour appear ridiculous. When the boys began to play cricket, it would sometimes happen that one of them lost his temper when he was bowled out and would roll about on the grass and cry. Lord Sandwich went down one day to play cricket at the Home, allowed himself to be speedily bowled out, flung down his bat and rolled on the grass, kicking and screaming. The lesson was far more effective than a sermon or losing his temper would have been.

The following letter which he wrote after one of the boys had kicked a football through a window in the Home illustrates amusingly his method. It was directed to :

THE FOOTBALL,
c/o MRS. WARRINGTON, ST. EDWARD'S HOME,
HINCHINGBROOKE, HUNTINGDON,
April 18th, 1915.

DEAR FOOTBALL,

I am sorry to hear that you have broken one of the windows at the Home. Glass is very expensive now, owing to the war, so you ought to be unusually careful. However, you have always been very good about my property, and, considering the number of boys who are always playing with you, I think you have been very good and careful.

I hear George Wheeler had been kicking you just before it happened. The only thing will be

for you, in the future, to avoid George Wheeler and only allow the younger boys to play with you.

I hope you were not cut and hurt yourself, and I hope Mrs. Warrington will not punish you this time.

Yours affectionately,
S.

True to his usual practice, Lord Sandwich kept a minute record of each boy. After their school days were over a career was provided for them, and they often spent the holidays at Hinchingbrooke. One of these youths, George Mann, had a pretty tenor voice ; he was taken to London and the best advice procured as to his training. Mann enlisted in the Hunts Cyclist Corps when it was inaugurated.

There is now a Roll of Honour at the Home containing the names of twenty-six boys who have served in the Army or Navy during the war ; one of these lost his life in the service of his country.

The following letter will show the spirit of the boys and the love they bear to the " Old Home " :

Rifleman E. Budden, 3790,
Inshellon, Coral Road, East Sheen, S.W.

My Lord,

As you will see, I am still in England, but I expect to go to France next month about the 10th. We came out of canvas last Thursday, and I think it is about time they took us out. It was very cold and we only had three blankets. I finished my course of ball-firing at Rainham Musketry Camp last week. I am enclosing you a list of my scores. I am pleased to say I am a first-class shot, with 118 points. I just failed getting my marksmanship of twelve points. I lost those on the 300 yards, fifteen rounds in one minute—what they call the " mad minute."

Our company have the best results of any that have been down here yet, and our C.O. con-

gratulated us on our excellent shooting. I am in billets at the above address, and it is much better than being under canvas.

I expect there are quite a lot of Home boys out at the Front by now, and I often wonder if I shall ever see any of them. I think, my Lord, as a result of all the old Home boys joining up, it goes to show that all your great kindness has not been wasted, although we were such a great trouble to you when the Home was first opened. I expect you remember how I used to sulk and go without my dinner on a Sunday. I shall be very pleased, my Lord, to hear from you when you have the time.

I remain, my Lord,
Yours respectfully,
ERIC BUDDEN.

G. DAISLEY, A.B.,
H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH,"
MESS 30.

MY LORD,

I again have the pleasure of writing a few lines to you after such a long interval. I have heard from Mrs. Warrington and George Wheeler several times, so that Douglas Malcolm and myself get most of the news from Huntingdon. The next time that I get leave I must endeavour to visit Huntingdon, as it is three years since I last saw the dear "Old Home." I am certain that I benefited greatly by the instructions I had at St. Edward's Home, and it has helped considerably during my career in the Navy, especially in the good education which I received there.

I must now close, thanking you for all you have done.

I remain, my Lord,
Your humble servant,
GEORGE DAISLEY, A.B.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Home is still being carried on and the boys being educated on the lines laid down by Lord Sandwich. There is probably no spot in all Huntingdon where his memory is kept greener than in St. Edward's Home.

The year 1912 is one memorable in the annals of Huntingdon as having been that in which the great historic pageant was produced at Hinchingbrooke. This event was brought about by a direct suggestion from Dr. Coulter, who thought that it would bring together all classes of the community and that it would generally promote good feeling.

The pageant, which was produced in perfect weather on July 6th, 1912, was organised and rehearsed in two months—an arduous undertaking which proved extremely successful from every point of view.

The history of Hinchingbrooke provided ample material for the five episodes, which were reproduced on what was practically the ground on which they had first been enacted. The stage consisted of a wide expanse of grassland known as the Bowling Green ; behind it, as a background, was the red brick wall skirting the garden, over which could be seen the mullioned windows and castellated roofs of Hinchingbrooke—that " long, low, irregular building " erected by Sir Henry Cromwell after the expulsion of the Benedictine nuns. To the right stood the ancient Norman gateway, with its quaint life-sized statues of shaggy " wild men " guarding the entrance to the Court, and through its arches could be seen glimpses of the oldest part of the house, the " lodgings " of the expelled nuns.

To and fro through this ancient gateway passed processions on horseback and on foot. Generation succeeded generation as one episode succeeded another ; the charter presented to Huntingdon in the reign of King John was followed by long processions of black-robed nuns, to be succeeded in the next episode by Queen Elizabeth riding upon her white palfrey to pay a visit to " The Golden Knight," Sir

Henry Cromwell. After this event came King James I, hunting all the way from Scotland to London to take possession of the English crown, and he in his turn was succeeded by the return of the first Earl of Sandwich after the Restoration.

Lord Sandwich was his own stage manager, and he spoke the prologue. During the rehearsals he, together with his niece, Mrs. Scott-Gatty, superintended every detail—no light task when it was a matter of six hundred performers.

In the autumn of this year Lord Sandwich started again on his travels, but this time he was not bent on pleasure or sightseeing. He had undertaken a tour in India for the sole purpose of speaking on the subject of Spiritual Healing and the teaching of Dr. Coulter. The history of this very interesting expedition is best told in the words of Mrs. Scott-Gatty, who accompanied him.

"At a request from Dr. Coulter, my uncle, accompanied by Mrs. Herbine and myself, went to India in November, 1912, to bring certain rajahs and their people in touch with Dr. Coulter and Spiritual Healing. I must say, wherever we travelled, it made a vast impression for good on the Indians that an old gentleman of seventy-five years should leave his comfortable home and travel all those miles to bring them the message of Love and Unity and Healing. I have no space here to go into details concerning our journey; a few incidents will suffice to show the kind of work we accomplished. We left Marseilles on November 29th in the ill-fated P. & O. *Persia*, and had a successful journey, arriving at Bombay on December 13th.

"Our first visit was to the Gaekwar of Baroda, who was immensely interested in Dr. Coulter. My uncle treated the Ranee and the Princess of Indore, who was staying at the palace. He spoke at several meetings called together for the purpose. The Gaekwar invited him to discuss theology with the chief Brahmins of his state, and General Birdwood called a meeting of his native officers, at which he

spoke on Love and Unity; Mrs. Herbine also addressed a few words at this meeting.

"From Baroda we went to Indore, where my uncle continued his treatments of the Maharajah's sister. Both the Maharajah and the Princess of Indore had long talks with Dr. Coulter. The Maharajah asked my uncle to address two hundred of his subjects. The meeting was presided over by Dewan, the Prime Minister, and members of the Brahmin community spoke. A garden party was given here in our honour, which gave us an opportunity of holding interesting conversations with the chief people of the state.

"From Indore we motored over to Mhow to visit the grave of the friend of my uncle's boyhood, Mr. Henry Tillard.

"On our way to Gwalior we stayed a few days as the guests of the Begum of Bhopal, a most interesting personality. In a conversation with her about the evils of purdah, which she strictly observed, her state being a Mohammedan one, she decidedly got the best of the argument, when she said, 'Well, but you in England; look at your suffragettes! Purdah is better than having the windows of the Begum's palace broken by women!'

"Of course our journey was entirely controlled by Dr. Coulter, who told us where to go, to whom he wished to speak, and how long we were to stay at any given place. I believe that he spoke, during our stay in India, at great length concerning the coming war and the turmoil that was threatening Europe. This made a great impression, and was remembered by those who heard it when the war actually broke out.

"Our next visit was to Gwalior, where the same success attended us. The Maharajah was most kind and was much interested in our subject. My uncle treated his brother with great success.

"Our presence was now much discussed in India, and Indians made long journeys in order to talk to us. Many of them tried to kiss the hem of Mrs. Herbine's gown in token of their homage. After stopping at several of the wonderful sightseeing

places, we found ourselves at Benares, where we visited the Rama Krishna Mission Home of Service, with the swamis or priests. My uncle was asked to treat a rheumatic patient in their hospital, which he did several times with marked success. Two of the priests took us on the sacred river, where we passed close to the burning ghats, where we could see black legs and arms falling about. Very ghastly it was, and I am afraid I rather squirmed, for which I was reproved by the Indian, who said, 'Death does not exist; these are only the shells.' I quite agreed, but confess that I did not enjoy contemplating burning shells.

"At Calcutta we had many interviews with cultivated Indians, who were much interested in our mission, and my uncle continued to exercise his healing powers for the benefit of both Indians and Europeans. The Rajah of Morvi brought his wife, who was in strict purdah, six hundred miles to be treated by him whilst we were at Bombay."

After his return from India, Lord Sandwich resumed his ordinary life. In the summer of 1914 he was persuaded to allow the production of Elizabethan revels at Hinchingbrooke; they were very successful. But pageants and revels had had their day; a month later the country was plunged into war.

CHAPTER XVII

LAST YEARS

Lord Sandwich regretted keenly that the war had come at a period of his life when he was too old to serve his country. "Just to think of those men in the trenches," he would say night after night, "and I in this comfortable house."

Being unable to go on active service, he did what he could to help recruiting in the country and to promote efficiency in the home forces. To this end he worked hard, never sparing himself or recognising the burden of his increasing years. Without neglecting his country work or his numerous patients, he added to these duties those new ones that arose out of the war. He was instrumental in raising two more battalions of the Hunts Cyclists, and went out night after night to address recruiting meetings, often speaking from a cart or improvised platform, always emphasising the danger of unpreparedness and the greatness of the German menace. As Honorary Colonel of the Hunts Cyclists, though not in good health at the time, he motored all along the coast of Yorkshire from Filey to Spurn Head, visiting the eight posts of the battalion. At each post he addressed the men and singled out those known to him.

He was now chairman of the County Tribunal and chairman of the Territorial Association. When the new volunteers came into being, he was appointed their county commandant. In September 1915 Mrs. Herbine, helped by some generous American friends, founded the Coulter Hospital in Grosvenor Square, in a house lent by Sir Walpole Greenwell for that purpose. Lord Sandwich was the first president and contributed largely to the funds. This hospital,

a primary hospital of 100 beds, had Lady Juliet Duff for commandant and Miss Baxter as matron.

With the exception of cases treated in the Hon. Mrs. Cavendish's hospital at her house at Sawtry, Lord Sandwich never gave his services to the hospitals during the war, on account of the opposition of the medical profession. Some cases were treated by him at Hinchingbrooke with remarkable success, as the letters preserved by him testify.

When the Belgian refugees first came to England, he was one of the first to offer them hospitality. He was chairman of the Belgian Relief Committee in the county, and personally visited every family that settled in Huntingdonshire, going into every detail concerning their comfort with the thoroughness that characterised him.

Through all the dark days of the war Lord Sandwich was very much cheered and supported by the communications received from Dr. Coulter. Dr. Coulter had been very much exercised about the war as far back as 1912. In August 1914 he says :

The carnage will be unprecedented and every country's resources taxed to the full. . . . Go about and do all you can. It is a golden time to get near to each and every one, women and men. People can always get nearer to each other in sorrow than in joy. Be cheerful ; remember that God is in you and with you just the same. He is ever shedding His love abroad in your hearts, and He too gets nearer to His people in sorrow. That may be one of the great lessons of the war. People are crying in their hearts to God who have not thought of Him for years. Take the big line in all things, and God bless and comfort you.

I think that Germany will make a better stand than you think—at least that is just my opinion. She has not taken on this war with any other object than to save herself from herself, and she won't even succeed in that. There will eventually

be a republic there. This great clashing of arms must come to clear the world of war and to leave the countries to reform internally. Germany is the best organised country, because she has been preparing the war for years.

Undated.

It is curious, the extremes of life. I come straight from a battlefield with all its horrors to your peaceful garden; it seems hardly the same plane. . . . The fighting men are all advancing in learning and experience; none of that is thrown away. A soul might learn more in one battle than in many lives. Nothing is useless. Remember it is evolution, and remember that God does not look on War and Misery in the light of men's eyes. You don't think a butterfly is in a worse position than a caterpillar, rather in a better one. Well, that is the way God looks on the souls that come over to our side. He sees also that the bereaved ones are being harrowed, but are gaining light and knowledge. Look at it from that point of view. There is a mental and spiritual state as well as a physical, and we think the physical the least important.

Generosity and giving does people more good than anything else, and war touches the heart-strings and makes people feel that they must do something—people who have never had such a thought before. So it is still a lovely world. It is curious, but one day you will say to me, "Thank God I lived through the big war," because it will count in the history of the Universe, not only in that of Earth.

August 21st, 1914.

DEAR BROTHER,

You are going through a sad and anxious time. We want you to realise that it is a wonderful time to be living—that all this terrible

trial will end for the good of humanity, however hard it is to see it at the time. The earth-life you are living will be of immense value, being lived at such a climax in her history. I bring you sure word that all will be for the best, just as the sun still shines, although at times so fitfully; as it still warms and lights the earth, so also is the love and spirit of God never lifted from the hearts of His children, wander they never so far from the fold. They will, all in good time, come back to the fold and be held nearer the heart of God than ever before, because in their wanderings they will have learned much precious knowledge.

To all people on earth at this moment there is a time of trial and anxiety; the whole atmosphere is disturbed, and all this tries the faith, even of the faithful. Take heart, and when you cannot understand let your faith stand out as a pure light and testimony that all is well and must be well for those who are living at their best at all times, no matter how anxious and hard may be their lot. . . .

Lord Sandwich was now nearing the term of his sojourn here on earth. He was as versatile and energetic as ever, but people noticed that his character had become very much softened during the past years. His constant communications with Dr. Coulter, his constant efforts to heal the sick, involving as they did the habit of perpetual prayer, had had a great effect on his mentality.

With regard to religion, he was essentially broad-minded, one of his great objects being to bring together the various churches in harmony. When a friend came to stay at Hinchingbrooke after writing to him to tell him that she had entered the Roman Church, he invited the Roman Catholic priest and the Anglican vicar to luncheon to meet her, introducing her as "a pervert or a convert, whichever way you like to look at it."

For himself he used to say that he had three great principles :

(1) Never miss an opportunity of helping another.
(2) The sins of omission are worse than the sins of commission.
(3) The finite nature of man's brain prevents the full understanding of the infinite ; therefore it is best to leave all abstruse questions to a future life.

These principles he certainly lived up to as far as was humanly possible. He helped many struggling fellow-creatures not only with money but with actual friendship, enabling them to face life anew. One of these brothers in distress was a convict in whom he became interested ; after visiting this man in prison for some months he became surety for him and went himself to the prison to fetch him away. When they arrived at the station he changed the man's pass for a railway ticket, and sat with him smoking cigarettes until the train came that was to bear him away to a new lease of life.

In the summer of 1916 Lord Sandwich caught a chill, which proved fatal after four days' illness. Up to the end he was busy with his county work, and he died in harness, as he had always wished to do. " This is the end for me," he said quite calmly to the doctor ; " no more tribunals and meetings."

Mrs. Scott-Gatty, who was staying away for a few days at the time, was summoned home by telegraph. She had been repeatedly warned by Dr. Coulter that when the end came it would be very sudden, and she had little hope of his recovery when she found him suffering from double pneumonia. He was evidently fully conscious of the gravity of his condition, but was perfectly serene and calm. He passed away peacefully in his sleep on June 26th. By his bedside was his Bible, in which a marker pointed to the last passage that he had read and which he had underlined in pencil : " In the way of righteousness is life, and in the pathway thereof there is no death."

So passed away a man who had lived his life to

the fullest extent and who had made a unique position for himself. His funeral was made an occasion of a public demonstration, as is testified in an account in one of the local papers, headed "A County in Mourning." Among the mourners were the members of his family, the representatives of H.M. the King and H.M. Queen Alexandra, the Mayor and Corporation of Huntingdon, the representatives of all the public bodies on which he had served, as well as a great concourse of his neighbours, rich and poor, from far and wide. Some officers of the Grenadier Guards were among the pall-bearers and his old regiment supplied a firing party.

The coffin, which was covered by a Union Jack, was placed on a gun-carriage at Hinchingbrooke in a shower of rain, but the sun shone brilliantly as the procession neared Brampton, where he was laid to rest.

The service was notable because there was not only the tolling bell and the melancholy music of the Dead March in *Saul*, but also the triumphant strains of "Onward, Christian soldiers" and "When morning gilds the skies"; not only did the Grenadiers fire three volleys at the conclusion of the service and sound "The Last Post," but the church bells rang out their chimes as the mourners dispersed.

In the beautiful Parish Church of Brampton a "Jesse" window has been erected to the memory of Lord Sandwich by his two sisters, Lady Emily Dyke and Lady Florence Duncombe, by his niece Mrs. Scott-Gatty, and by Frank Abbott; and here, on July 21st, 1918, the redecorated chancel was consecrated to his memory by the present Earl of Sandwich. On this occasion the Vicar of Brampton preached a sermon which brought back vividly to many of those present the image of one whose memory will always linger in the place he loved so well.

THE END

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